THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

APRIL 23, 1949

15¢

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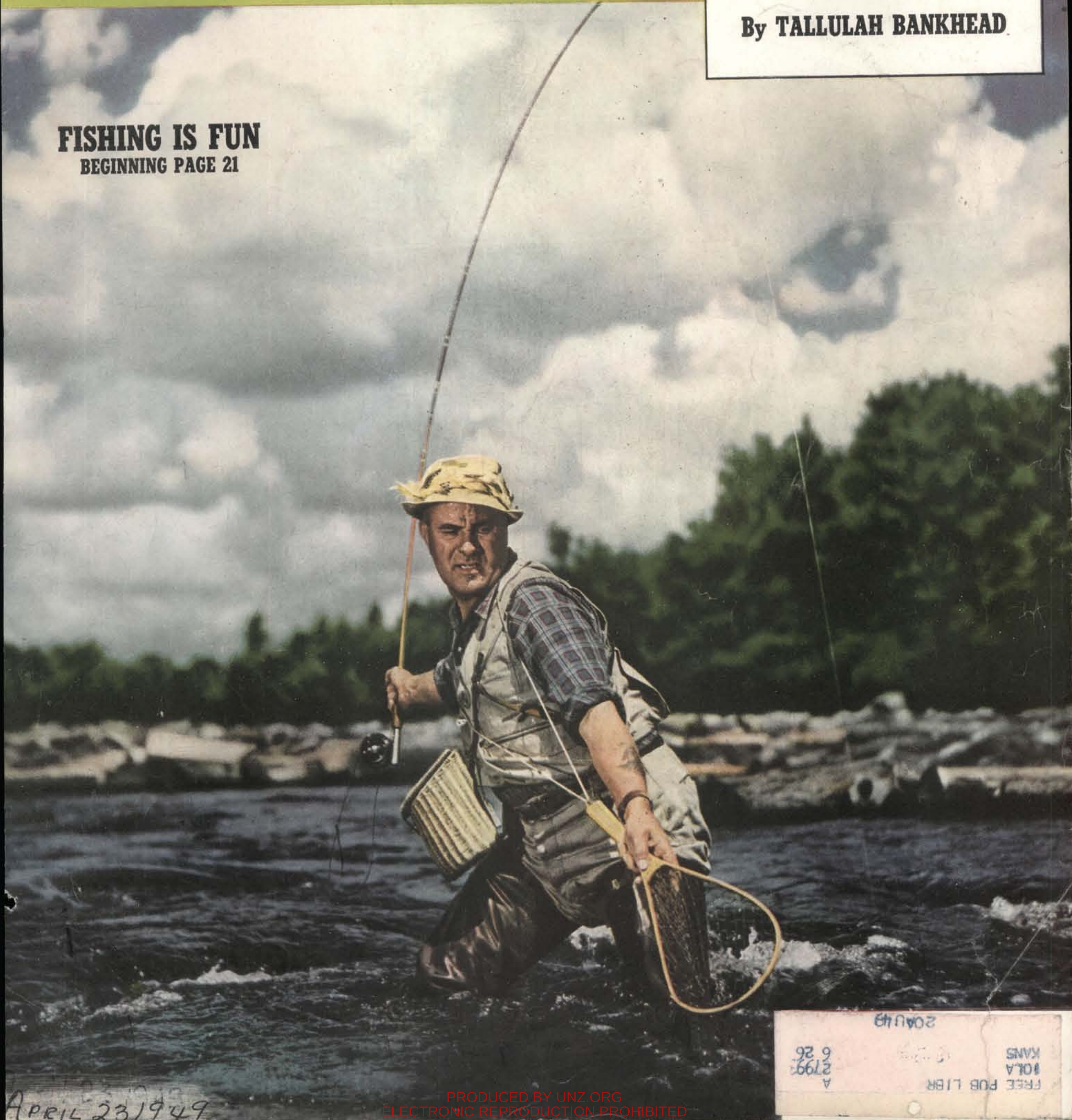
The Strange Career Of The Dionne Quints

MY FRIEND MISS BARRYMORE

By TALLULAH BANKHEAD

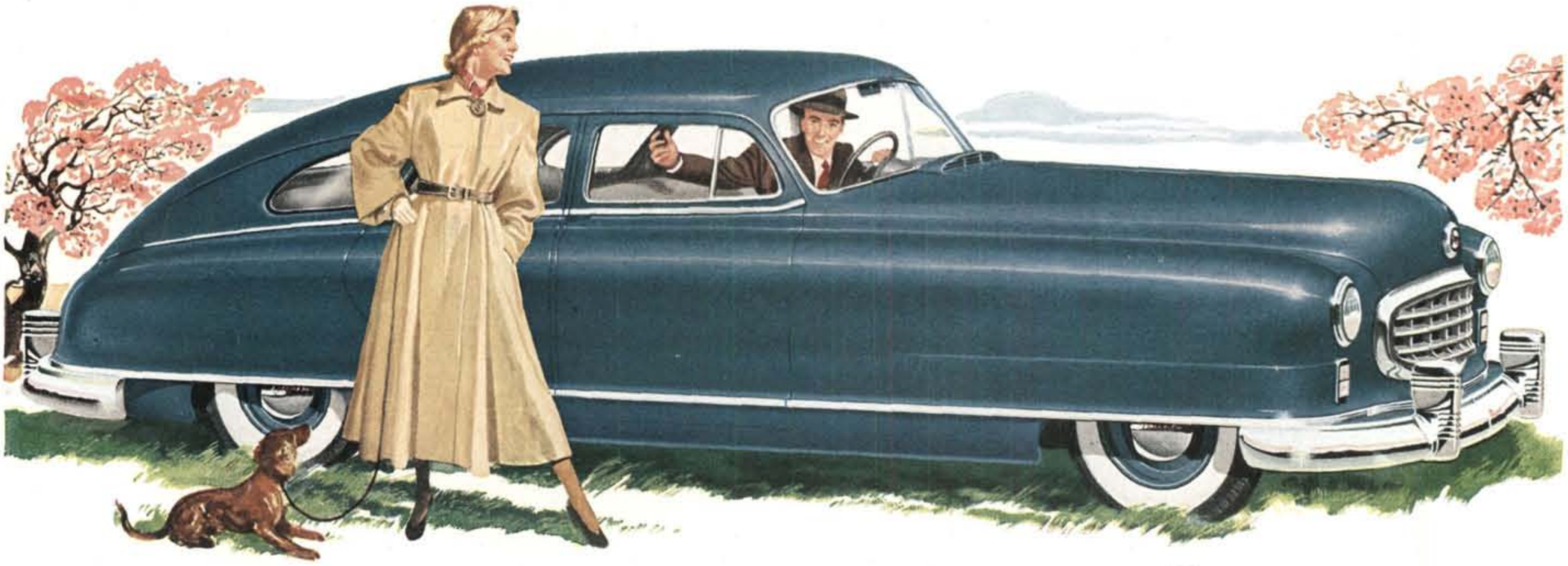


FISHING IS FUN

BEGINNING PAGE 21

April 23 1949

AIRFLYTE



IS RIGHT!!!

When you see a car that's one sheer streak of racing line, with bold bullet nose splitting the air—

You're right! *It's a new Nash Airflyte!*

When you sit on a sofa that's four persons wide—with a great undivided windshield curving around you—and the dashboard's gone, and all your instruments are at eye-level, in the Uniscope—

You're right—*you're IN a Nash Airflyte!*

When the power bursts forth . . . and the bumps melt away . . . and only the bee-soft hum of tires tells you you're still making tracks over Mother Earth—

You're right—*you're DRIVING an Airflyte!*

When you have seats that turn into Twin Beds at night . . . and Weather Eye Conditioned Air . . . and more room everywhere . . . and have coil-springing on all four wheels . . . and when you get a sweet 25 plus miles to a gallon at average highway speed—

You're right—you're *OWNING* a Nash Airflyte "600"!

No other car in the world can give you *half* these thrills, *half* these advantages—

Only a Nash Airflyte can.

Because only Nash is built the *new* way—as a Girder-built unit, with body and frame welded into one low-slung solid unit . . . wider, roomier, safer . . . with a lower center of gravity, and higher road clearance.

DON'T MISS the greatest thing that's ever happened to automobiles! See your Nash dealer *today*. Two series—the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador. *Both Airflytes!* And the most beautiful Custom Models ever made!

World's first car with Girder-built Unitized Body and Frame . . . Airliner-styled Interiors . . . Cockpit Control . . . Uniscope . . . Matched Coil Springs on all Four Wheels . . . Twin Beds . . . Uniflo-Jet Carburetion.

Nash
Airflyte

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

PICTURE OF GOOD SERVICE

When you think of telephone service, we'd like you to think of friendly, competent people, genuinely eager to serve you in every way.

The Operator is an important part of the picture when she puts through your calls quickly and courteously, or renders some special service in an emergency.

The Girl in the Business Office shows the same spirit by being alert and pleasant when you pay a bill or there's something you'd like to know about the service.

The Installer helps you to think well of the Company by being polite and efficient and tidy when he comes to your home to put in a telephone.

The Company itself does its part when it conducts itself as a good citizen, as well as a good telephone organization, in the communities in which it operates.

All across the land, you will find teamwork and neighborliness among telephone people. They take satisfaction in providing a valuable service to the public.

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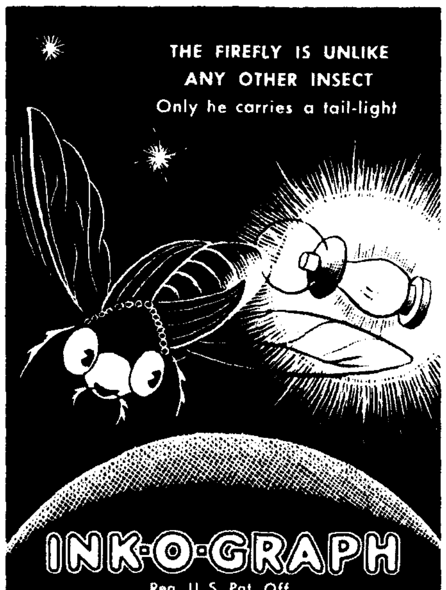
THE FIREFLY IS UNLIKE
ANY OTHER INSECT
Only he carries a tail-light

INK-O-GRAPH
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Pencil Pointed Fountain Pen
IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER PEN . . .

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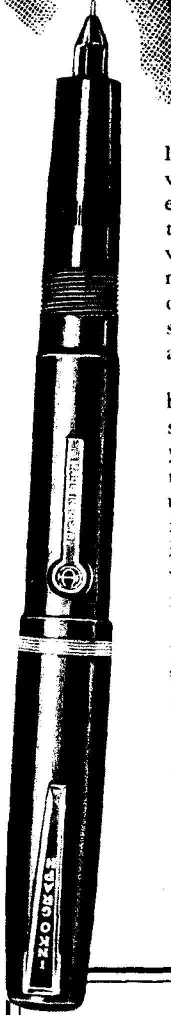

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Collier's

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The Week's Mail

ROARK BRADFORD

COLLIER'S: Your black notice of the death of Roark Bradford was anything but good news to your readers. If he missed an issue, the family would say, "No good story this week—" I'm hoping you are lucky enough to find a writer who can adopt Widow Duck, Mr. Giles and the whole crew. He will have to be good to carry on where Mr. Bradford left off. Because Mr. Giles will meet with plenty of trouble modernizing Little Cotton fields.

ELIJAH YOUTZ, Sunbury, Pa.

. . . I was an orphan boy and had to hit out on my own when quite young. These many years later I still recall hearing a dark mammy say, as she opened wide the door of her kerosene-lamp-lighted kitchen of a roadside Southern shanty, "Why, my dear white boy, we ain't got much but a bit o' corn bread and a few greens but we gon' share it with you." So each Roark Bradford story has been to me something I cannot explain. They have seemed so real. May God bless him. Little Bee Plantation will live forever.

ELMER E. ERICKSON, Chicago, Ill.

TOMORROW'S THACKERAYS

GENTLEMEN: Youthful Hubert Meeker (The Week's Mail, Feb. 19th), with the exuberance of the very young and the monstrous egotism of one of his years, suggests that you start a literary farm for future authors, age limit eighteen.

Gentlemen, I protest! Our literary scene is too cluttered with adolescent writers as it is, without editors dipping down in the junior high barrel. Personally, I am sick of the everlasting babble of the young in print; such writers as Capote, Vidal

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Which is *really* Joan Fontaine?

CO-STARRING IN
"You Gotta Stay Happy"
A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION
A RAMPART PRODUCTION
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
(See answer below)

Spark plugs also look alike, but

AUTO-LITE

RESISTOR SPARK PLUGS

give you all these advantages!

Get these 4 Star Benefits

★ **A SMOOTHER ENGINE IDLE**
WIDER SPARK GAP HELPS ELIMINATE OCCASIONAL MISSING.

★ **IMPROVED GASOLINE ECONOMY**
PERMITS BURNING OF LEANER MIXTURES AND REDUCES MISFIRING.

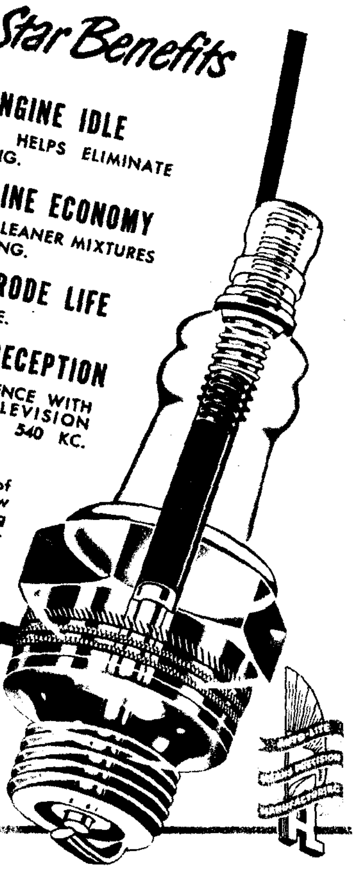
★ **INCREASED ELECTRODE LIFE**
UP TO 200% AND MORE.

★ **IMPROVED RADIO RECEPTION**
REDUCES PLUG INTERFERENCE WITH RADIO, RADAR AND TELEVISION WITHIN 35 MV/M FROM 540 KC. TO 150 MC. AT 50 FT.

★ Because of its low rate of electrode erosion, the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug permits wider initial gap settings and makes these advantages possible.

IT IS hard to tell which is the real Joan Fontaine in these photographs. It's difficult, also, to select the best spark plug from outside appearance. But you can tell the difference in performance when you replace your narrow gap spark plugs with the sensational new wide gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs. You'll be amazed at the benefits you get from this revolutionary development.

If you picked the girl at the left as the real Joan Fontaine, star of Universal-International's "You Gotta Stay Happy", score yourself 100%. Her "Look-Alike" at the right is Pamela Randell of Westchester County, New York. Score another 100% when you switch to the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug, designed for the finest in engine performance, the maximum in engine economy.

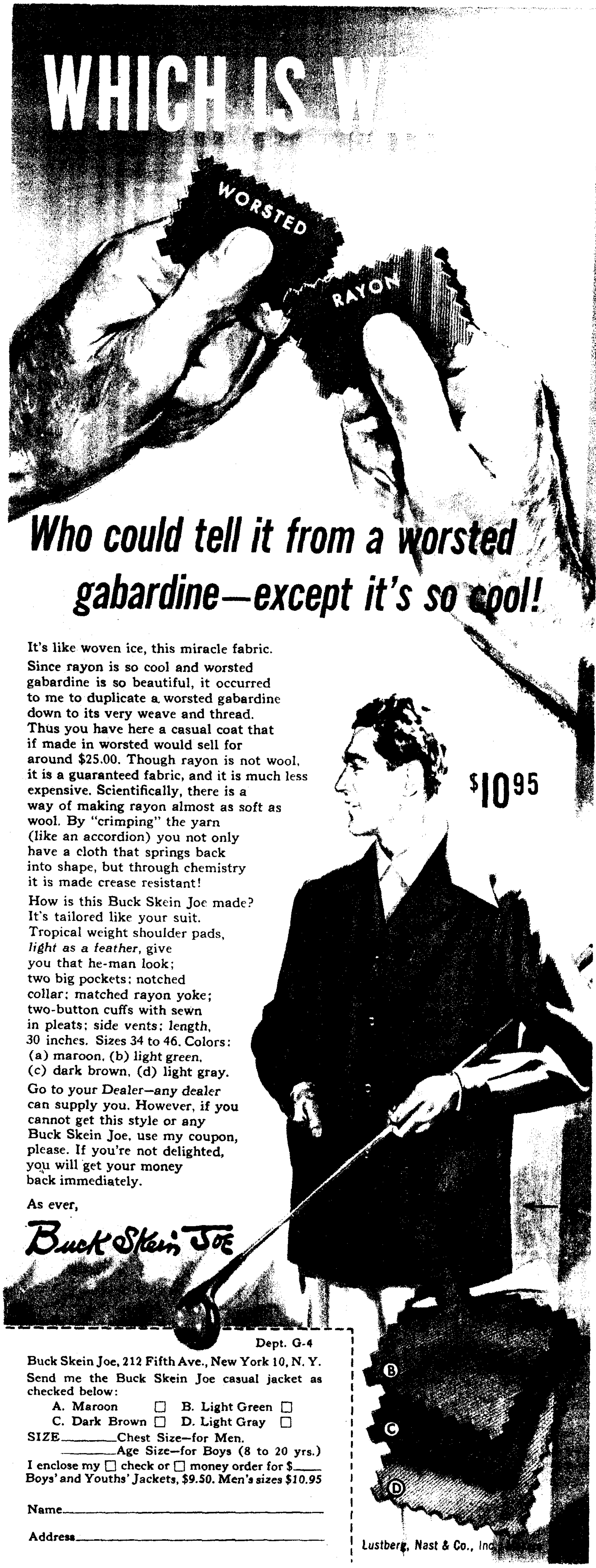


Auto-Lite Spark Plugs
—Patented U.S.A.

X-RAY VIEW shows the 10,000 Ohm Resistor which helps eliminate television, radar and radio interference caused by ordinary spark plugs.

Toronto, Ontario THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY **Toledo 1, Ohio**

TUNE IN THE AUTO-LITE RADIO SHOW "SUSPENSE!", RADIO ADVENTURE AT ITS GREATEST. THURSDAYS 9:00 P.M., E.S.T. ON CBS



Who could tell it from a worsted gabardine—except it's so cool!

It's like woven ice, this miracle fabric.

Since rayon is so cool and worsted gabardine is so beautiful, it occurred to me to duplicate a worsted gabardine down to its very weave and thread. Thus you have here a casual coat that if made in worsted would sell for around $25.00. Though rayon is not wool, it is a guaranteed fabric, and it is much less expensive. Scientifically, there is a way of making rayon almost as soft as wool. By "crimping" the yarn (like an accordion) you not only have a cloth that springs back into shape, but through chemistry it is made crease resistant!

How is this Buck Skein Joe made? It's tailored like your suit. Tropical weight shoulder pads, *light as a feather*, give you that he-man look; two big pockets; notched collar; matched rayon yoke; two-button cuffs with sewn in pleats; side vents; length, 30 inches. Sizes 34 to 46. Colors: (a) maroon, (b) light green, (c) dark brown, (d) light gray.

Go to your Dealer—*any dealer* can supply you. However, if you cannot get this style or any Buck Skein Joe, use my coupon, please. If you're not delighted, you will get your money back immediately.

As ever,

Buck Skein Joe

Dept. G-4

Buck Skein Joe, 212 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me the Buck Skein Joe casual jacket as checked below:

A. Maroon ☐ B. Light Green ☐
C. Dark Brown ☐ D. Light Gray ☐

SIZE________Chest Size—for Men.
________Age Size—for Boys (8 to 20 yrs.)

I enclose my ☐ check or ☐ money order for $____

Boys' and Youths' Jackets, $9.50. Men's sizes $10.95

Name____________________

Address____________________

and their female contemporaries disgust me.
R. J. STONE, Washington, D. C.

. . . I liked Hubert Meeker's idea about literary farm teams. May I submit one of my son's early efforts, dictated shortly before his fifth birthday?

Perhaps someday when he authors "The Great American Novel," you'll be proud to say, "We knew him when—"

The House in the Woods

Once there was a house in the country by the roadside. A man and a woman lived in it. They wished very, very, very hard that they would have a child.

One day the mailman rang the bell, and the lady went to the door. There she found a package. She opened the package and found a boy and a girl in it. But they were really only dolls.

Do you know how they found out the boy and the girl were dolls? Because they lived with them for ten years, and they never grew! MARGARET B. SEAGER, Bronx, N. Y.

VIDEO CUTTING AUDIENCE?

DEAR SIRS: If television does away with the fans at the game in the future as Bill Fay implies (Inside Sports, Feb. 19th), I say that sports in general will lose the popularity that they now have. A player likes and expects a crowd to cheer him to victory (even though the fans do get on his nerves a lot); while a fan enjoys the "punishment" that he receives in attending a game and being a part of a yelling crowd. I do not think that the fans will ever let "the right to go to a game" be taken away from them by television.
T. K. PETERSON, Kenilworth, Ill.

U.S. OF SOCIALISM

DEAR SIR: Let me amen your belief that Good Medicine Doesn't Mean Socialism (March 5th). As one who goes into numerous homes as a life-insurance agent, and sees that many middle-income Americans do not have adequate medical and dental care, if physicians are so opposed to a national health plan, they should reduce their rates and charge according to one's ability to pay.
WILSON HARRISON, Spartanburg, S. C.

. . . May I suggest that for a change why not give doctors credit for the free work and free medicine they give?

We are of the "unfortunate" under-$3,000-a-year class and have had the best of care during our six years of marriage including doctors, dentists, glasses, X rays, private room and nurses for the grand total of $500. Our bill under national insurance as it is being planned would have been $1,200.

What we in this country need is less government interference and a return to the realization that we owe ourselves a living.
MRS. PEARL T. PARKER, Beaver Falls, Pa.

. . . Socialized medicine exists in England as a staggering government cost with resultant increased taxation. It takes from the poorer people (who cannot pay for first-class and sincere treatment) their right to choose their favorite practitioner; and by taking the individualism and competitive spirit from the doctor, he gives hurried diagnosis with resultant inadequate treatment. . . . Let's handle our problem the American way.
CLIFFORD D. CROCKETT, D.D.S.,
Lansing, Mich.

. . . I sincerely hope America will adopt government medical care.
MRS. GEORGE ROBERTS, S. Royalton, Vt.

. . . I'm not for socialized medicine. I experienced the same thing in the military services. Some doctors and dentists were okay. Others were lazy and catered to rank. Socialized medicine is no good.

The doctors themselves are responsible for the danger they are in. They've got to do more than peddle insurance to correct the wrong they have done humanity.
JOHN B. ATKINS, Birmingham, Ala.

. . . The American Medical Association doesn't want such plan, because then doctors can't hold up people unable to pay for medical attention they need so badly. I'll say some 80 millions or more would like such plan. Politicians may call it Socialism, but to me it's a good sound democratic idea. If they call it a Socialistic plan, well, they would be surprised at the Socialists there are in the U.S.
GILFORD WEAVER, Wardell, Mo.

EAGER BEAVERS

DEAR SIR: The Hell-Raisin' Beaver (Feb. 26th) recalled ten years ago, when I was a member of the Border Patrol. About a half mile below the bridge across the Rio Grande lies a large island used by smugglers and aliens entering the U.S. illegally. A beaver had his den on the American side of the river. About dark a gang smuggling 100-pound sacks of flour into Mexico would get to work. Each time that the smuggler returned for another sack of flour, the beaver would pop the water with his tail. You could actually count the number of sacks being smuggled by the crack of the beaver's tail on the water!

As yet, none of the beavers have dammed the Rio Grande but perhaps the rascals could do it thus saving the taxpayers quite a sum. SAM MCKONE, McAllen, Texas.

. . . The author does not give the beaver full credit for his ingenuity and knowledge. 1. The beaver is the first hydraulic engineer. He can run levels for a dam that a man has to use a transit or level on. A friend of mine tells of a beaver survey party: Young beaver held the grade stakes while the old king beaver, balancing on his tail, sighted along them and motioned with his paws for them to be set right, left, lowered or raised, then he made a quick crossing motion with his paws signaling them to drive the stake. Three or four younger beaver worked ahead of the party, brushing out and cutting grade stakes. The operation involved was establishing the heights for a series of wing dams in a huge alder swamp.

2. To anchor a stake in soft mud the beaver will often cut a deep spiral around it with their teeth and then screw it into the mud. A charge of dynamite is the only force that will move it.
PARKER M. MERROW, Center Ossipee, N. H.

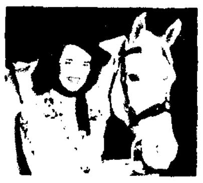
QUICK FREEZE

DEAR SIR: Re Freezing for Freedom (Feb. 12th) the boys up in Churchill, Manitoba, now have it soft compared to those of us who sweated out the war in "the garden spot of the arctic, on the shores of beautiful Hudson Bay," in tents and the temporary tar-paper barracks of '42-'43 winter.

In the tents we found that a washtub of snow, melted down on the little "monkey-stove," made not quite a bucketful of water for all our washing. The order of use was (*1*) *brushing teeth*, (2) washing face and hands, (3) washing feet, (4) washing long underwear and socks, (5) filling fountain pens. The pens froze unless we wore them to bed with us. And we—just a bunch of plain G.I.s turned loose in nature's icebox—learned how to dress and work the hard way. E. P. HEDGES, JR. (Former M/Sgt.),
Denver, Colo.

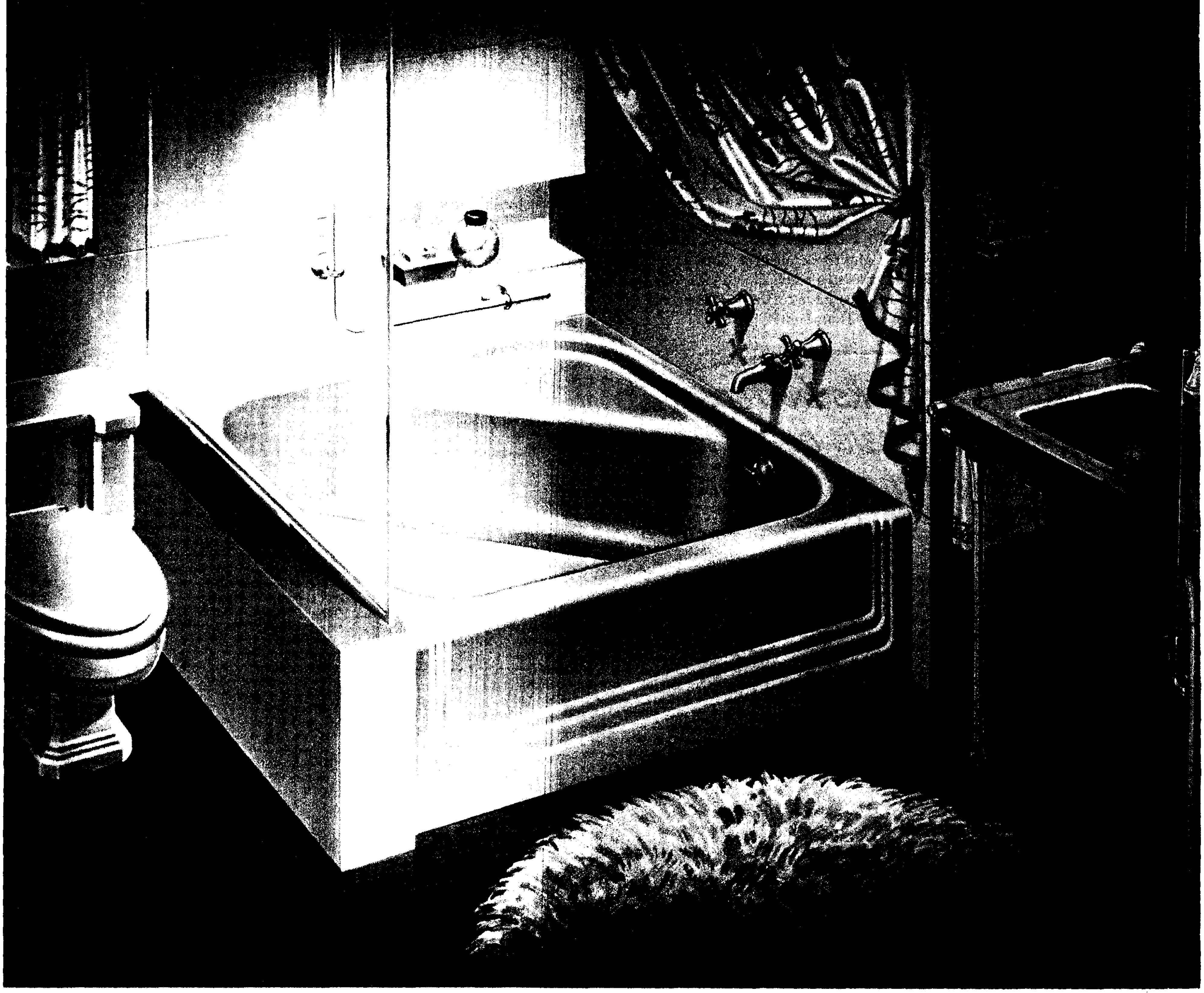
COUPLE O' PALS

DEAR SIR: Collier's for Feb. 19th was quite a thrill and a coincidence re the story Men's Tears. As in the story we also have a daughter, Dolores Olson, eighteen, who owns a registered palomino mare, and who has won several trophies and ribbons with her horse "Pal." MR. AND MRS. L. K. OLSON,
Galesburg, Kans.


Dolores and her Pal

AMERICAN-Standard

First in heating . . . first in plumbing

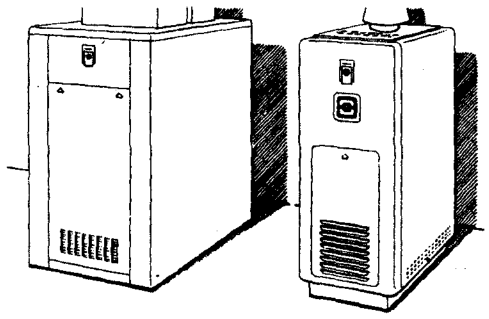


Neo-Angle Bath, Roxbury Lavatory, Master One-Piece Water Closet.

Bathroom beauty that never grows old

You get eye-catching beauty that stays young—as well as the finest in comfort and convenience—when you buy American-Standard Plumbing Fixtures. Their good looks, long life and easy cleaning make a room you can always be proud of—whether bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Yet American-Standard products cost no more than others, and can be bought on convenient time payments for remodeling. Sold through selected Wholesale Distributors to your Heating and Plumbing Contractor. Our free HOME BOOK shows how heating and plumbing can bring you greater home comfort and beauty. Just write: **American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation,** Dept. K94. Pittsburgh 30. Pennsylvania.

Look for this HEATING PLUMBING *Mark of Merit*



AMERICAN-STANDARD Heating Equipment covers any type of heating for any type of fuel. Shown are the oil-fired Saratoga Winter Air Conditioner and the gas-fired Empire Boiler.

Serving home and industry: AMERICAN-STANDARD • AMERICAN BLOWER • CHURCH SEATS • DETROIT LUBRICATOR • KEWANEE BOILER • ROSS HEATER • TONAWANDA IRON

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

INFORMATION

"**. . . HE'LL NEVER BE** on the right track until he does something about that Dry Scalp. His hair looks so unruly . . . and loose dandruff on his collar, too. What a job he must have combing it! He could use some information about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

GREAT ADVICE FOR YOU, too! Look at the difference it's made for him. Why not try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic yourself? It works wonders. Checks loose dandruff . . . keeps his hair neatly in place . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It gives double care to both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: **DR. CHRISTIAN,** STARRING **JEAN HERSHOLT,** ON CBS, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS; **LITTLE HERMAN,** NEW MYSTERY SHOW, SATURDAY NIGHTS, ON ABC. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

FOR MORE than 300 years Allegri's famous musical composition Miserere has been sung during Holy Week in the Sistine Chapel in Rome. The work was considered so sacred that, for well over a century, its score was jealously guarded and anyone who attempted to transcribe it was subject to excommunication. But in 1769, Mozart, then a boy of thirteen, disregarded the threat and wrote the composition down from memory after hearing it twice. Soon afterward, it was published in England.

* * * * * * * * *

Contrary to popular impression, the chances of a human embryo's survival are decreased, not increased, by the passing of time. For example, of the male and female embryos that do not survive prenatal life, 72 per cent die in the last three months of pregnancy.

* * * * * * * * *

As payment for a $25 debt, a small four-year-old horse was accepted by a Vermonter in 1793. Given its owner's name, Justin Morgan, it became famous as the only horse siring a completely new breed—the renowned Morgan type. Besides a bronze statue that stands on the Morgan horse farm, which is operated by the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Middlebury, Vermont, the animal has been honored by several memorial plaques and has been celebrated in a number of poems, articles and stories. In 1939, the 150th anniversary of its birth was officially observed in Vermont and was commemorated by a horse show in Iowa.

* * * * * * * * *

Probably the most appropriate name ever given to strong intoxicating liquor was "firewater," the term long used by the American Indians. In the early days, it aptly described much of the stuff sold to them—a boiled mixture of cheap alcohol, molasses, ginger, tobacco and red pepper.

* * * * * * * * *

A singular mystery began with the discovery of a youth lying unconscious on the beach near Meteghan, Nova Scotia, in 1860. Both of his legs had recently been amputated above the knee and the stumps were skillfully bandaged. The lad was about twenty, well groomed and wore an expensive suit from which the labels had been removed. Besides being a total stranger, he was—or pretended to be—deaf, dumb and unable to read or write. Being unclaimed and helpless, Jerome, as he came to be called, was cared for by one Meteghan family after another until his death in 1912. As he did not speak or write a word during his 52 years among them, the villagers never learned who he was, whether he was acting, nor how he, far from home and unable to walk at the time, happened to be found on their beach.

* * * * * * * * *

One of America's greatest bank robbers was George L. Leslie of Brooklyn who, between 1866 and his murder in 1884, was the mastermind behind more than 50 bank burglaries. Unlike his accomplices, Leslie never spent a day in prison because he did not participate in the actual execution of the crimes. Moreover, he was protected, when in trouble, by Howe & Hummel, the notorious criminal lawyers, to whom, on one occasion, he had to pay $90,000. His most famous job was the looting of the Manhattan Savings Institution in New York before dawn on Sunday, October 27, 1878. Preparations for it required three years as Leslie undertook an intensive survey of the bank, obtained and studied duplicates of its various locks and then made a number of special tools. This was the largest bank robbery in U.S. history, the cash and securities taken amounting to $2,747,700.—*By Charles W. Cody, Worcester, Mass.*

* * * * * * * * *

While desperately in need of money, in Stockholm in 1890, a man sold the ownership of his body after death to the Royal Swedish Institute of Anatomy for dissecting purposes. Twenty years later, he inherited a fortune and, being unable to buy back the contract, sued the organization for it. The institute not only successfully defended its position, but because two of the man's teeth had been extracted without its permission, requested and was awarded damages.

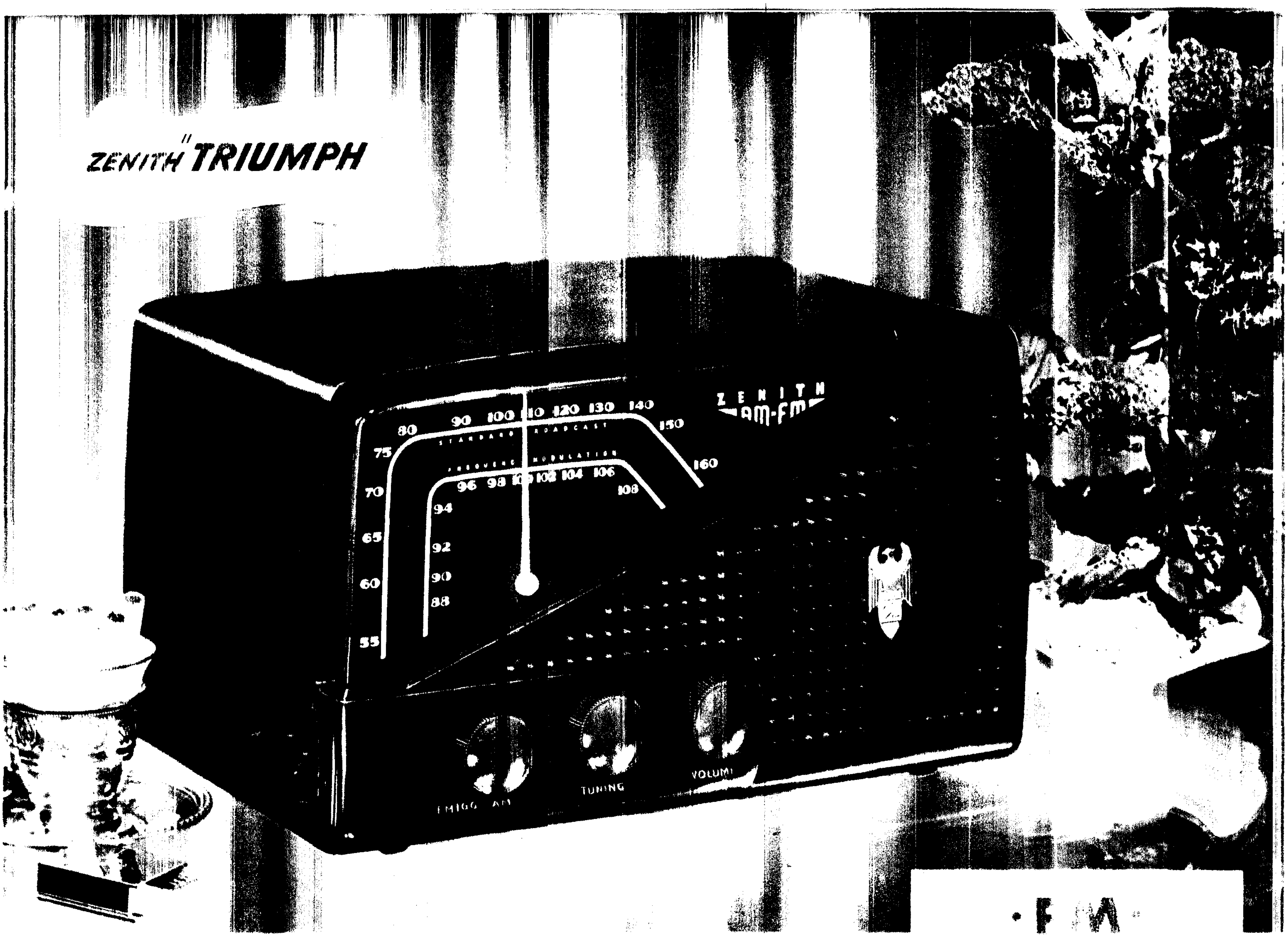
* * * * * * * * *

The largest of the 22 dog-racing tracks in this country today is Wonderland Park in Revere, Massachusetts. During its 100-night season, its attendance averages about 16,000 and the bets handled by its pari-mutuel machines average around $450,000 nightly.

* * * * * * * * *

Of the 11 men and six women in history who have weighed more than 700 pounds, the heaviest was Miles Darden who died in Henderson County, Tennessee, in 1857, weighing slightly over 1,000 pounds.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



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•AM•

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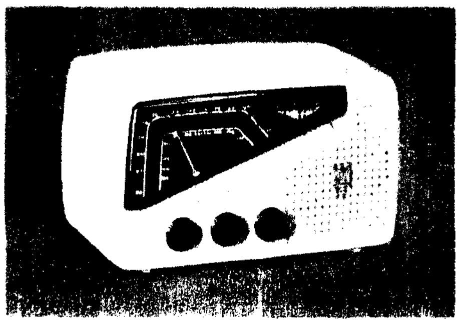

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She just had her car serviced at a friendly, local, capable UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATION

Automobile Service is his business

Complete service satisfaction for the car owners in his neighborhood—that's the one business goal your United Motors man has in mind. You see, automobile service is his business. As a local, independent businessman, he knows that he has to give service that pleases to keep your goodwill. So he makes sure that every job is done right by using original equipment parts, latest service methods, experienced mechanics. Get a smooth performance from your car this spring. Let him check it today.

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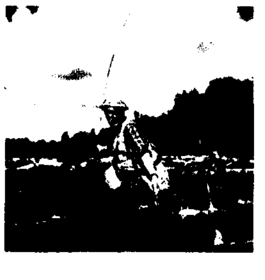
The Week's Work



This week's cover: *Fishing in the Androscoggin River, New Hampshire, is Joseph Brooks Dodge, otherwise known as the handsome "Mayor of Porky Gulch." Pioneer mountain man, Mr. Dodge opened Pinkham Notch for skiers and mountain climbers; he is veritable mighty man of the mountain. After hectic ski winters he fishes his cares away springs.*

A COLLIER'S First: Collier's Out of Doors (p. 76), a spanking new page conducted by Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain, will henceforth be a regular feature for the millions of Americans who get their relaxation fishing, hunting or observing in the deep, tangled wildwood. It promises to be an outdoor man's condensed bible.

The Messrs. Ford & MacBain know their subject. "As a writing-fishing-hunting team we chased pa'tridge over New England mountains goats wouldn't try to scale; we have walked our legs off to the knees following beagles that were following rabbits; and we've been lost at night in the woods while our coon dogs were lost in another part of the woods. We've even hunted big sambar deer in the leopard-infested, rhododendron-covered glades at the top of Ceylon, behind a pack of hounds that had every kind of dog but a hound," the lads say.

Summers the team has fished brook and brown trout, salmon and muskellunge from Gaspé to Vancouver to Kotzebue on the Bering Sea. They've taken leaping grayling in Alaska's chilly streams on two-ounce rods; and caught Dolly Varden trout on Attu in the Aleutians. "That time we were guided by Mike Hudikoff, Aleut chief, later snatched and murdered by the invading Japs. Mike never could understand why we used a dry fly to take one Dolly at a time, while he scooped up a dozen at each dip of his pole-net.

"We have fished so much we have even learned to eat fish: Recently we passed up roast wild turkey to eat some wonderful South Carolina catfish stew," they admit. "We will operate the page with a simple motto: 'You can't eat your fish and have them too.' We'd like to help keep America's cornucopia of birds, game and fish full to overflowing."

SINCE last she appeared in these pages, Miss Tallulah Bankhead (My Friend Miss Barrymore, p. 13) has been busier than a three-armed paper hanger. Since July, '47, she's toured the country, mugging, bosom-beating and scenery-chewing her way through Nl Cahrd's Private Lives in which she's presently ensconced at the Plymouth Thitter, in New York. Later she'll probably take the play South.

Last October, risking her theater prestige, she appeared on page one of the newspapers kissing Truman's hand. This she followed up with a fiery campaign almost as lonely as Harry's himself. Day after the election she telegraphed H.S.T.: "The people have put you in your place." Someone thought she should have sent a duplicate to T.E.D. She also said Kipling must have had Mr. Truman in mind when he wrote "Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne, he travels the fastest who travels alone."

More recently the glittering Tallu has been beating the red herring. In reply to Pravda's statement that American women are enslaved, she retorted, "Pravda is full of prune juice."

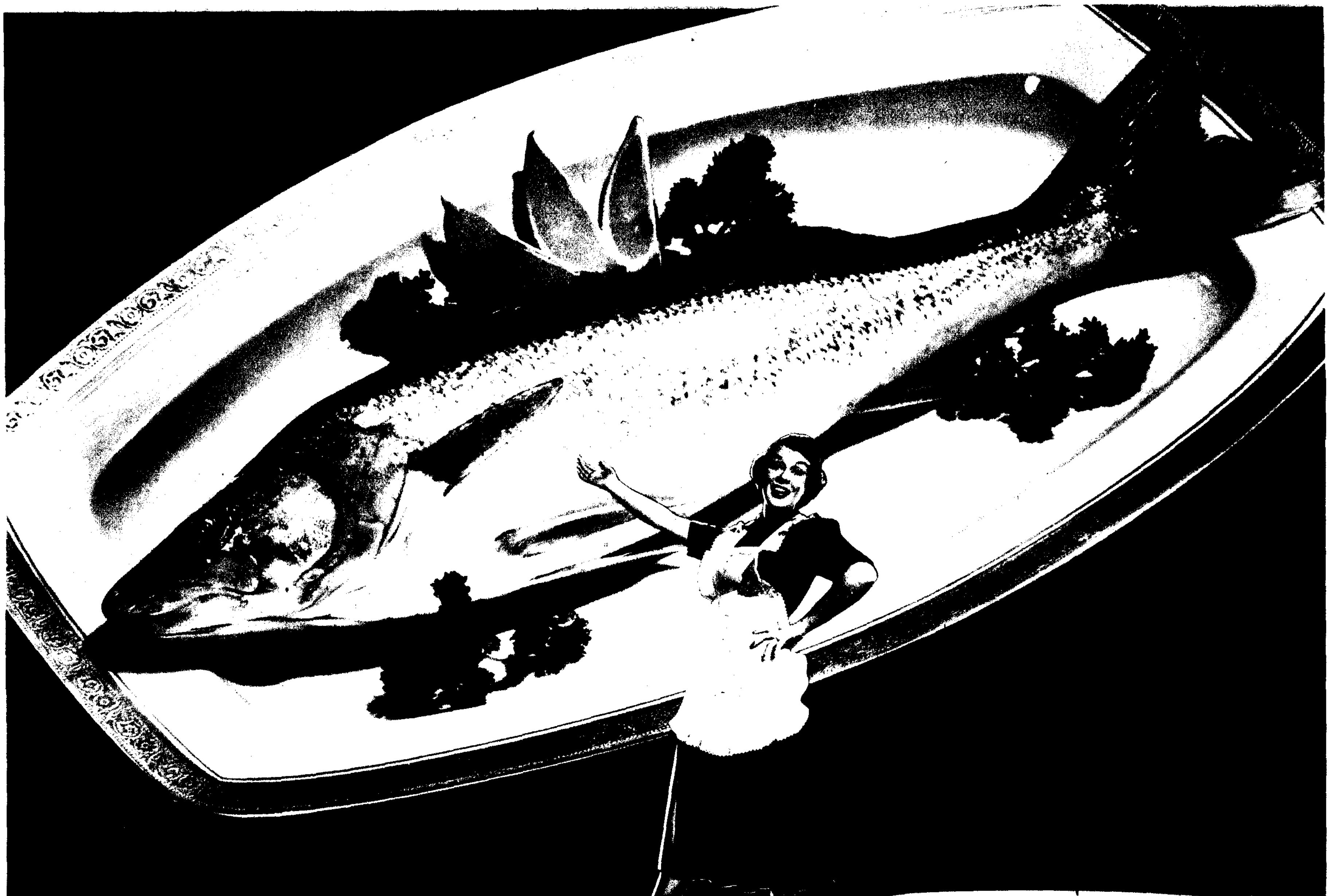
Besides guest shots on the radio, Tallulah, a creature of habit, still plays bridge 24 hours on end, doesn't ever go to bed, falls on and off the wagon, chain-smokes, has chronic pneumonia, enjoys thousands of other symptoms, has never remarried, is forty-seven, stops talking only to breathe, favors the alleged Giants of baseball, sleeps with a radio blaring alongside, works hard at her work and at being Tallulah. As she once put it: "I'm Tallulah in this play, and I'm not a bit ashamed of it."

SOME reporters carry notebooks, some make illegible marks on old envelopes, some trust to leaky memories. Walter Bernstein, to whom Rocky Graziano told Trouble Is My Middle Name (p. 16), lugs a tape recorder on writing missions. "In the case of Rocky," he says, "I wanted every word to be Rocky's. It was his story, and I feel a normal distaste for ghostwritten autobiographies. They usually sound false and stilted."

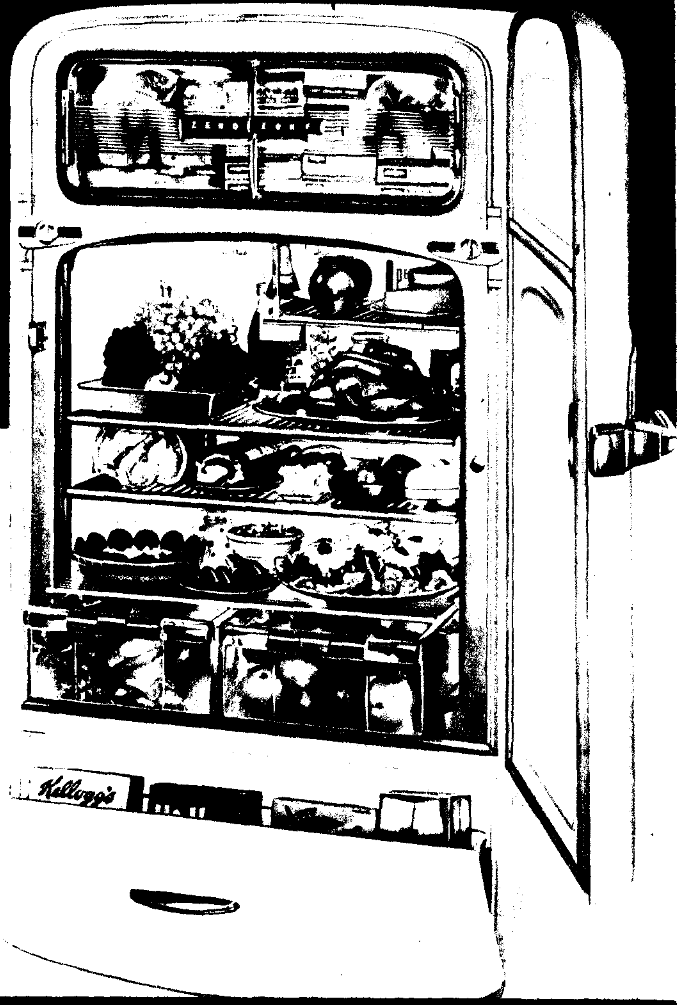
Mr. Bernstein sat in the Graziano home and fired questions at Rocky. "At first he was a little bothered by talking into a mike," says Mr. Bernstein. "By and by he got caught up in it, and talked while his four-year-old daughter climbed in and out of his lap, and the other little girl toddled about his legs. The tape is full of them, their dad and visitors. I asked as few questions as I could; later I transcribed and edited the material. Every word in the story is Rocky's. Incidentally, I found him a warm and openhearted guy, and hope the quality has come through in the story.

"Why did I choose Rocky? I've always wanted to do a boxing story that wasn't just a boxing story, and felt Rocky's is the story of a section of America that many of us do not know and do not want to know, because it is too unpleasant and because we don't want to share responsibility for that unpleasantness. Rocky was lucky—but possibly between the lines of his story are the stories of all the not-so-talented, the thousands who became gangsters, or punch-drunk at thirty, or have simply wasted out their lives in bitterness and despair, knocking their heads against the stone wall of a pitiless society."

Mr. Bernstein is a Brooklynite, twenty-nine, graduate of Dartmouth, served four and a half years in the Army, and has been free-lancing since the war. As Yank correspondent, he sneaked into Yugoslavia, more or less illegally, and was the first to interview Tito. He did not have his recorder—worse luck. . . . TED SHANE



Things you can learn from a wall-eyed pike . . . about choosing the right refrigerator



Ever put fish in the refrigerator and have its flavor leap to the butter?

Flavors don't stray in an Admiral Dual-Temp—even though foods are *uncovered!* Reason? A whole new method of refrigeration that's *different! No coils to be defrosted!*

What's more, foods don't dry out. Even *egg yolks* stay fresh for days and days in the huge *Moist-Cold Compartment* where there's an ultra violet Sterilamp to purify the air and prevent food spoilage.

Has a separate quick-freezing locker, too! Yes, in addition to the spacious Moist-Cold Compartment, the Admiral Dual-Temp has a freezing locker that can quick-freeze foods at *20° below zero* and store up to 70 pounds! Such a wonderful aid to shopping and meal-planning!

There's lots more to know about how *thrifty, roomy, quiet* and *beautiful* the Admiral Dual-Temp is. And the best way to find out is to visit your nearest Admiral dealer.

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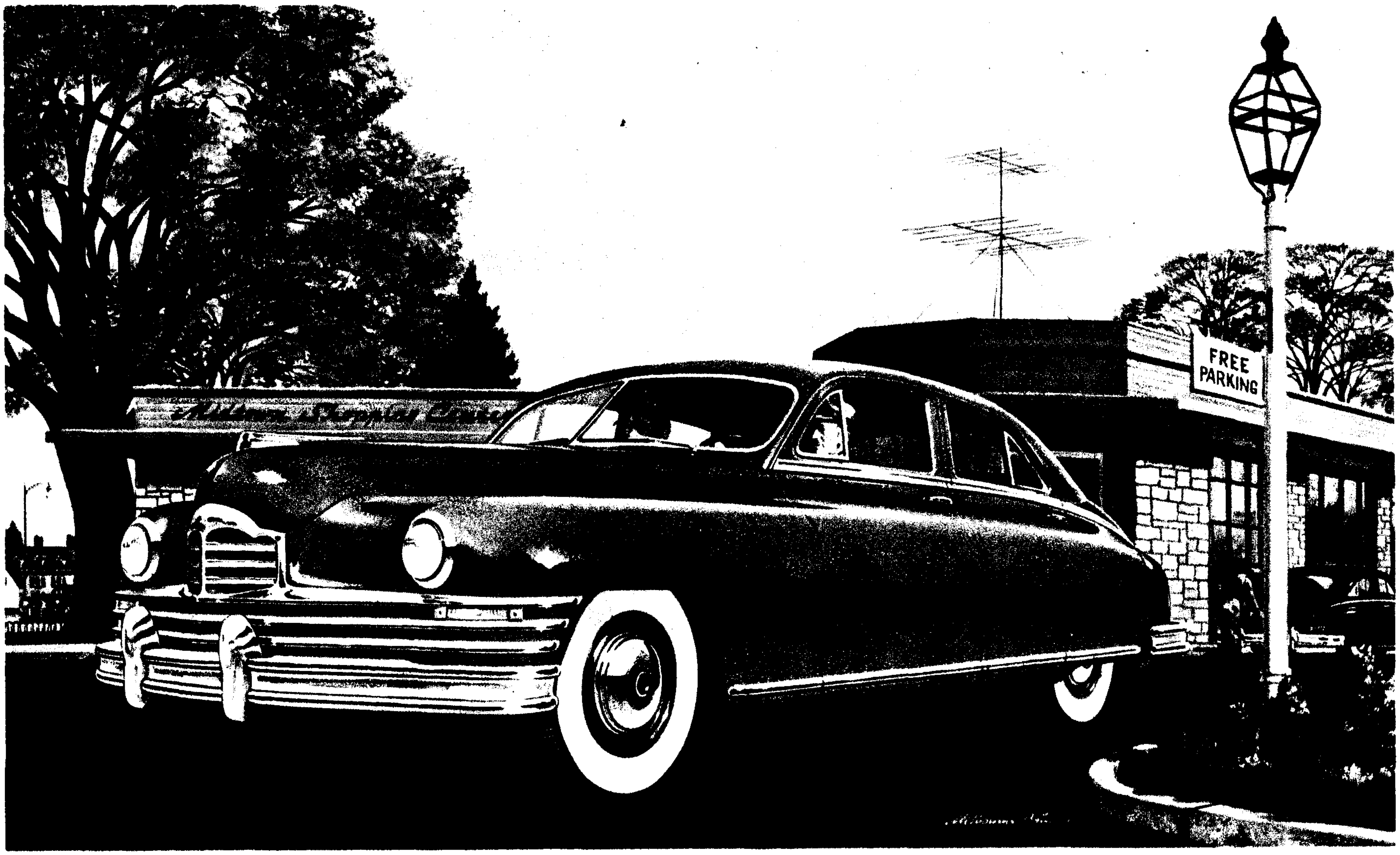


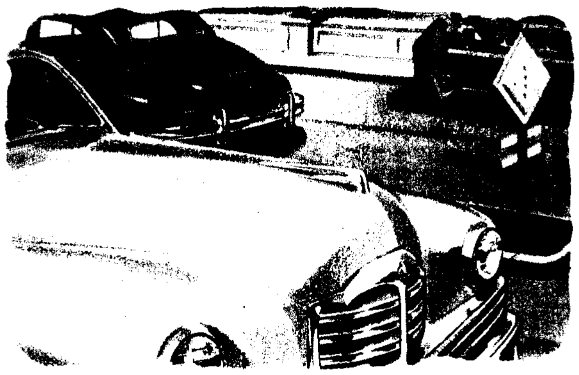
Shown: 1949 Packard Eight, 130-HP Touring Sedan.

3 Guesses–

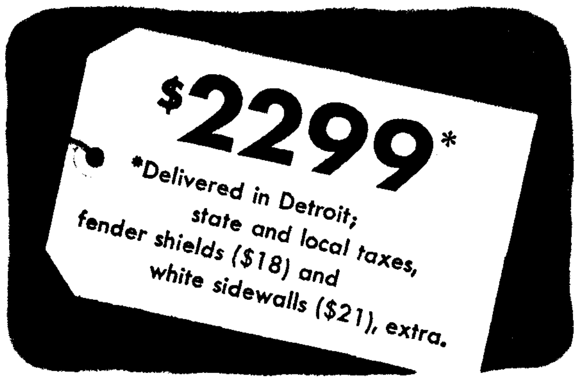
What's the price of this '49 Packard?

Clue No. 1: It's as distinctive for *performance* as it is for its proud Packard styling. Powered by a new "free-breathing," 130-HP straight eight engine . . . an engine famed for spectacular *thrift* as well as smoothness. Cradled by a costly, "self-controlling" suspension system . . . the secret of Packard's incomparable "limousine" ride. You'll find exclusive features everywhere you look . . . and you'll guess the price must be above your reach. (But *is* it?)

Clue No. 2: Its *mechanical durability* matches its long style life. Fact: Of all the Packards built, during the last 49 years, over 50% are still in service! Many have rolled up individual records of more than 400,000 miles. (You'll guess high on the price . . .)



Clue No. 3: Packard *quality* is the finest ever. Proof: Dealer records show that the service needs of the new Packards are the lowest in our entire history of building fine motor cars. (No wonder you'll guess high on the price of this Packard!)


$2299*
*Delivered in Detroit; state and local taxes, fender shields ($18) and white sidewalls ($21), extra.

Answer: With all its new advancements—all its enduring, precision-built character—the 130-HP Packard Eight 4-door Touring Sedan is priced low enough (see figures above) to make new thousands of buyers say, "*This* year, I'm going to *be* the man who owns one!"

130-HP EIGHT • 145-HP SUPER EIGHT • 160-HP CUSTOM EIGHT

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

My Friend Miss Barrymore

By TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Wherein a great actress with a quick tongue tells you a wonderful story about a greater actress with a quicker tongue. There's not a line muffed in this off-stage soliloquy by a beautiful woman about another beautiful woman

WHILE there's still time, perhaps I should pause and reflect. Anyone rash enough to write about Ethel Barrymore may be rewarded by having his words boomerang in the form of a hand grenade with the pin out, wind up on a litter with a lily in his hand. Consider the case of George S. Kaufman.

Back in February of 1941 the theater's elite was about to participate in a gigantic benefit performance at the Radio City Music Hall for Bundles for Britain. Mr. Kaufman, famed playwright and director, was one of the committee named to scheme the program.

To give the benefit distinction, mark it as something apart from anything of the kind that had ever preceded it, it was the conceit of Mr. Kaufman to decide that many of the stars should give performances completely alien to their conventional roles in the theater.

Thus Lily Pons of the Metropolitan was to sing Minnie the Moocher. And wouldn't it be great, thought Mr. Kaufman, to have an act called "The Three Ethels"—Ethel Barrymore, Ethel Merman and Ethel Waters?

Afire with this fancy Mr. Kaufman called Ethel Barrymore on the telephone, outlined his device. "What night did you say the benefit is to fall on?" asked Miss Barrymore.

"The second Sunday in February," replied Mr. K.

"Sorry!" replied Miss Barrymore. "On that night I'm going to have laryngitis."

Her retort set off a slight gong in the Kaufman skull. Then, as his memory thawed, his marrow froze. It all came back to him. "On that night I'm going to have laryngitis," was a line he and Edna Ferber had written for the character of Julie Cavendish in their successful play, The Royal Family, about a dozen years before.

It was generally agreed that The Royal Family was the playwrights' salute to the talents, the temperaments and the tantrums of the Barrymores, that its Julie Cavendish was Ethel Barrymore, just as its Anthony Cavendish was her brother, John. Need I remind the congregation that Miss Barrymore had looked with a cold and devastating eye

Ethel Barrymore, the theater's reigning star for 45 years, accepts the attentions of movie actress Ann Miller with a faint smile and royal dignity

on the whole proceedings, had bided her time until she had the chance to toss Kaufman's words back into his teeth?

Don't think for a minute that Ethel Barrymore has to echo an adversary to mow him down. Although it is sometimes erroneously credited to Alice Longworth, Miss Barrymore was the one who, in 1944, coined the line which curdled Thomas E. Dewey and most of his henchmen: "How can you vote for a little man who looks like the bridegroom on a wedding cake?" If you ask me, that was one of the most brutally accurate observations made in our generation.

Harold B. Franklin also suffered lacerations and flesh wounds when, along with Archie Selwyn, he set up Edmond Rostand's L'Aiglon, with Miss Barrymore as Marie-Louise, second wife of Napoleon, onetime Empress of the French. In the play's tryout in Philadelphia, Mr. Franklin, a tyro in the trade and eager to give vent to his ignorance, made piles of notes on the performance. Miss Barrymore's eye fell on one of these which read: "E. B. no empress."

"Tell me, Mr. Franklin," said Miss Barrymore, "how many empresses have passed through your section of the slums?"

Barrymore Barb Hits Tallulah

I, too, carry a scar from a Barrymore remark. When first I bounced up from Alabama to lay siege to the New York stage Ethel Barrymore was the theater's transcendent star. I saw her thirteen times in Zoe Akins' Déclassée, got chills and fevers when she passed me in the Algonquin lobby, then paid her the sincerest form of flattery by giving imitations of her at such theatrical parties as I was fortunate enough to be invited to. It was following one of these tributes on a Halloween evening that I learned that my irreverence had been witnessed by Miss Barrymore. What was worse, the hostess insisted on presenting me to her. I was a plump child then, and Miss B's comment on my impersonation reminded me of that fact.

"My dear," she cooed in a coo edged with acid, "you made me look so fat."

But even before that, my remote devotion to Ethel Barrymore had got me into a fix. Wide-eyed, but determined, I had just succeeded Constance Binney in Rachel Crothers' 39 East when the actors' strike broke out in August of 1919. Ethel Barrymore was in the thick of the fight to exact from the producers recognition of the then budding Actors' Equity Association. As Equity members walked out, practically all of Broadway's theaters were closed and friendships of a lifetime shattered.

At a giant benefit given at the Lexington Opera House to raise strike funds Ethel Barrymore and her brother, Lionel, played a scene from Camille. Eager to participate in any small way in the revolt and thus identify myself with the theater, I was selling programs in the lobby, along with a lot of other young sprouts.

When contributions to the strike fund were solicited at the end of the program Miss Barrymore gave a thousand dollars. Her action inspired me to spectacular folly. Although I was three weeks behind in my room rent at the Algonquin, with my purse full of pawn tickets from Simpson's, I pledged one hundred dollars.

Where was I going to get the hundred? Should I welsh on my promise, I would be an outlaw in my new profession, might even be accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. In desperation I wrote my father of my reckless conduct, adding that as a daughter of Alabama I would be failing in my obligations to the South should I permit the Yankees to be the sole contributors. I got the hundred dollars and a black-beaded evening dress besides.

But if I had qualms about my acting, so did a young Ethel Barrymore about hers. Once, when she was playing with her uncle, John Drew, in Boston, she hastened from her theater to another that she might stand in the wings to see Sir Henry Irving play the last scenes of Shakespeare's Richard III. She had toured England with Irving in The Bells when but eighteen. Now to Irving she confessed, "People will never say that I'm a great actress. They only say that I'm a personality. That I'm just Ethel Barrymore."

To which the great English star replied, "See to it that that's *all* they ever say."

What professional alarms Ethel Barrymore may have felt were muted all of 48 years ago when Charles Frohman, three days after the opening of Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines at the Garrick Theatre, ordered that her name be put in lights on the marquee. The illumination she won that night has never dimmed, never flickered.

Personification of Theater Greatness

For anyone having standards above those of an Eskimo walrus spearer Ethel Barrymore is, and for 50 years has been, a great star in the finest tradition of the theater, a great star in the sense that Rachel, Bernhardt, Ellen Terry and Eleanora Duse were great stars. Being blessed with great beauty, a stinging wit, a high order of intelligence and a vivid awareness of what's going on about her in all fields of activity adds up to not only a great star but to a singularly exciting person in or out of the theater.

I would hesitate to say these things in her presence, since she would probably raise her eyebrows slightly, deflate me with a withering glance, and ask in a voice, part cello, part scorn, part boredom—"Aren't you getting a little hysterical, Tallulah?"

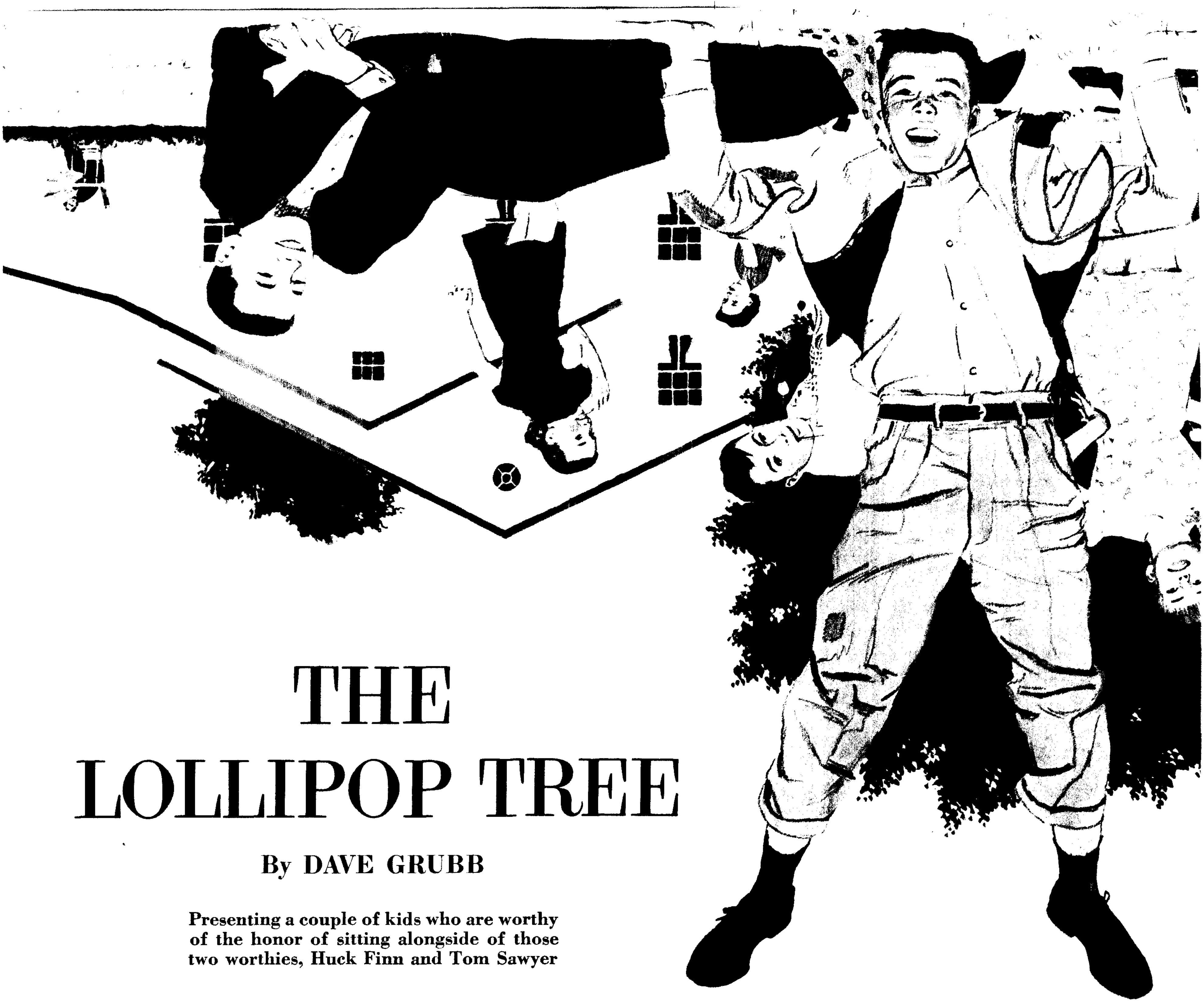
Some sage once wrote that Ethel Barrymore had the reticence born of assurance. I think that remark will hold water. She talks little about herself, yet is completely conscious of her own potentials. Some years ago her old friend, the late Joseph Medill Patterson, editor and publisher of the New York Daily News, used up two pages of a Sunday edition to print the judgments of the pick of the players of the theater.

Mr. Patterson's Inquiring Photographer asked each of them, "Who, in your opinion, was the greatest actress of all time?" Miss Barrymore did not reply to the query, since it is not unreasonable

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 92)

Miss Barrymore is amused by a ride in a wheel chair required for a movie role

Wearing a fur coat for atmosphere, Miss Barrymore listens to a football game



Charlie stared at them from upside down and laughed at them hanging there. Nobody said nothin'

THE LOLLIPOP TREE

By DAVE GRUBB

Presenting a couple of kids who are worthy of the honor of sitting alongside of those two worthies, Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer

CHARLIE MILLER and me used to stand by the hour on Jefferson Avenue and look in Stillwell's window at the beautiful, shiny brown guitar they had for sale. It's a wonder we ever got all our papers delivered.

Charlie and me carried the route together. We delivered papers all the way down Water Street and back up Twelfth into town and then down along Jefferson Avenue and it was always dark when we got done. Seems like there was always something to stop and stare at or someone to talk to. And there was always the brown guitar in the window at Stillwell's. I don't reckon we ever once got past that window without stopping and staring at it with our faces flat against the thick, plate glass. We both wanted it so bad we'd have given both big toes for it if anyone had offered to trade us.

Charlie's folks lived in an old, run-down gray house at the corner of Twelfth and Water Street across from the wharf where the steamboats docked in the spring. You could sit on Charlie's front porch and hear the calliope louder than anywhere in town. Out in the back there was a chicken coop and they had a white-haired goat that ran around the trunk of the big sycamore tree that grew beside the front porch. Whenever anybody walked past, the goat would bleat and shake his beard at them like a little old man that was mad.

Charlie's old man was a drummer and when he wasn't off somewheres traipsing around the country he was home with his hound dogs. Every fall he'd get his prize red-bone and set off up Hog Run in the moonlight with a bunch of his friends. He'd be gone for a whole week or so and when he come home he'd be smelling like bourbon and growing a week's beard.

My folks always felt that Charlie's folks was trashy. My old man was secretary of the Mercantile Bank and he couldn't see any use in a man traipsing around all over the South selling notions and chasing foxes up Hog Run in the moonlight with a red-bone hound and getting drunk when he felt like it. My old man wore a gold watch chain and never said much after supper. He just sat reading the evening paper.

Me and Charlie made up our minds one day we had to get us that brown guitar in Stillwell's window. It cost seven dollars and fifty-nine cents but that wasn't so much when you stop to figure that you got a little book along with it that had twelve easy lessons in it. And besides there was a fancy, pearly pick to play it with. We'd been talking about the guitar all afternoon.

Then, all of a sudden, as we was crossing the trestle on Twelfth Street I hit on an idea. Saving up together, me and Charlie could earn the seven dollars and fifty-nine cents in two months and learn how to play the guitar by the end of summer. Then we'd make some money at the county fair by putting on an act. One of us could play and the other one would sing. First thing we knowed we'd be doing our show on the radio for the really big money!

Charlie got so excited when I told him my idea that he dropped his paper sack on the sidewalk. "Gee whizz!" he hollered. "Oh, boy! Gee whizz! Yahoo!"

Then he let out a whoop like a circus clown and stood on his head. Whenever he got excited or embarrassed or anything he always stood on his head. I reckon it sort of settled his brains to be able to look at things upside down. I guess maybe

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

Trouble Is My Middle Name

By ROCKY GRAZIANO

as told to WALTER BERNSTEIN

This hard-hitting story of a famous fighter is concluded with Graziano telling about the roughest battles of his career, both in and out of the ring. He has slugged his way out of the slums to boxing's big time and big money only to find past mistakes coming home to belt him again and again. This is his story, told in the words he used in recorded interviews with the author

CONCLUDING A THREE-PART ARTICLE

AFTER the first Zale fight, I felt pretty bad. It was the first time in my life I had ever got knocked out. And I wasn't even hurt in the fight. I got up after the count and I wasn't hurt at all and I couldn't believe it happened to me.

So I came home and there weren't too many backslappers and I realized for the first time that the crowd loves a winner. I had a few friends, because I had a lot of money. I got eighty-three thousand dollars for that first Zale fight, before the taxes. But the guy had knocked me out and I felt real bad about it. I got to myself a sort of hate for Tony Zale because of that. And after that I didn't go up to the gym much.

I stood away from the fight game for a couple of months. But finally my manager thought I should begin fighting again and they made me a match with a guy named Reuben Shank. And I trained a little for that fight, but I didn't feel so good. I was still very discouraged. And in the training I hurt my back, and the fight was canceled. So I didn't think any more about it.

So one morning I was feeling real bad altogether and I got out of my house and I went outside and got into my car and started driving down Ocean Parkway. And I noticed a car following me. And the car came alongside and there were four guys in it and they told me to pull up. So I thought they wanted my autograph or something, but right away they showed me their shields and they said: We're from the district attorney's office and we'd like to bring you downtown.

I said: For what? What the hell did I do?

So one of them said: Well, we have a little information that your life is in danger.

I said: My life ain't in danger. Don't worry about it.

Well, just come downtown. We want to ask you a few questions.

So I said: All right. I went downtown and I met a couple of the district attorneys. And I found out

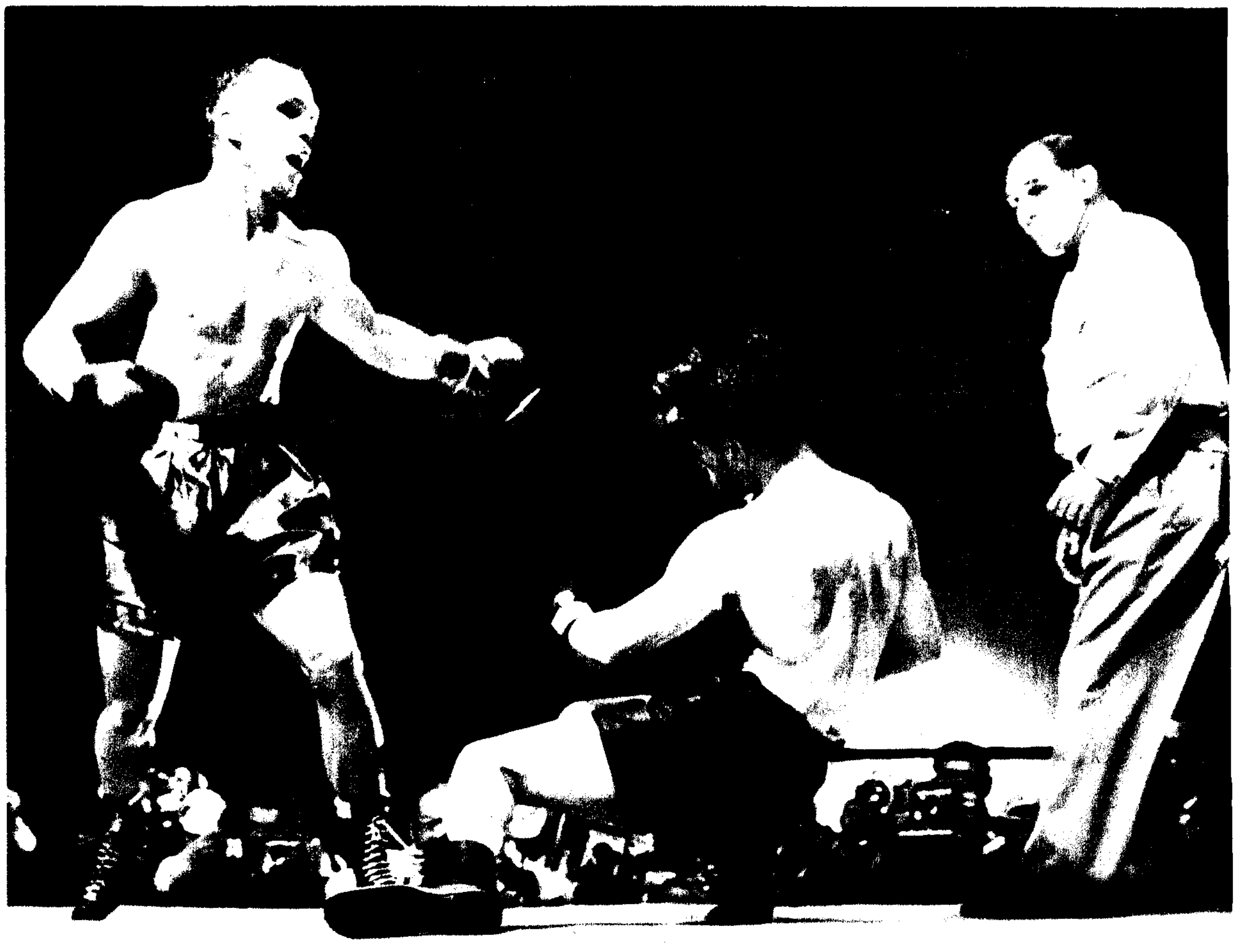
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 53)

GILES, FOR COLLIER'S

Rocky poses in his Brooklyn home with his daughters, Audrey, four and a half, and Roxee, one year old

Graziano goes down for the count in his third fight with Tony Zale and loses his world championship title

ACME



Why You Haven't Got A House

By MILTON LEHMAN

If you have nowhere to live or if your married life is being ruined by having to double up with in-laws these facts will help you form a battle cry for building. Make America make homes

IN THE last months before the election, the man in the White House studied his mail. Among his letters were hundreds from ill-housed, voting Americans, who were appealing in desperation to their President. In his campaign, Mr. Truman made housing an issue and it helped elect him.

"I am sorry to have to bother you," Chicago had written, "but I have been to every apartment. Everyone has no place. I am not getting put out for not paying rent. I can pay to $60, but there is nothing for $60."

"We are an American family with four sons," announced Bethel, Connecticut. "We are being evicted from our present living quarters. We have searched in vain for a place to live . . . Isn't there something government can do?"

Yes, said the President, there is something government can do. In big cities and at whistle stops, he called out lustily for comprehensive housing legislation. He told how Congress had twice considered bills by Senators Taft, Ellender and Wagner for low-rent public housing, slum clearance and building subsidies and twice rejected them. He declared that housing was now a federal responsibility. If he were elected, he promised, Congress would act.

For three years, the peaceful American home has been the storm center of wild debate. While builders shout down rent control and public housing as "the first step toward Socialism," the public cries back, "Why don't you build us houses at prices we can afford?" In New York, Mayor O'Dwyer observes; "The housing situation is unbearable." In Chicago, even the builders predict civic bankruptcy unless something is done soon. Critics from the right and left are bellowing for a housing revolution. On the West Coast, a state senator hearing the noise roars that the housing shortage is "a Communist conspiracy."

Four years after the war we are in the midst of our worst housing shortage in history. According to the Congressional Joint Committee on Housing, America needs a minimum of 1,300,000 additional homes each year for the next twelve years, not including farm units. But last year, in their major postwar effort, builders produced 930,000 urban homes and possibly 150,000 farm units. This year they predict even less.

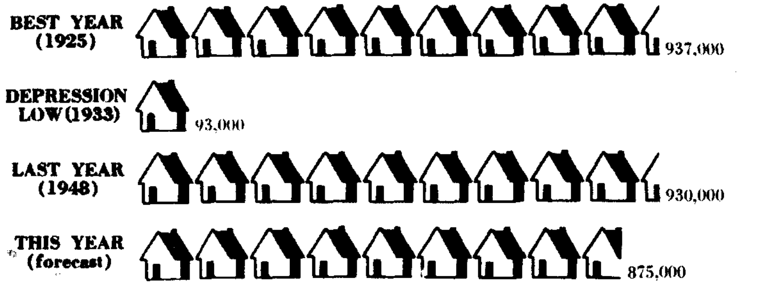
Beyond the shouting, what is the housing problem we face in 1949? I recently spent two weeks traveling across the country in search of that problem—and some of the answers. I talked with builders and public officials, veterans living in trailers and residents of the advancing slums of our

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 87)

The Housing Problem

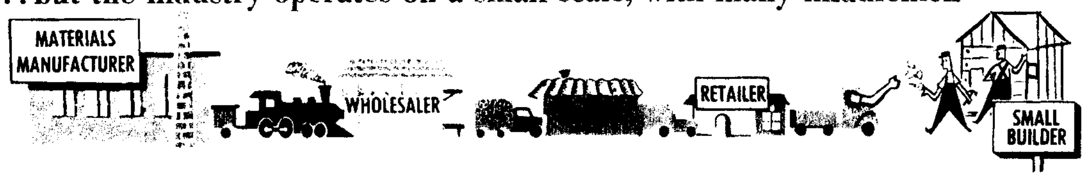
Mass production from the housing industry is needed . . .

Number of non-farm dwelling units started

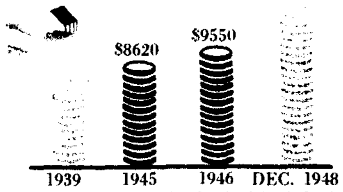


**1,300,000 additional homes needed this year and every year through 1960*

. . . but the industry operates on a small scale, with many middlemen

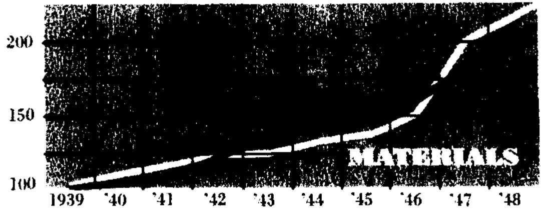


Costs of a standard home have increased . . .

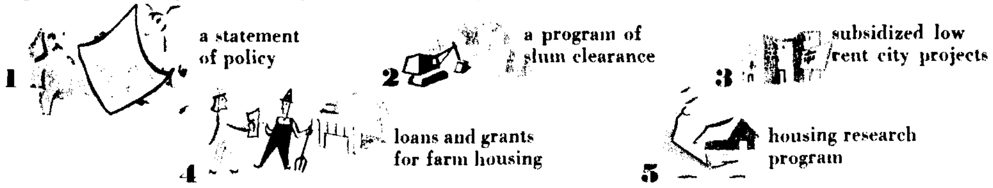


(CONSTRUCTION COSTS EXCLUDING LAND)

. . . prices and wages are up

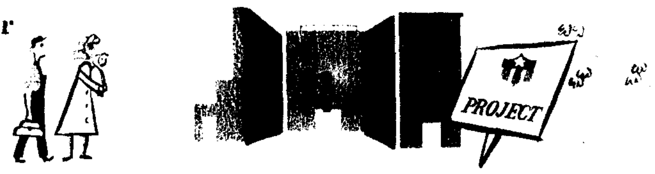
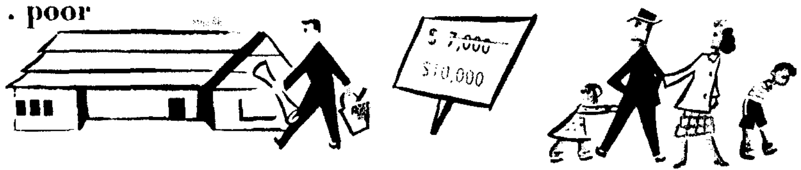
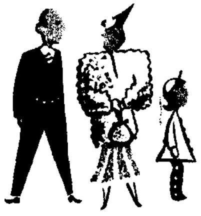
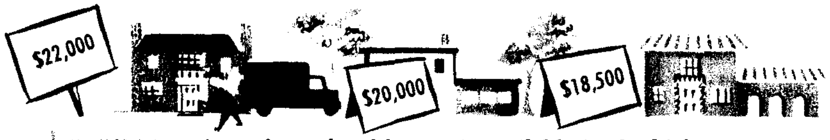


In Congress both parties agree on this program to meet the housing crisis:

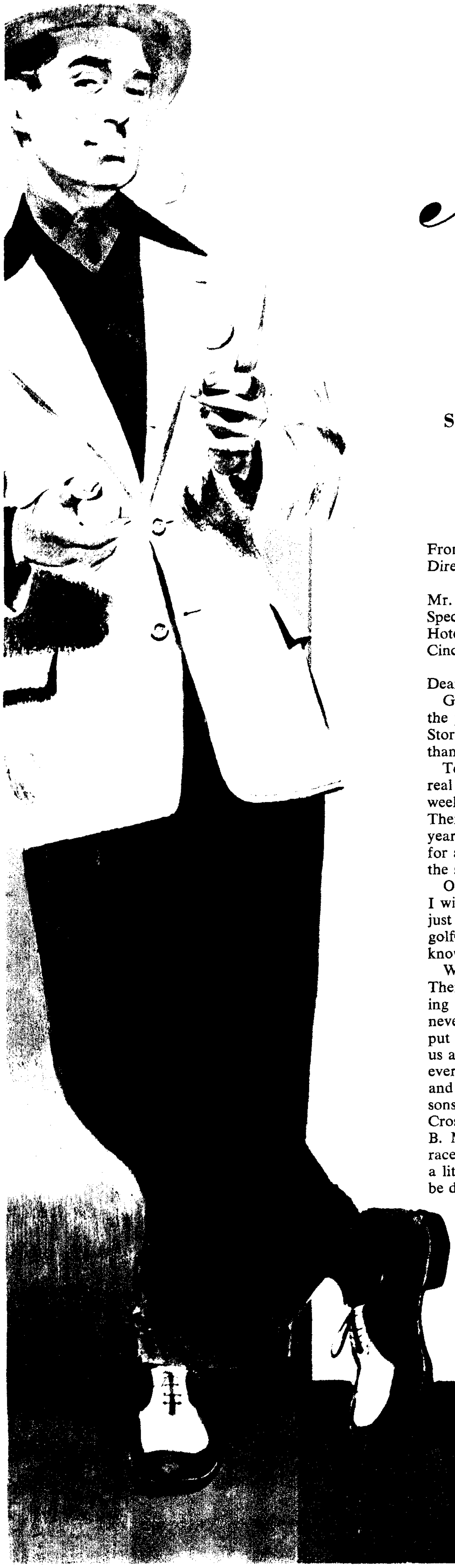


1 a statement of policy
2 a program of slum clearance
3 subsidized low rent city projects
4 loans and grants for farm housing
5 housing research program

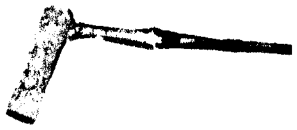
What are Your chances of getting a new home?

If your income is	Your present chances are
Under $50 a week	. . . fair  Government subsidies are increasing for slum clearance and construction of low cost homes.
$50 - 124 a week	. . . poor  Builders are not able to meet the demand for moderate priced apartments and houses.
Over $125 a week 	. . . good  . . . because A good supply of houses is available in the higher priced field.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRAPHICS INSTITUTE



Arabella and the Susquehanna



She had to win—and George was doing his crooked best to see that she did

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
March 4, 1949
Air Mail

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Winthrop
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear George:

George, I can't tell you how much I appreciate the job you've done on the opening of The Ohio Story. The thing is off to a terrific start, and I thank you. We all bow down.

To show my appreciation I've got something real nice planned for you. How would you like a week's vacation in sunny San Antonio, Texas? There isn't a nicer spot in the country this time of year. Get on down there and just wallow around for a week. Have breakfast in bed. Swim. Lie in the sun. Get in a lot of golf.

Oh, say, that reminds me. There is one little favor I wish you'd do for me while you're there. We've just taken on a girl named Arabella Jones, who is a golfer, and I want to try a little thing. As you may know, we're about ready to try anything out here.

Well, on Arabella we are going to go sportsy. There's always been all sorts of good athletes hanging around the picture business, and still we've never got enough publicity on the sports page to put in your eye. Sports writers have always given us a stare that would curdle cement. Lately, however, I have noticed in the sports section the names and even the photographs of certain picture persons. I will admit that it's usually been because Crosby has bought the Pittsburgh Pirates, or Louis B. Mayer has sold five million dollars' worth of race horses. But I am beginning to think that with a little imagination and hustle the same thing can be done on a more modest outlay.

Suppose we just build a fire under some of these Hollywood athletes, and actually enter them in various sports contests when they're not busy making a picture? It seems logical that sports writers could then hardly avoid writing something about them. If this thing works, you can look for a growing interest on our part in the glories of sport.

But at the moment our recreation program consists solely of Miss Arabella Jones. I've decided to try the thing out on Arabella because she's a very healthy-looking girl, she doesn't start her next picture till the fourteenth, and she's really a terrific little golfer. At seventeen she was champion of South Dakota. Joe Eaton out at Lakeside says that with a little luck she could get by anywhere. So we're going to try it.

The next ladies' golf tournament of any importance is a thing called the Susquehanna, which by an amazing coincidence is to be played at San Antonio the week you'll be there on your vacation. Arabella is entered. She will arrive Thursday morning the 10th at 11:45—Union Airlines, Flight 4. If you're not too busy you might meet her, and tell her how to get to the golf tournament.

And, oh yes, the little favor. See that she wins it, will you, George?

All my love,
Dick.

HOTEL WINTHROP
Cincinnati, Ohio
March 5, 1949
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Rasputin:

I quit. I hate to leave a job that is so full of fun, but I have just had a wonderful offer to become a sand hog.

Meaning that on this golf thing you have shot

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

By HANNIBAL COONS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS

FFICIA
6

A photographic trick shows how the habitual user of barbiturates sees the world. His vision is impaired and everything becomes blurred and distorted as in the large picture, which is the same scene as the inset

Thrill Pills Can Ruin You

Whether or not you have ever used barbiturates, this article is vitally important to you. As a result of shockingly inadequate control of their distribution and sale, these drugs have become the nation's number one poison killer. Awareness of their potential evil is your only protection against them

By NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

AS SEEMINGLY isolated events began to be revealed, it was plain to civic leaders in Dallas, Texas, that something strange and terrifying was taking place in one of the city's neighborhoods. High-school teachers reported odd conduct on the part of some of their students. One boy, who had always been quiet and responsible, came to school apparently intoxicated and had to be ejected from class. Others seemed to be in a drunken stupor.

The proprietor of a near-by restaurant protested that his place was being overrun by patrons who insulted other customers, smashed dishes and caused such trouble that they were ruining his business. The driver of an automobile seemed to go berserk and rammed his car into another one. In a hotel room that was a shambles, a woman was found dead.

However, these violent events were no mystery to the local police nor to the inspectors of the Federal Food and Drug Administration who were called in. The explanation was frightening, but simple. Someone in the neighborhood was indiscriminately selling barbiturates, the drugs that millions know as "sleeping pills." The trail of destruction led them to a pharmacy, where they made a shocking discovery. The files of the pharmacist showed that in two months he had sold 126,000 capsules without prescriptions!

But what happened in Dallas was no isolated event.

In Cleveland a hysterical woman telephoned the police to come to her home immediately. When they arrived she was sobbing over her husband, who lay on the floor amid a litter of wrecked furniture. The rug was covered with blood. During a violent spell brought on by long and excessive use of barbiturates, the man had not only smashed the furniture but had cut off two of his fingers on a piece of broken mirror. When he came to in a hospital, he had no recollection of his mad spree.

In Providence, Rhode Island, a murder suspect coolly admitted that he *"could have* killed somebody" during one of his frequent barbiturate blackouts.

All over the country, in urban and rural communities alike, billions of these evil capsules are being sold through bootleg channels or by callous individuals who possess them legally. They are leaving behind them a terrifying trail of human wreckage because laws controlling their sale are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

Fishing Is Fun

By COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

That stampede you hear isn't the roar of embattled armies, but merely the Opening Day exodus to the trout streams of some 15,000,000 normally sane citizens

OBSERVE that forlorn figure standing in the middle of the stream. Observe him, that is, if you can make him out through the cloud of mosquitoes and black flies and midges swarming around his head. His face is smeared with citronella, his eyes are puffed and swollen, the rear of his neck is blistered by the sun. Perspiration runs down his forehead and drips disconsolately off his nose. His back aches. His head aches. His right arm is numb. His waders leak, there is a pebble down inside his shoe, he has run a fishhook into his thumb.

His line is looped over the branch of a hemlock overhead, the fly is embedded firmly in the seat of his pants, his net is tangled between his legs, and he has just lost his pipe. He is hot and hungry and weary, he's been here six hours so far, and all he's caught is a six-inch chub.

Do not waste your pity on him, friends. He is having the time of his life. This is what he's been waiting for all year. This morning he got up before dawn, and drove a hundred miles, and hiked another five miles upstream (back in the city he takes a taxi to go five blocks) to try this favorite pool. And he'll be back here tomorrow to try it again.

He belongs to a strange and universal fraternity: the Brotherhood of the Angle. Sometime he has seen the seductive vision of a rainbow leaping in a shower of silver drops, he has heard the skirl of a reel and the siren-song of a taut line cutting upstream against the current. He is one of 15,000,000 otherwise sane and normal citizens who unravel at the seams each year when Opening Day dawns.

He is, in short, a fisherman.

He is obviously nuts. You can tell that by the faraway look in his eye as fishing season draws near. He wanders along the sidewalk in a sort of trance, casting

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 93)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT T. KEAGLE

WHITE MILLER

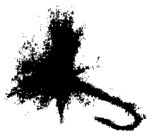
FEMALE BEAVERKILL

FAN WING ROYAL COACHMAN

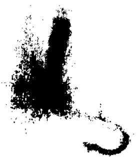
WOODRUFF

ROYAL COACHMAN

BROWN HACKLE BI-VISIBLE

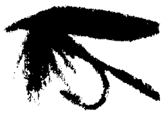

QUILL GORDON

WICKHAM'S FANCY

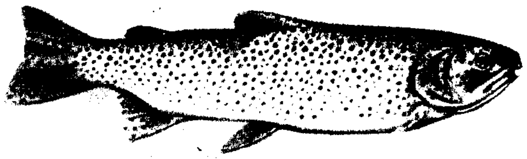

LIGHT CAHILL

WHIRLING BLUE DUN

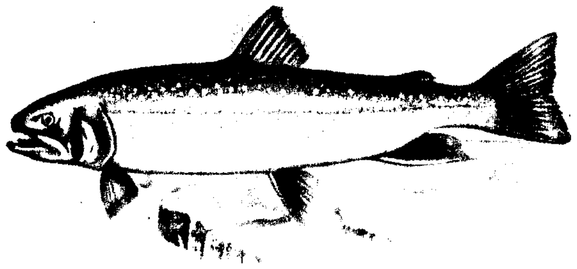
FLIGHT'S FANCY


SCARLET IBIS

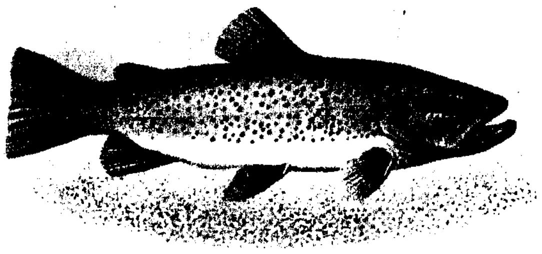
GRIZZLY KING



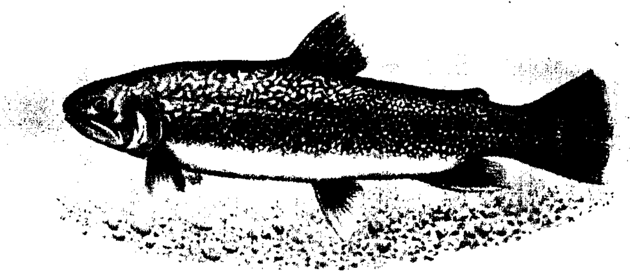
CUTTHROAT TROUT. Deriving its name from the blood-red slash under its jaw, it is taken readily on a fly from sea level to 10,000 feet. Record weight: 41 lbs. Length: 39 in. Rocky Mountains, California to Alaska



DOLLY VARDEN. Though sometimes condemned for its predatory habits, this Western cousin of the brook trout is an excellent wet- and dry-fly sporting fish. Weight: to 20 lbs. California, Pacific Northwest, Alaska



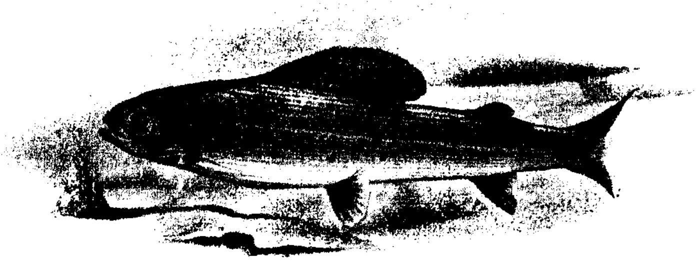
BROWN TROUT. Known also as German brown, European trout and Loch Leven, this import from Europe has become the salvation of many overfished Eastern streams. Weight: 5-10 lbs., may reach 40 lbs. Distribution: general



BROOK TROUT. Also called Eastern, speckled, native, red, squaretail, our best-known American trout—actually a char—thrives in cold, clear spring-fed lakes and streams. Record: 14½ lbs. Canada to Georgia

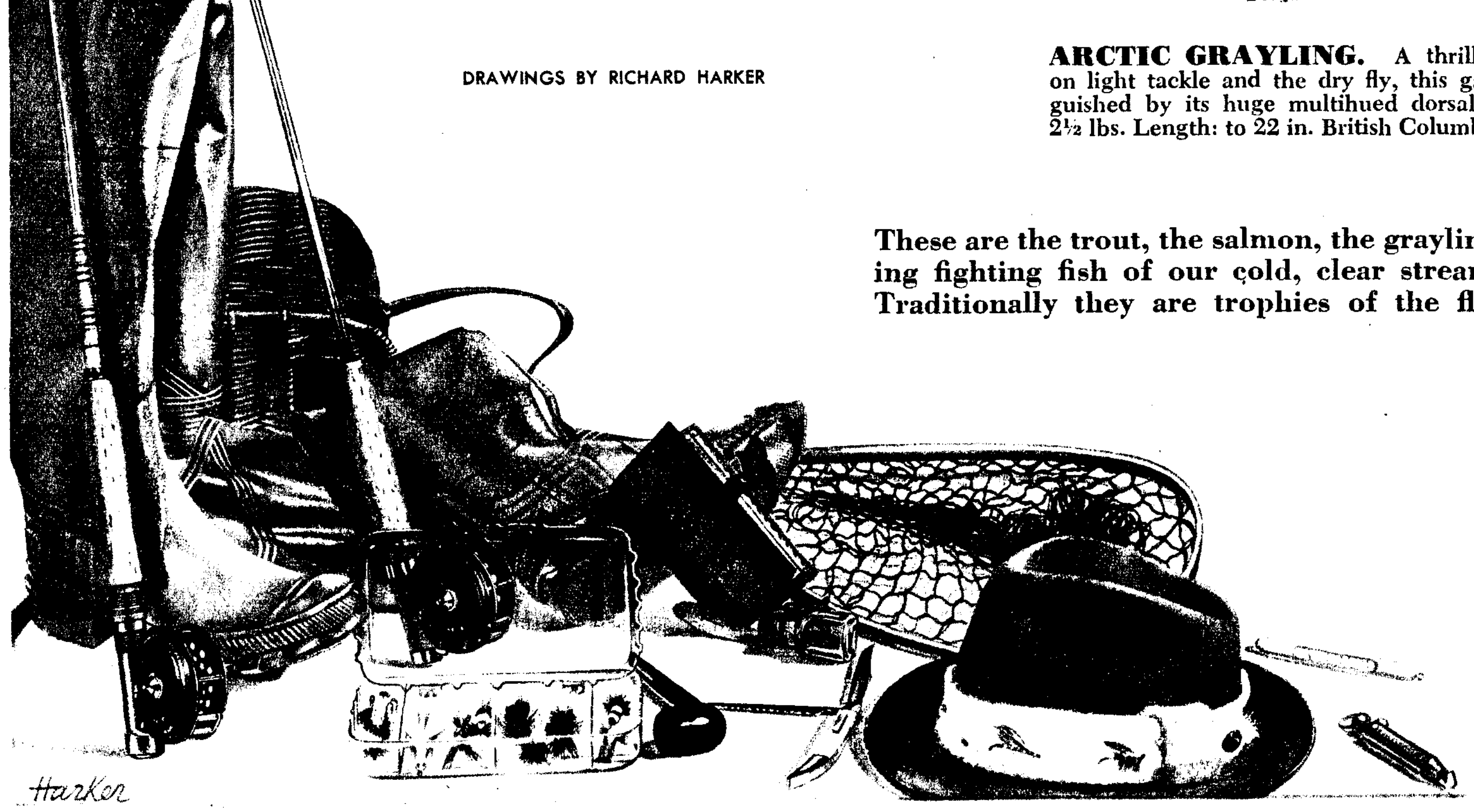
Fast Water Game Fish

DRAWINGS BY RICHARD HARKER



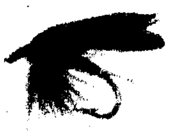
ARCTIC GRAYLING. A thrilling aerial fighter on light tackle and the dry fly, this game fish is distinguished by its huge multihued dorsal fin. Weight: to 2½ lbs. Length: to 22 in. British Columbia, Yukon, Alaska

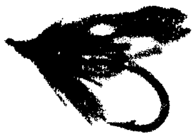
These are the trout, the salmon, the grayling—the thrilling fighting fish of our cold, clear streams and lakes. Traditionally they are trophies of the fly caster's art

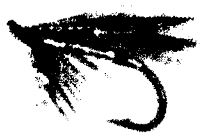


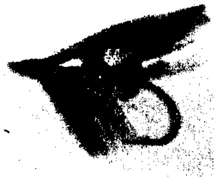
FISHING EQUIPMENT COURTESY ABERCROMBIE & FITCH COMPANY

PROFESSOR

MONTREAL


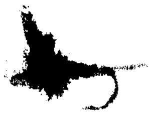
JOCK SCOTT


SILVER DOCTOR


THUNDER & LIGHTNING


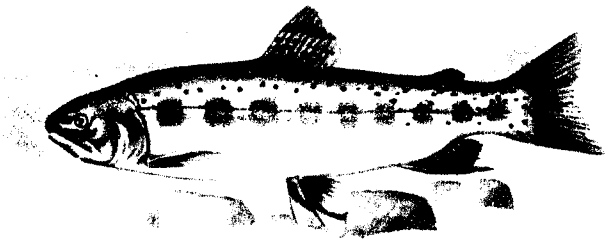
PINK LADY

YELLOW MAY

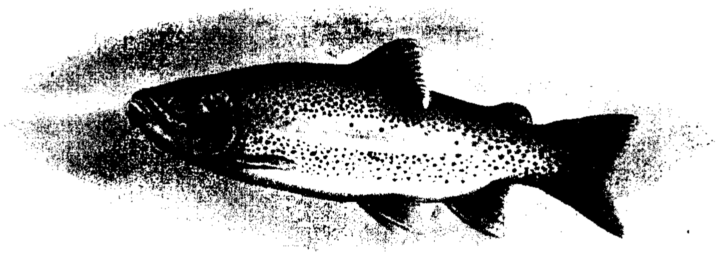

MARCH BROWN

GINGER QUILL

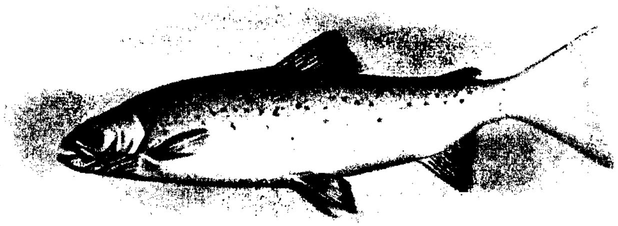
McGINTY



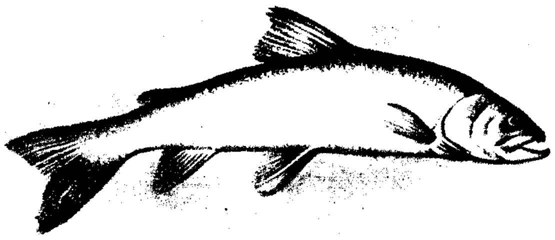
GOLDEN TROUT. Native to California's high Sierras, it is a rare trophy, surviving only in the coldest water at great altitudes. It seldom weighs over a pound. The Eastern golden, called Sunapee, is really a char



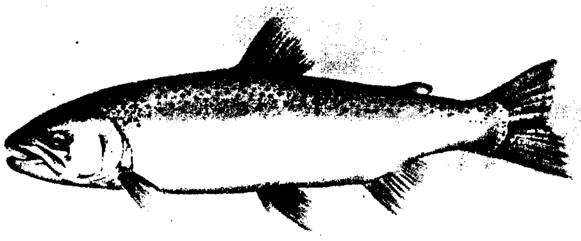
RAINBOW TROUT. (Sea-run version is called steelhead.) Sportiest of our fresh-water game fish, it is the top prize of every trout devotee. Record: 37 lbs., 40½ in. North and South America, Alaska and New Zealand



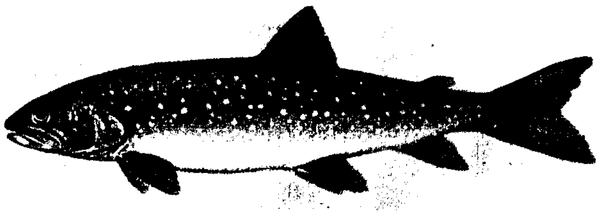
LANDLOCKED SALMON. Also known as Sebago trout and lake salmon, it is a spectacular fighter, found in lakes and rivers of the Northeast and Canada. (Canadian subspecies, called ouananiche, is shown.) Record: 22½ lbs.



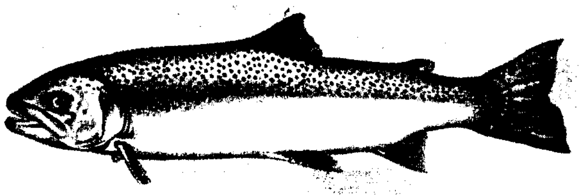
SHEE FISH. Called by the Eskimos "inconnu," meaning unknown, it is our least-known game fish, found only along the Bering Sea coast of Alaska. It leaps like a tarpon and has been taken on a fly up to 40 lbs., netted to 90 lbs.



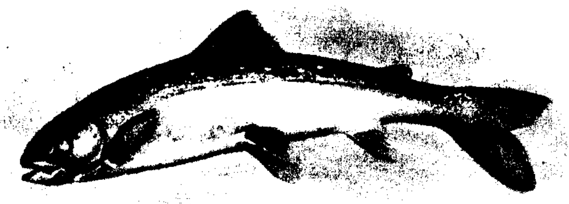
CHINOOK SALMON. Also named king, tyee or spring, this biggest of all salmon can be taken on a spoon or a sunken streamer fly. Record: 83 lbs., netted 126 lbs. California to Alaska, planted in Northeast lakes



LAKE TROUT. Known locally as Mackinaw, salmon trout and togue, it feeds on fry, eels, waterfowl and bottom refuse. It is a dull unimaginative fighter, seldom taken on surface. Weight: 10-20 lbs. New York to Alaska



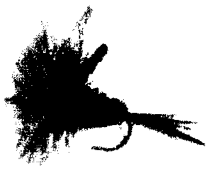
SILVER SALMON. More generally known as the coho or silversides, it is a leaping, fighting acrobat when taken on a fly. A salt-water feeder, it spawns in fresh-water streams. Weight: 10-20 lbs. California to Alaska

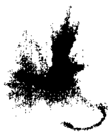


ATLANTIC SALMON. Famed for its beauty and fighting ability, it has been known for generations as the trophy fish of fly casters. Record: 79 lbs., 2 oz. Formerly throughout Northeast, now only Maine and eastern Canada

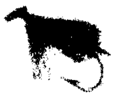
DARK CAHILL

BROWN SPIDER


BLACK GNAT


HENDRICKSON

BUTCHER

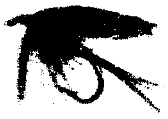

COACHMAN

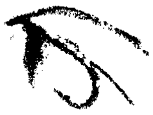
PALE EVENING DUN

FLIES ESPECIALLY TIED FOR COLLIER'S BY ELIZABETH GREIG

GREY GHOST

BLACK DOSE

MARCH BROWN


PARMACHENE BELLE


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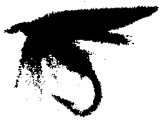
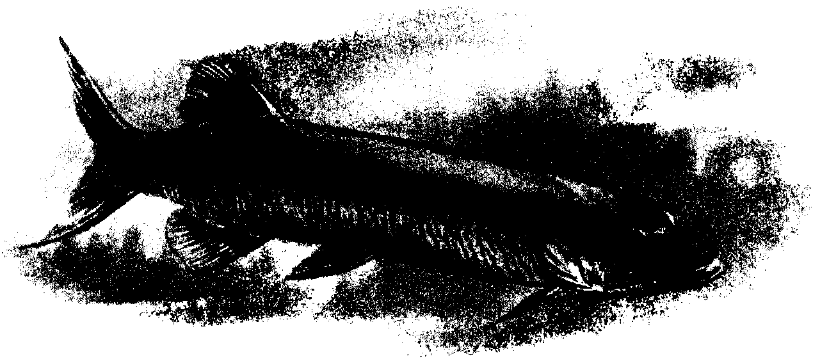
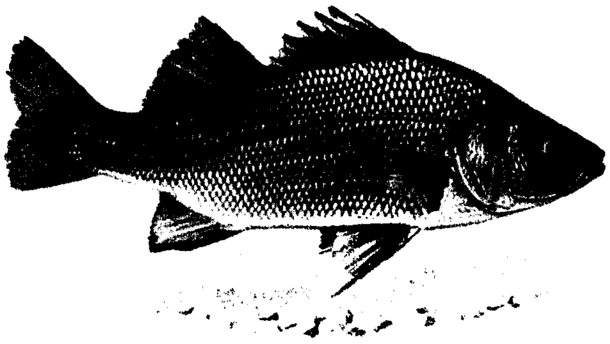


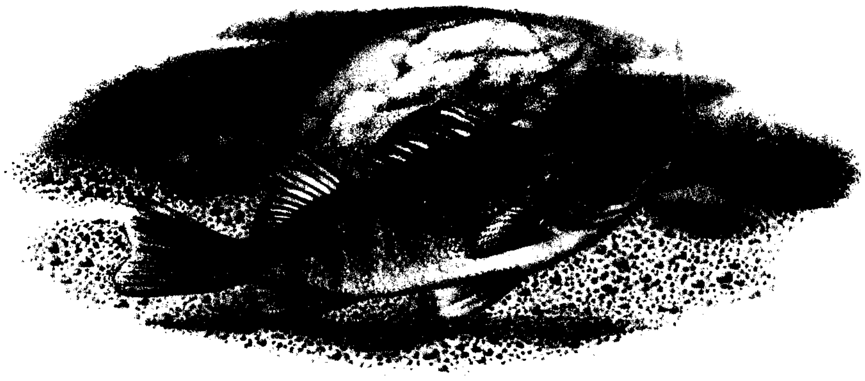


MUSKELLUNGE. Most popular of the pike family and a vicious fighter, it is found in cold, clear lakes and flat reaches of rivers. Record: 62½ lbs. Length: 56½ in. Upper Mississippi Valley, Great Lakes, Canada



WHITE PERCH. Actually a bass, it is found in both fresh and brackish water—darker in color when landlocked. Weight: to 3 lbs. Length: 15 in. East Coast from Canada southward to South Carolina and Georgia

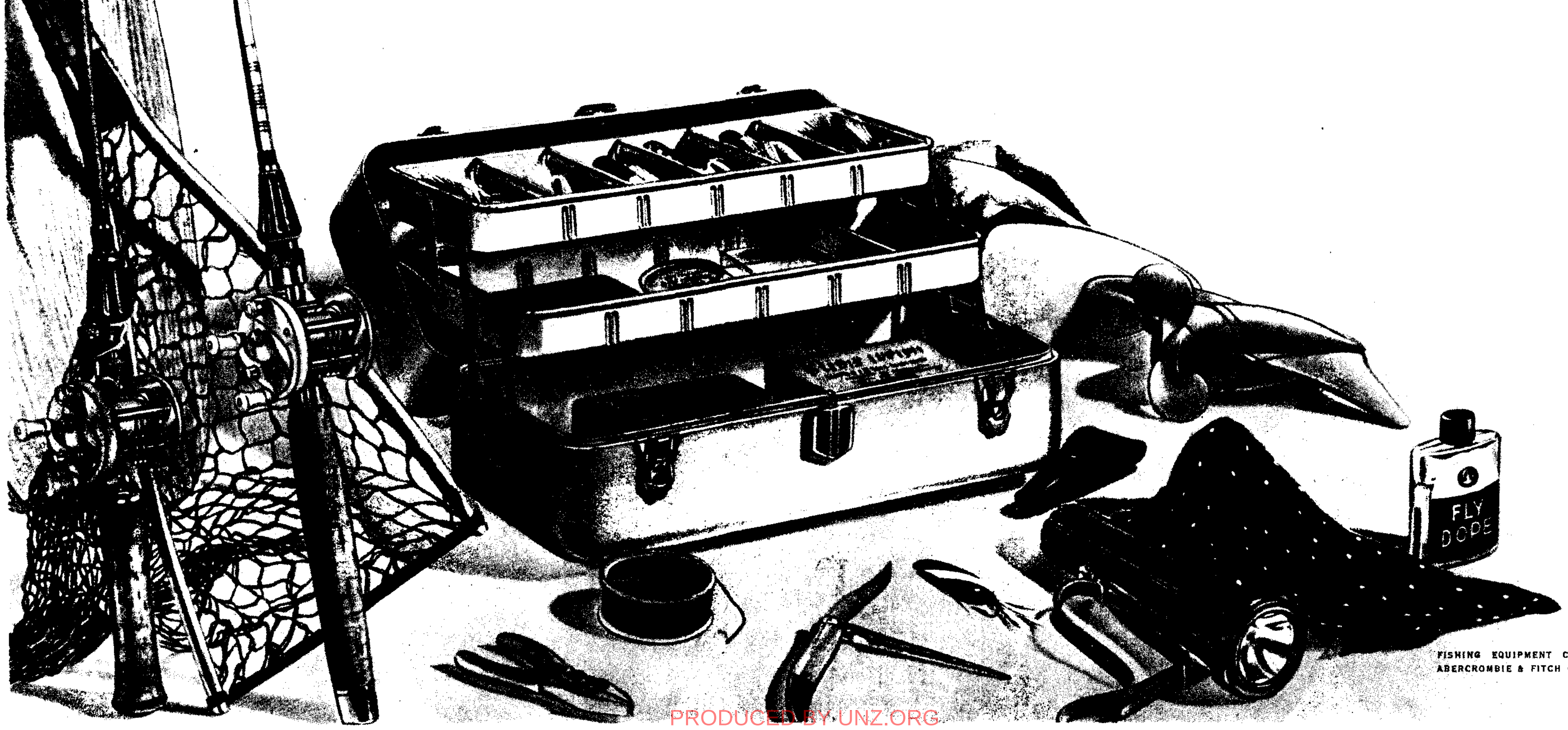
BLUEGILL SUNFISH. Best-known of the sunnies, a fine pan fish, it frequents lakes, ponds and streams, usually running in schools. Weight: to 1½ lbs. Length: to 14 in. Great Lakes, New England, Mississippi watershed



YELLOW PERCH. Also called striped, red, raccoon perch, this species prefers placid streams, ponds and sluggish rivers where it may lie as deep as 30 feet. Weight: to 4 lbs. Hudson Bay to Kansas and Indiana

Still Water Game Fish

The bass, the muskies, the pike and perch and the popular small fry that frequent the quieter and often warmer waters of America—fished for with bait, plug and spoon



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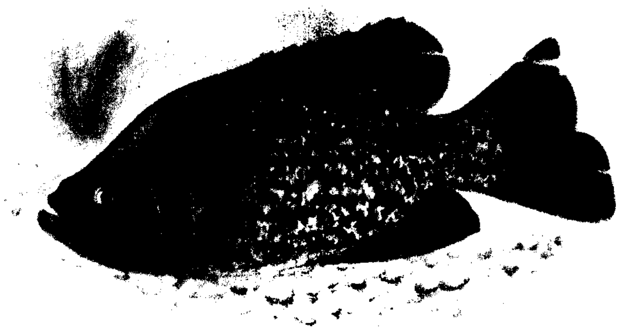
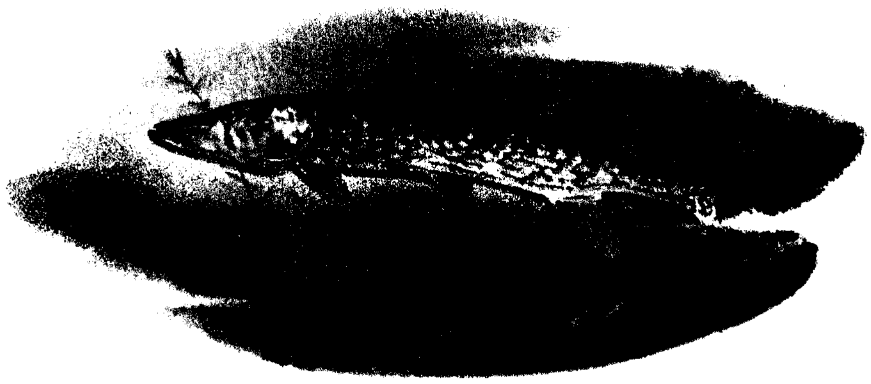
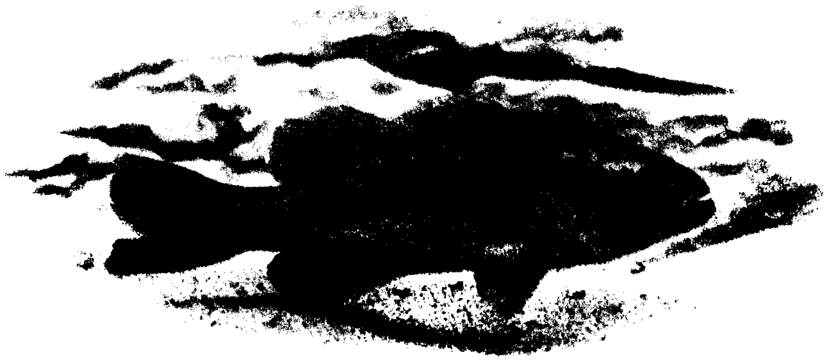


BLACK CRAPPIE. Known locally as calico or strawberry bass, tinmouth or papermouth, it is distinguished from the white crappie by the extra spines in its dorsal fin. Weight: to 4 lbs. Canada to Texas

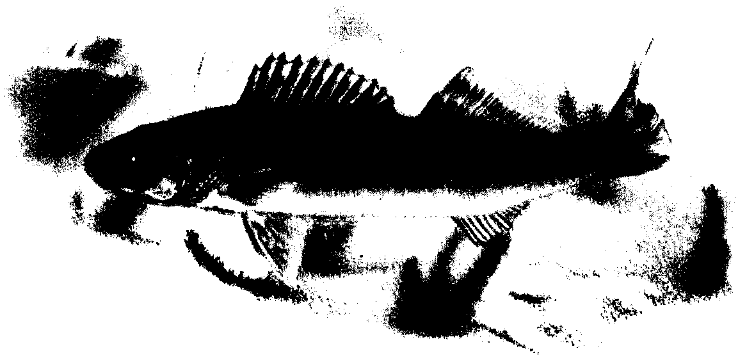


PICKEREL. Called chain, green pike, jack, pond or grass pickerel, it thrives in weedy ponds, streams and backwaters of Southern rivers, where it preys on frogs and the young of game fish. Weight: to 10 lbs. Length: 3-4 ft.

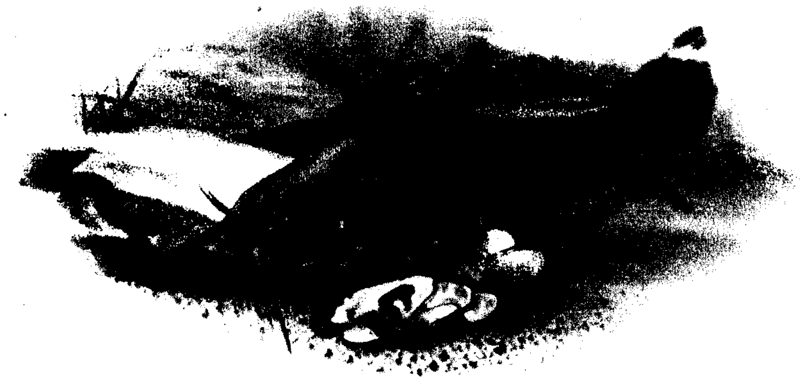


LARGEMOUTH BLACK BASS. Taken on natural bait, plugs, spoons and spinners, its weight in the North seldom exceeds 10 lbs., though it may reach 22 lbs. in warm Southern waters. Planted in all states

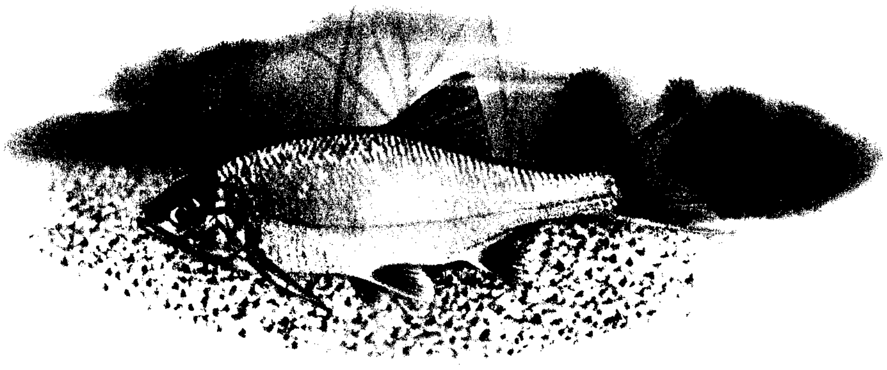
SMALLMOUTH BLACK BASS. Nicknamed dancing dynamite, this widely fished-for species is a prized trophy of the casting rod. Weight: to 14 lbs. Record length 28 in. Wide distribution except in Gulf States



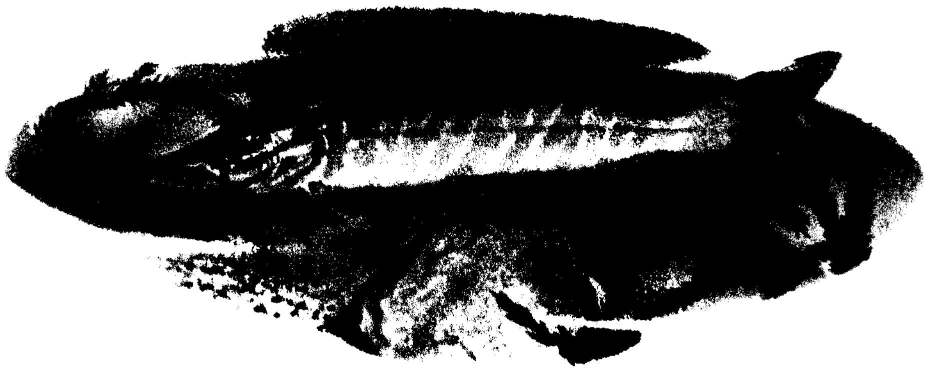
WALLEYE. Called walleyed pike and pike perch, it is almost exclusively a lake fish, abundant in the Great Lakes region. Weight: 22½ lbs. Record length: 36¼ in. Canada to Georgia and Nebraska. Widely planted



CATFISH. Popular varieties include channel, blue, and white cats, flatheads, bullheads. Biggest reach 150 lbs. Length: 6 ft. The distribution is nationwide, but the largest are found in the Mississippi River

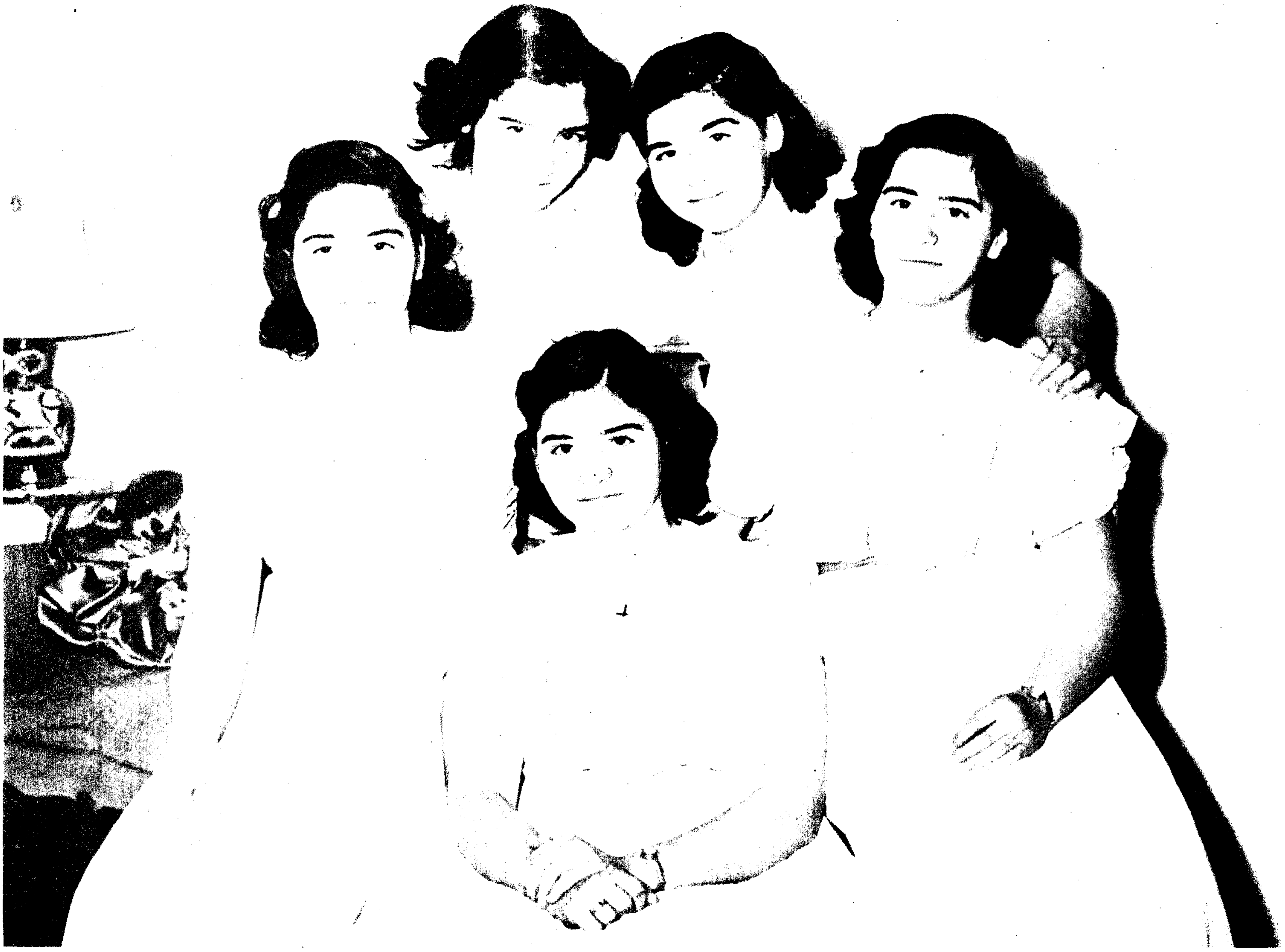


GOLDEN SHINER. Sometimes called bream, American roach, dace, chub or gudgeon, it frequents quiet shoal waters and Southern bayous. Weight: about 1½ lbs. Length: 1 ft. Canada to Texas and Florida



NORTHERN PIKE. Also known as great northern pike and jackfish, it feeds on smaller fish including its own young. Weight: to 46 lbs. Length: to 4½ ft. Distribution: Canada, Alaska, New England to Nebraska

DRAWINGS BY RICHARD HARKER



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The Quintuplets as they are today, at the age of 15. Annette is seated in front, with Cecile on her left and Marie on her right. In back: Yvonne (left) and Emilie

The Strange Case of the Dionne Quints

The reporter who scooped the world with the Quintuplet story revisits the famous Callander farm. What does he find? Five bustling teen-agers whom he hardly knows; five precious young ladies who haven't yet had a boy friend; five curiosities behind a high wire fence who still get mobbed when they put in a rare public appearance

By KEITH MUNRO

IT WAS deeply exciting to see the five strapping girls standing there. They were so shy. They were big girls, five feet two in height; 130 pounds in weight. It was exciting for many reasons, but chiefly because the first time I'd seen them the five weighed a total of ten pounds. Then they were only a few hours old. Four were bundled in a meat basket, the fifth was in an incubator. But now those big girls, the Dionne Quintuplets, aren't growing up. They've grown.

They advanced with lowered glances and shook hands, murmuring, "'Ow do you do, M'sieu?" I thought how charming those French accents were. I realized too that I no longer could tell them apart. I guess I was too excited. The Quints do that to people. I should have known them too, for although I hadn't seen them for five years, the seven years before that I had seen them nearly every day.

Those five young ladies and I had been through a lot together and as I saw them again I wondered how much they remembered. We'd met royalty together. We'd launched ships, raised money for the Red Cross, been in war bond drives. Why I'd even brought them their first diapers; I had seen them grow from babies into exuberant little kids, then into shy, inhibited girls, buffeted by the tides of the propaganda battle that was waged for control. I saw Oliva and Elzire Dionne finally take over from Dr. Dafoe and the board of guardians that the government had appointed to run their affairs. I had built them a house.

As a reporter for the Toronto Star I had written about their birth, their growth and their development. Later, as their manager, I signed them to contracts for endorsements, for advertisements, for movies. In fact, from the day they were born, May 28, 1934, until I left them ten years later, our lives had been strangely interwoven. Now I was seeing them again after a gap of five years.

I shook the first hand and mumbled, "Is this Marie?" It wasn't Marie, it was Yvonne. I should have known because Marie has always been the smallest of the five and the one that wore glasses. But I ignored these clues. I guess it was the excitement that had been building up all day.

I had begun to feel the excitement when I stepped off the train at Callander that morning. The drive out to the Dionne home was memory-stirring. The road is paved now, but the first time I drove it fifteen years ago it was little more than a lumber trail. I had dragged the chassis of my car over rocks and boulders until I thought it was done for. I was a reporter hurrying to a big story, and I couldn't wait for the paving gang.

Now, we rounded a curve and there I saw the old Dionne homestead very much as I remembered it. Across the road stood the big, new home. It is Georgian style, built of buff brick, and it looks a little out of place on that rocky hill with the pine and spruce background.

There around it, just as I remembered it, was the high wire fence. It is a fence designed to keep the curious out. But it also keeps people in. The Quints have been surrounded by this fence since they were born. They've come to depend on it. When they come face to face with strangers they miss it.

A Home for the Entire Family

I rang the bell and the big gate opened. I was in the grounds. Dionne met me at the door of the big home. Like myself, he was grayer than the last time we'd met. I was all eagerness to see what had happened to the house in the years I'd been away. The last thing I'd done for the Dionnes was to get this home built, decorated and furnished. It was the realization of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne's dream—a house where the family, Quints and all, could live together.

The house seemed strangely empty and quiet. Then I realized the children were in school. Dionne explained almost apologetically that he would rather not disturb their studies. I could see them later.

I found the tour of the home very reassuring. It was marvelously kept. Kept by the Quints, too, Oliva told me. They can't get help and the older girls are away at school. That leaves Mrs. Dionne and the famous five to keep the home running.

The paneled study, the yellow dining room, the gray-walled parlor with the immense Persian rug, even the playroom were just as they had been.

The wire fence that encircles the grounds protects three buildings: the Dionne home; the chapel where the three teachers, nuns from the Sisters of the Assumption, live; and the small building which became world famous as the Dafoe Nursery and is now the schoolhouse, known as Villa Notre Dame. The school is a private one attended by the Quints and ten other French-Canadian girls, chosen by the Sisters. The importation of the ten girls is an attempt to get the Quints accustomed to being with people outside their own family.

Dionne suggested that I come back in the evening to see the five and I readily agreed. After all, they do follow a pretty rigid schedule. They rise at six thirty A.M. and attend Mass in their own chapel with their own priest, Father Rene Poirier, at seven. Then they help Mother with the breakfast, wash the dishes, make the beds, are at school by eight thirty. At noon the five run up the hill to home to help Mother with dinner—and the dishes. By one thirty they are in the classroom again. Classes end at four, but they remain at school and study until six. All are musical, so there is heavy emphasis on music—voice and piano.

At six the five again help their mother with the supper and the dishes. These chores completed they still have an hour and a half's homework to do. They are all in bed by nine thirty.

That schedule doesn't seem to leave much time for play. Yet all five are good skaters, all ski well and play any number of games, such as softball and table tennis. They swim, they have bicycles. Best

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)

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As they were. Marie (left) poses primly. Emilie ducks her head. Annette, Yvonne and Cecile look around

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The author reading to them when they were five. Left to right: Marie, Cecile, Emilie, Annette, Yvonne

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The Dionnes today. The Quints have on striped dresses. Mr. Dionne is seated. His wife is fourth from left

A Wife Walks Out

By RODERICK LULL

Harbord's wife understood Harbord thoroughly. It wasn't until she left him, though, that Harbord understood Harbord and wondered what he could do about it

HARBORD lay for a time in the brown somnolence that was his usual bridge between sleep and wakefulness. Then he opened his eyes and saw the windows with the shades still drawn, and the Degas print that he had given Mary three years ago on her twenty-sixth birthday, and the quiet clock on the dressing table that said eleven fifteen. It must have been late when they finally got to bed, he thought; *very* late, judging by the pain in his head.

It was what you could call an average, run-of-the-mill pain, considering how long the night had been, and he knew precisely what had caused it without having to remember anything. There'd been a dozen drinks or so, instead of the four or five he'd meant to hold himself to, and a couple of packs of cigarettes, and talk that had seemed brilliant at the time and that he'd hate to hear played back on a record now.

It was always that way. Last night, he recalled, it had been the Demings and the Johnsons, and before that it had been the Ralstons, and in a few days it would be some other people. But things never seemed to vary at all.

He turned on his side, and saw that the twin bed next to his was empty. He wondered idly how long she'd been up and what she might be doing now, and he hoped there was coffee ready—lots of it, black and hot and very strong. It wasn't that he felt really bad. He just felt nervous and drained out and dull, and it was an ordinary enough feeling. He looked forward to the day with distaste, which was ordinary, too. And, of course, she'd be angry—the quiet, worried kind of anger that he'd never known how to deal with.

He found a cigarette on the night table and lighted it. She'd have tried to keep him in line. She always did, though she was never obvious about it. It was the quick look at the eighth drink, the unsuccessful effort to change the subject when the talk got too loud, the slow turning away when he paid undue attention to another woman. And above and beyond all this, it was the talent she had for communicating with him without the aid of words—for seeming to say that they never had any real fun anymore, that it was always the same, that it had been better before he'd had the measure of success that had come to him.

Harbord said, "Mary. Where are you, Mary?"

There wasn't even a sound from the kitchen. Maybe that meant it was going to be worse than usual. He closed his eyes and mentally plodded back over the events of the evening and the night. She'd said one thing, just before they'd left, when she was fixing his tie for him: "Look, Jack, let's make this a good time. Shall we?"

He'd laughed, and said, "Sure," and of course he'd meant it. And, after all, nothing out of the way had happened. It wasn't as if he got staggering drunk, or invited other women for week ends in the country. It was only that you never—

That was when Harbord noticed her robe and her nightgown, neatly folded across a chair.

It was a queer thing, and he turned his mind on it. She wouldn't have been up for long, and there'd have been no reason to get dressed so soon. What small pleasure there was in Sunday morning lay in sitting around in robes and leafing through the paper and drinking coffee and trying to find a civilized program on the radio. It was like that every Sunday. In the old days, the poor days, the beginning days—but he didn't want to think about those.

Harbord got out of bed, and the pain in his head sharpened. Then, while he stood still, reaching carefully for his own robe, it diminished to its customary dull ache. He went into the living room and it didn't look as if anyone had so much as sat in a chair since it had been cleaned and arranged the morning before. The guest bedroom was empty, too. But it was the kitchen that jolted him into a little chill of fright. The stove was off, and everything was in its place. No one had been in the kitchen this morning.

"Mary," he said again. "Where are you, Mary?" There was irritation in his voice, and the scared note of a small boy confronted by the unexpected. Then he stopped calling her, because it was foolish. Maybe they'd run out of coffee or something, and she'd gone down to the corner store that never closed.

There was plenty of coffee in the cupboard. There was plenty of everything that they'd have any use for today.

Harbord drew a glass of water, forgetting to let it run until it was cold, and drank it, and knew what had happened.

But of course, he thought then, putting the glass down with enormous care, it had not happened and it never would. It was just one of those ridiculous ideas you got when your vitality and your spirits were at a low ebb. A time or two she'd said—though intimated was the better word, she wasn't the type who threatened and blustered—that there'd have to be a change. But that was just talk. All couples went through that kind of thing now and then. It didn't mean anything, because it couldn't.

That was it, Harbord thought. It couldn't mean anything, because it was impossible. Then he went quickly back to their bedroom and opened the long closet where the luggage was kept, and looked for the bags. He went through the closet. After that he searched all the other closets, down to the two in the kitchen. The bags were gone.

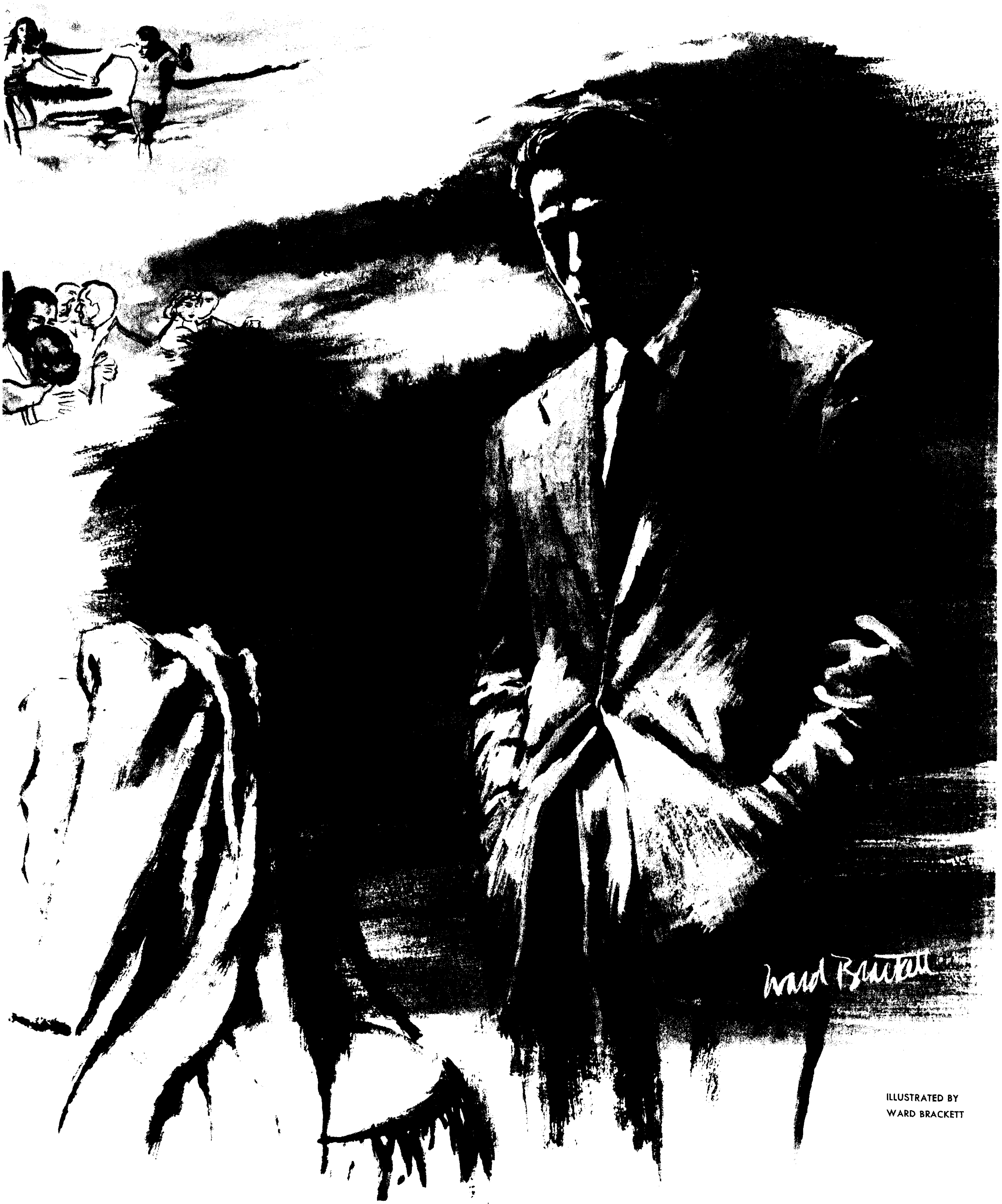
HARBORD returned to the living room and sat down. From habit he switched on the radio; then, as soon as the annoying voice of a comedian spoke, he turned it off. She'd gone away. She'd left him. She'd had too much of him at last and pulled out. That was it.

It couldn't have happened, Harbord thought once more in desperation. It couldn't, because it was impossible. But it had.

Now, of course, the thing to do was to keep cool. These little problems were coming up all the time, and in the best families. You read about them in stories and you saw them in the films. For the most part, people acted intelligently. They figured out

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

Harbord stood in the living room, and his mind turned back painfully into the past


Ward Brackett

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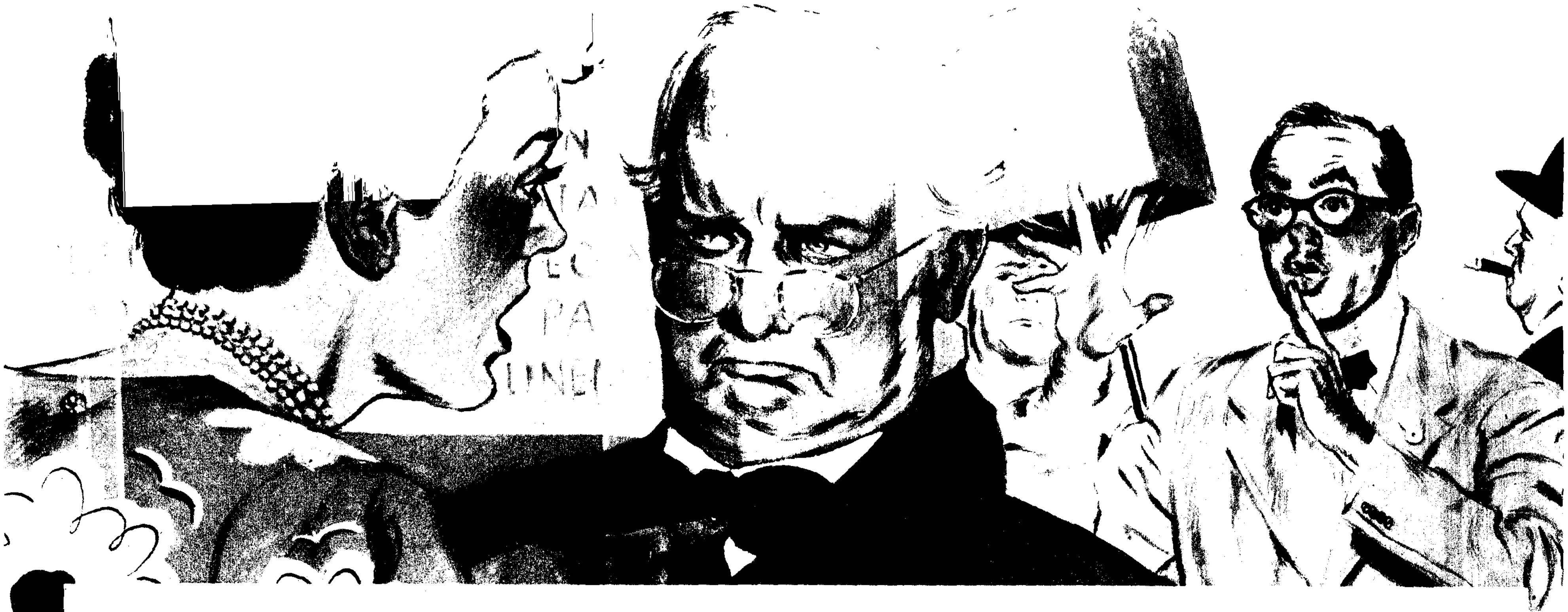
WARD BRACKETT



FOR EVERY MAN THERE'S A WOMAN

By ARNOLD B. HORWITT

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

IT WAS late afternoon when this little guy came into the bar. He was a small, neat-looking gent with a carnation in his buttonhole, and I was mighty glad to see him because it gave me an excuse to get away from Cameo Callahan. Cameo was drinking boilermakers and telling me his troubles, just like he'd been doing every day for two months, since his wife went to Reno.

"What's to be done, now that she's gone?" Cameo was yammering. "Who's going to help take care of Leo and Patsy and Oscar? Who's to feed them and put them to sleep?"

A good question, no doubt, but I was hearing it for the fiftieth time. I sidled down the counter to where the little guy was standing. "Howdy, Mister," I said, giving him my friendly bartender smile. "Can I help you?"

"You can give me a beer," the little guy said, gloomily, "but as to helping me, that is beyond the power of mortal man."

"Sounds like something's bothering you," I said, drawing him a beer.

"You can say that a few times," the little guy replied. "My sister Portia comes home today. I'm on my way to the airport to meet her."

"You don't like your sister Portia?" I suggested.

"That's beside the point," the little guy snapped. "For twenty years I have been trying to get that girl married off. I've spent a fortune on clothes, cosmetics and beauty parlors. I've financed expensive expeditions to every resort in America rumored to contain even one unwedded male. Today she returns from two months in Sun Valley—at fifty bucks a day, mind you—and once again she limps into port, still unspoken for!"

He sighed and gulped his beer.

As I refilled the glass, I spied Callahan edging down the counter toward us, so he could hear better.

"Do not assume," the little guy went on, after lighting a cigarette, "that my sister Portia is a monster. It's not as if she couldn't get a man because she has a mustache, or cauliflower ears, or a twitch. Nonetheless, if all the suitors who finally decided to face life without Portia were assembled together, they would overflow the Yale Bowl."

"Maybe it was her personality," I suggested. "Lots of nice-looking dames have trouble because they're too shy."

"Portia is about as shy as the U.S.S. Missouri," the little guy stated. "No, her trouble is psychological. She has what they call a compulsion. Every time Portia falls for a man, up pops this compulsion. She has a compulsion to fall in love with a man and then stick her great snoot into his career, business or profession. Or, to put it more sympathetically, Portia is a warm, affectionate girl who takes a benevolent interest in her beloved's affairs. The trouble is that after a dose of this, the beloved always takes to the hills."

By now Callahan had moved over till he was practically at the little guy's elbow. The little guy didn't seem to notice him, though. He went on with his story.

"It was about eighteen years ago that Portia was first jilted. She had just turned twenty-one, and was engaged to a very nice young doctor named Peebles. He loved her madly, she loved him madly, and I was all set to order the floral decorations when up popped this compulsion.

"Portia announced that a doctor's wife should do more than just keep house; she should also have a role in his work. At first Peebles thought it was kind of cute when she came to his office to borrow medical texts. He wasn't even fazed when she took to attending his operations, sitting in the gallery and occasionally calling out encouragement. Ah, but love flew forever out the window when the poor geezer dropped in one evening after a tough day at the office to find Portia in the kitchen, dissecting a frog."

The little guy blew a long puff of smoke, just missing Callahan's ear. "Next Portia turned to the world of commerce. I introduced her to a feller named Hawkins, who had a small factory in the suburbs here. He was nuts about Portia, thought there was nobody like her. He found out, the day he invited her out to visit his plant. Portia asked a whole mess of questions about operations, costs, personnel and so on, and then next day she broke the news to him that what his place needed was an efficiency expert—namely, herself. That took care of Hawkins."

"Frightened him away, huh?"

"Exactly. And so it's gone, down through the years. Her most recent near miss was an out-of-town feller, a politician who ran for the state senate last year. He met Portia at a rally and it was love at first sight. They planned on marrying right after the elections.

"Well, first Portia wanted to help mimeograph the campaign literature. Pretty soon she was kibitzing the strategy conferences at political headquarters. The blowoff came when she got hold of the Big Boss, who'd put her boy up for office in the first place, and told him he was a millstone around the neck of American democracy. Oh, brother!"

The little guy looked down at his wrist watch, then quickly finished his beer. "Gotta be going," he said. "The plane's due in twenty minutes." He was just starting to reach for his check when Cameo Callahan suddenly spoke up.

"Sir," he said, loudly, "I would like to meet your sister."

THE little guy's hand froze in mid-air. He turned toward Callahan, seeing him for the first time. "Did I hear you say you wanted to meet my sister?"

"You did, indeed," Callahan assured him. "I was thrilled by your description of this energetic, devoted lass who asks only to be a loyal helpmeet to some good man, laboring side by side with him in his chosen work."

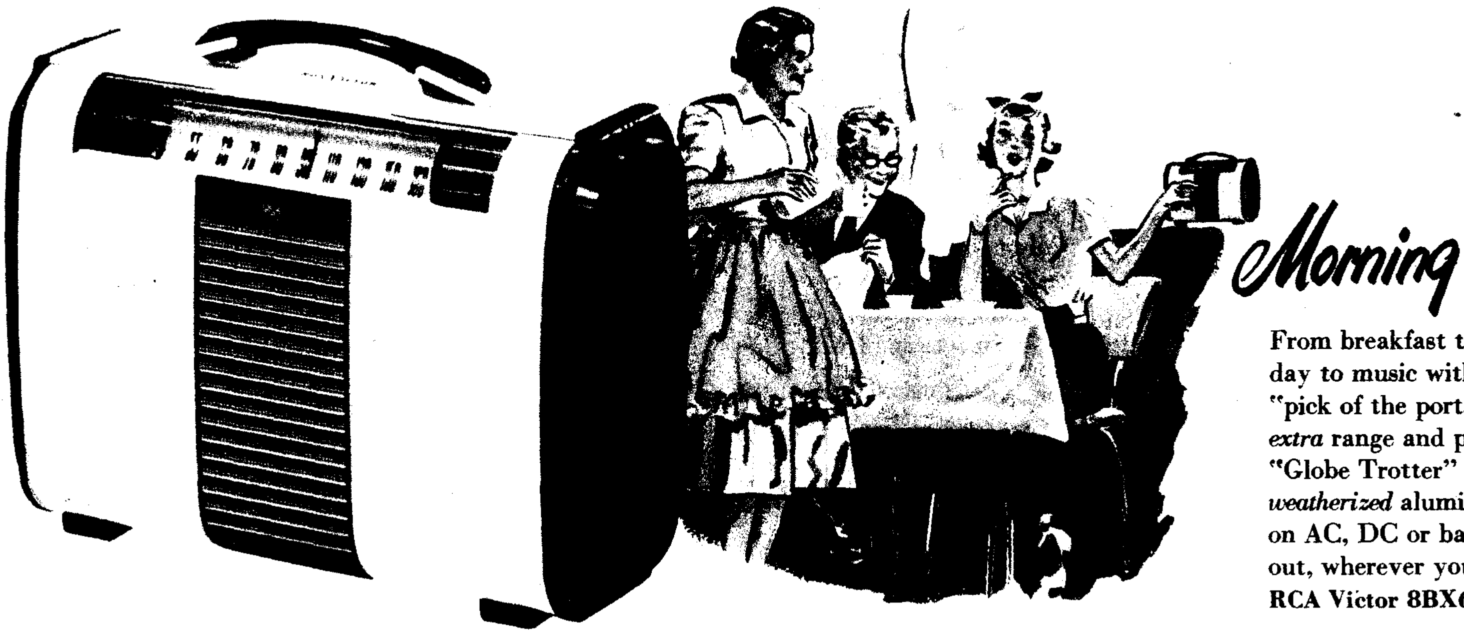
The little guy turned to me. "Is this feller sober?"

"Approximately," I said, hedging.

The little guy turned back to Callahan. "C'mon," he said. "We'll be late at the airport!"

Callahan hasn't been around since that afternoon, but he and this Portia dame must have hit it off okay because about a month later he sent me a wedding announcement from Florida, enclosing a picture of the bridal party. Portia looked real pretty in her white gown, and even in the photograph you could see the love light in Callahan's eye. I guess Leo and Patsy and Oscar like Portia too, because in the wedding picture they're beside her, looking pleased as could be. I'm glad everything worked out so well, for Callahan's sake. He's a fine, upstanding citizen, just like he told the little guy. What's more he's a man any woman should be proud to marry. When he isn't drinking boilermakers, Cameo Callahan is one of the best lion tamers in the world.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED IRVIN



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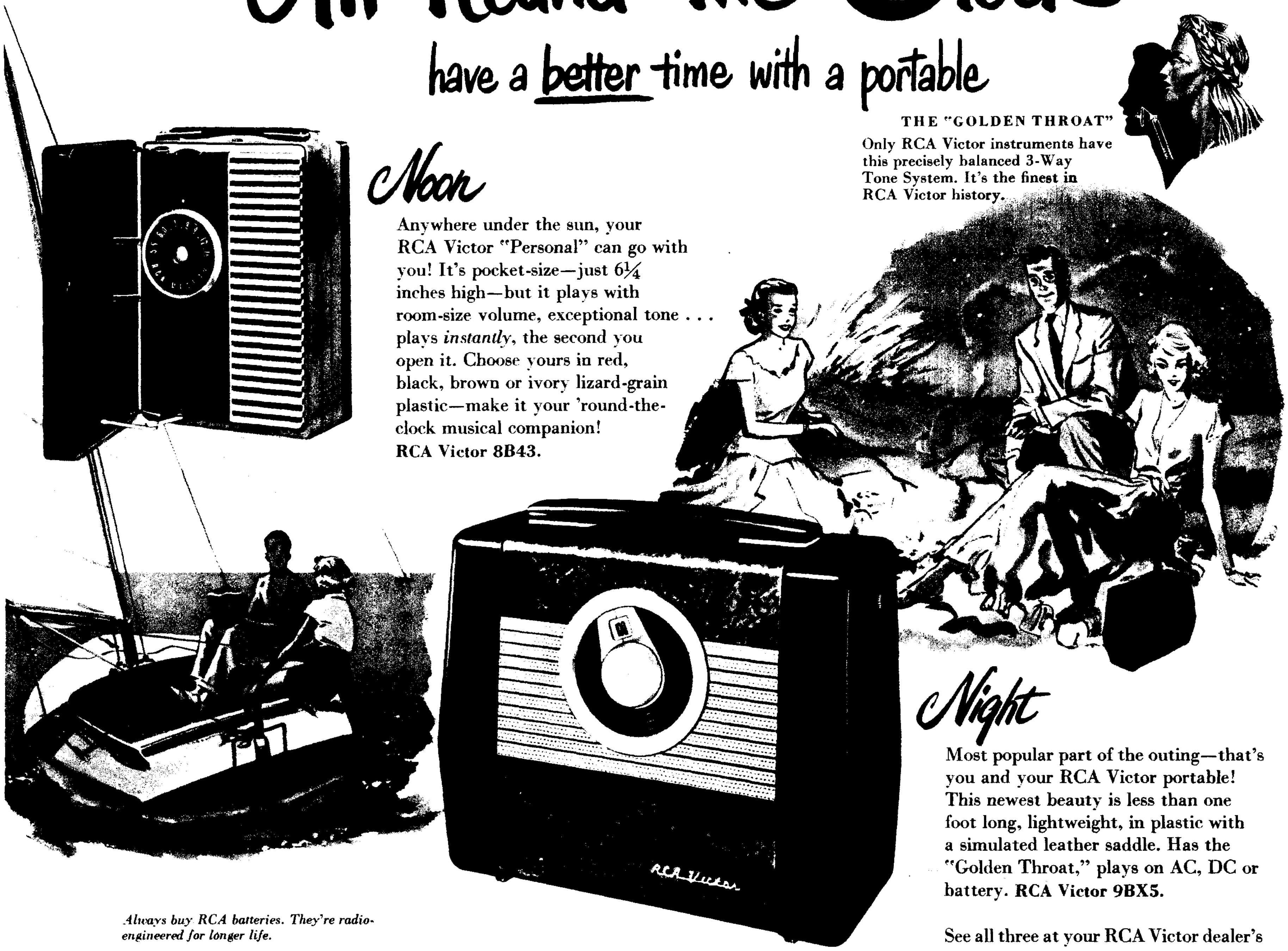

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ARABELLA AND THE SUSQUEHANNA

Continued from page 18

forward from brilliant to nuts. We have pulled some fairly warm chestnuts out of the fire for each other, but I cannot win a golf tournament for you. I have played the ridiculous game myself for thirty years, and I still can't make the ball go where I want it to go, much less where this Arabella might want it to go.

When you come to your senses, look for me under the Atlantic Ocean. I will be working on something simple—the new Holland Tunnel, to Holland.

As ever,
George.

H110 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD
CALIF 7 324P
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WINTHROP CINCINNATI OHIO

GEORGE OLD PAL, RECONSIDER. ALL HOLLYWOOD DEPENDING UPON YOU IN THIS HOUR OF NEED.

MOTHER.

C 79 PD-AR CINCINNATI 0 7 714P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. MY OWN DEAR MOTHER, BLESS HER NAME, IS STILL A PILOT WITH PAN AMERICAN.

GEORGE.

H 142 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 7 512P
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WINTHROP CINCINNATI OHIO

FORGOT TO ADD THAT I'M SENDING YOU SMALL BUT DIGNIFIED BONUS TO HOTEL PLAZA SAN ANTONIO. ARABELLA DEFINITELY GOING. AT LEAST MEET HER AND DO WHAT YOU CAN.

DICK.

C 97 PD-AR CINCINNATI 0 7 853P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

OKAY. I WAS ALWAYS A SUCKER FOR A REALLY BAD FIRE. LEAVING HERE NINE THIRTY PM TWA. CONTACT ME HOTEL PLAZA SAN ANTONIO. IF NOT THERE TRY THE JAIL.

GEORGE.

HOTEL PLAZA
San Antonio, Texas
March 8, 1949
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Richard:

I have just been out to look over the course and check on the arrangements for this thing, and I am now ready with a report. Dick, there is no way to steal this golf tournament, so let's relax. When this thing opens Friday there will be so many judges, red-shirted rope holders, lady hostesses and official scorekeepers around here that Houdini couldn't short-change a hot-dog man.

Maybe we ought to break in this Arabella act at a smaller function. The class of competition around here would frighten Babe Didrikson. I watched some of the early arrivals practising this afternoon, and many of their drives were disappearing over the border into Mexico. Arabella may be good, but she isn't this good. Dick, let's forget the whole thing. This could go down in history as Federal's Folly. Have the girl take up archery, or field hockey. But don't throw her into this den of lionesses with only a set of golf clubs to protect herself.

As ever,
George.

H 183 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 9 543P
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL PLAZA SAN ANTONIO TEX

MUCH TOO LATE TO BACK OUT NOW. ARABELLA LEAVING TONIGHT AS PLANNED. STORIES AND ART ALREADY RELEASED HERE PROCLAIMING HER GREATEST GOLFER SINCE BOBBY JONES. IF SHE DOESN'T MAKE GOOD SHOWING WE'RE DEAD. THINK OF SOMETHING. ANYTHING BUT SUICIDE. DON'T TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT, YOU COWARD. DO YOU REALIZE THAT GOOD PUBLICITY MEN AROUND THIS TOWN ARE NOW SELLING SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE HOLLYWOOD CITIZEN-NEWS?

DICK.

S 49 PD-SN SAN ANTONIO TEX 9 951P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

I'LL TAKE ONE, IT'S A SPLENDID PAPER. RELAX. IF YOU'RE DETERMINED TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS MAD SCHEME I'LL OF COURSE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO RESCUE YOU. AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY IMPOSSIBLE.

GEORGE.

Hotel Plaza
San Antonio, Texas
March 10, 1949
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dick, old boy:

I have hastened back to the hotel as fast as my legs would carry me to rush you off a report. Things have taken a tremendous turn for the better, and there is now a chance that Grandmother will live.

Arabella got in on schedule, and after a short speech of welcome and a fast sandwich, I hustled her out to the club just in time for her qualifying round. (Had you thought of that?) And what do you know—she qualified!

I can only say that she astounded old George. She is about as big as a canary, and just as pretty, but she takes a terrific windup and just belts the hell out of that thing.

Today, I might add, she had no assistance from me. I decided that if she couldn't qualify among the first 32 there was no use trying to help her anyway. So I just let her take her licks. If she was no good at all there was only one thing to do—slip her a mickey and yell for a stretcher. Another great athlete had succumbed to the Texas heat.

Incidentally, she refused even the slight help I did arrange for her. I had lined up a local pro to give her some hints on the course and how to play it, but she wouldn't even talk to him. "Why, I couldn't do that, George," she said. "It doesn't seem fair."

But anyway, we're in business. Arabella can actually play golf. I don't think she has any more chance of winning this tournament than Mickey Rooney would have against Joe Louis, but at least I am now going to get in there and give her what assistance I can. With a little help she might surprise the people. The thing is to be decided in five match-play elimination rounds, two rounds a day tomorrow and Saturday, with the 36-hole finals on Sunday.

Incidentally, I managed to get both of us rooms out at the club itself. We're going to move out there right now. Address either of us just San Juan Golf Club, San Antonio.

As ever,
George.

S 71 PD-SJ SAN ANTONIO TEX II 1203P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

ARABELLA JUST WON FIRST ROUND. HER OPPONENT VISIBLY BOTHERED BY SOME UNCOUTH OAF COUGHING ON FOURTEENTH, FIFTEENTH, SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH GREENS. IF PEOPLE DON'T KNOW HOW TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES AT A GOLF TOURNAMENT THEY SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED ON THE COURSE. CONSIDERING FILING SHARP PROTEST WITH TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE.

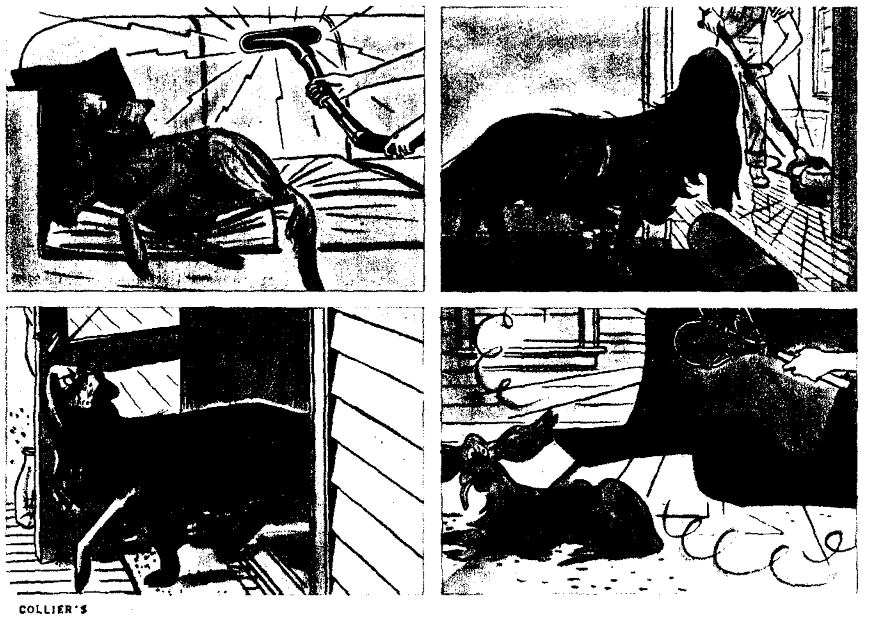
GEORGE.

H 34 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 11 1154A
GEORGE SEIBERT
SAN JUAN GOLF CLUB SAN ANTONIO TEX

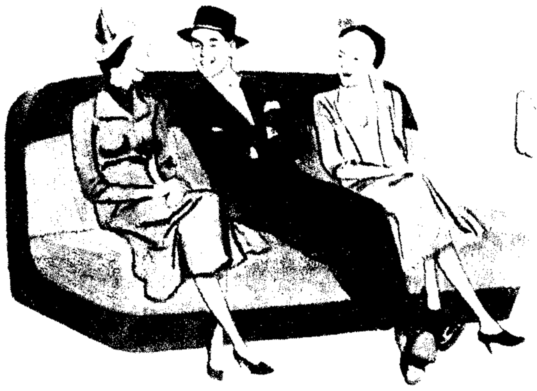
I HAVE SENT A BOY TO DO A MAN'S WORK. HAPPY TO HEAR OF YOUR TUBERCULOSIS BUT WOULD SUGGEST GETTING AT LEAST ONE MORE IDEA. EVERY WIRE SERVICE CARRIED STORY ON ARABELLA QUALIFYING. MANY USING PICTURES. NICE BREAK. HAVE

Clancy

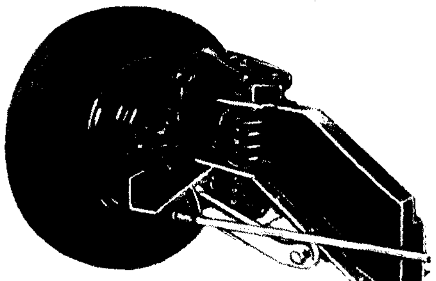
By John Ruge



Take the wheel ...try the new Ford "Feel"

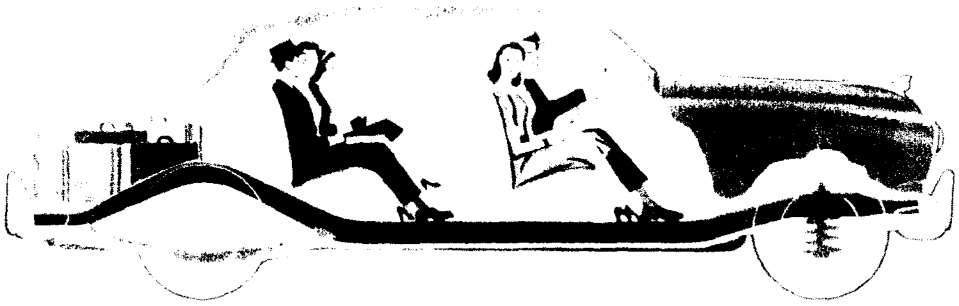


Feel those "Sofa-Wide" Seats! Front and rear, they're designed and built for living-room comfort on the road . . . and they provide plenty of hip and shoulder room for six big people!



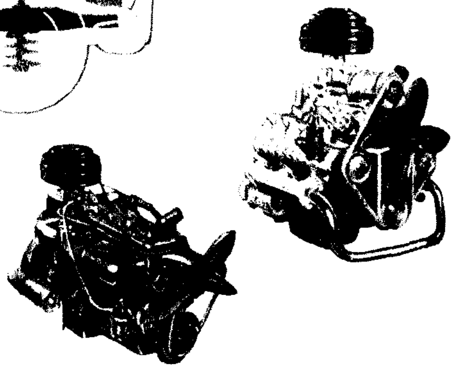
Feel those "Hydra-Coil" Springs! You seem to float across the bumps! And the new Ford "Para-Flex" Rear Springs give a soft, level, rear-seat ride!

Feel that heavy-gauge steel in Ford's "Lifeguard" Body and fenders. That new body and frame in combination is 59% more rigid!

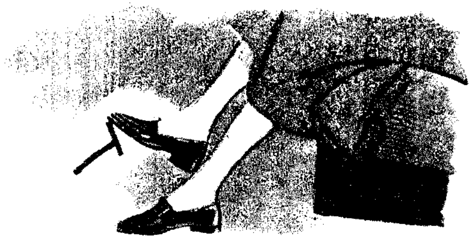


Feel that "Mid Ship" Ride! You travel between the wheels in the low center-section of Ford's "Lifeguard" Body . . . you get a true road-hugging "feel" that's sure and steady—even in a cross wind!

Feel the ease of handling . . . in traffic, in parking, on the open road . . . the sense of control you get from Finger-Tip Steering . . . the response of the new Ford engines. You feel that the car is a part of you when you drive the '49 Ford!

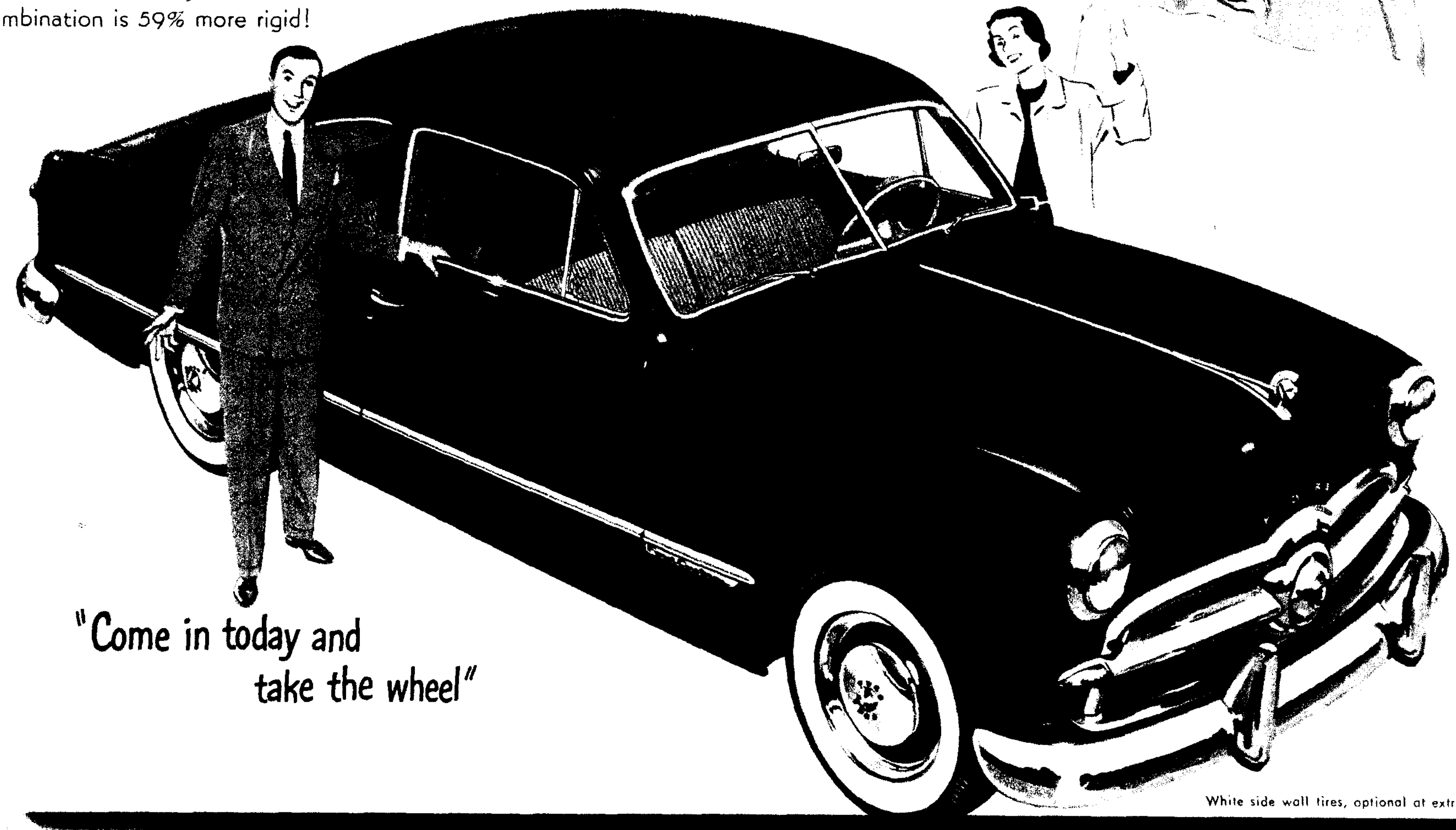


Feel that "Equa-Poise" Power you get from the new 100 h.p. V-8 or the new 95 h.p. Six! And there's up to 10% more gas economy, too!



Feel those "Magic Action" Brakes! They're King-Size and 35% easier to apply. "Magic Action" uses part of the car's own momentum to assist.

There's a NEW Ford in your future



"Come in today and
take the wheel"

White side wall tires, optional at extra cost.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
Model 150

FUN from the word "GO" if you go with a G-E PORTABLE

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*Prices slightly higher West and South —subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in
GENERAL ELECTRIC

YOU ARRANGED FOR PICTURES YOUR END?

DICK.

S 27 PD-SJ SAN ANTONIO TEX 11 517P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

ARRANGED FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS TO EXTENT ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS OTHER THAN REGULAR NEWSMEN NOW BARRED FROM COURSE. DURING SECOND ROUND WHICH ARABELLA JUST WON HAD FOURTEEN LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHERS BOTH MOVIE AND STILL SHOOTING ARABELLA AND OPPONENT EVERY STEP OF WAY PARTICULARLY OPPONENT. DIDN'T BOTHER ARABELLA BUT SEEMED TO DRIVE OPPONENT CRAZY.

GEORGE.

H 278 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 11 402P
GEORGE SEIBERT
SAN JUAN GOLF CLUB SAN ANTONIO TEX

WHAT SIZE FEATHERS DO YOU WEAR? WATCH IT, BOY, WATCH IT. YOU'RE DOING FINE BUT SO WAS LEE TILL APPOMATTOX.

DICK.

SAN JUAN GOLF CLUB
San Antonio, Texas
March 11, 1949
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Stop worrying. I'm beginning to think that maybe you really did have a terrific idea. Maybe some of these sports affairs can be stolen. These lady golf players seem as nervous as squirrels. All you have to do is say boo and they go all to pieces. Nothing, of course, bothers Arabella; after two years in Hollywood, what could bother you?

Dick, we might actually take this thing.

As ever,
George.

P.S. Would stealing a golf tournament be a misdemeanor or a felony?

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
March 11, 1949
Air Mail Special

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity
Mr. George Seibert
San Juan Golf Club
San Antonio, Texas

Dear George:

Before leaving the office I want to emphasize the word of caution I wired you earlier this afternoon.

George, this thing has got me worried. Maybe I did overshoot on it. I'm getting surer by the minute that we ought to drop the whole project. There are two things in this country you can't fiddle with—motherhood and sports.

Actually, George, I never had any intention for you to go down there and really try to steal this tournament. In my boyish enthusiasm I seem to have built too big a fire under you. All I really had in mind was for you to give Arabella a little moral support, maybe find her a caddy who wasn't cross-eyed, and then if she actually did anything you'd be on hand to handle the press interviews and the mishmash. I never intended for you to attempt burglary.

Our necks are just out a mile on this thing. If anything goes wrong, the best we could hope for would be to get laughed right out of this town.

George, let's get off the hook. Stop racing your skinny little motor. We've already got more publicity out of this deal than even I thought possible. But let's quit while we're ahead. Let Arabella lose the next match, thank everybody all around, and get out of there.

Regards,
Dick.

S 71 PD-SJ SAN ANTONIO TEX 12 1132R
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

ARABELLA JUST WON THIRD ROUND GOING AWAY UPSETTING PATTY BLAKE OF NEW ORLEANS. MISS BLAKE SEEMED PERTURBED BY LARGE SHAGGY DOG LEAPING OUT OF CROWD AT TENTH GREEN WHEN SHE WAS PUTTING FOR IMPORTANT BIRDIE GRABBING HER BALL AND DISAPPEARING BACK INTO THRONG. COPS FINALLY CAUGHT DOG BUT DOG WOULDN'T TALK. NOT A TALKING DOG. INCIDENTALLY, JUST GOT LETTER. DEPLORE THIS LACKLUSTER SPIRIT. I SAY WHEN YOU GET GOOD HAND PLAY IT.

GEORGE.

H49 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 12 1114A
GEORGE SEIBERT
SAN JUAN GOLF CLUB SAN ANTONIO TEX.

FIVE ACES NOT GOOD HAND. NOT IN TEXAS. GEORGE, I'M NOT KIDDING. GET OUT OF THERE DO YOU HEAR ME?

DICK.

S17 PD-SJ SAN ANTONIO TEX 12 458P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

PROGRAM COMING FINE. HEAR YOU LOUD AND CLEAR. COULDN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE NOW HAVE JUST BEEN ASKED TO SING. ARABELLA WON SEMIFINAL UPSET OVER POLLY BUNDY AFTER HISTORIC CONFUSION ON NINTH GREEN. MISS BUNDY HIT BEAUTIFUL SHOT OUT OF TRAP BUT WHEN GOT UP ON GREEN AMAZED TO FIND HAD NOT ONE BALL ON GREEN BUT THREE. AFTER SURPRISED EXAMINATION ADMITTED ALL THREE HERS BUT MAINTAINED WHOLE THING IMPOSSIBLE. GREW QUITE VIOLENT. EVIDENTLY UNREASONABLE GIRL UNABLE TO TAKE BITTER WITH THE SWEET. RELAX. EVERYTHING HERE COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL.

GEORGE.

S72 PD-SJ SAN ANTONIO TEX 12 510P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES—THE DAM HAS BROKEN. GET TO HIGH GROUND AND SIT TIGHT. WILL WIRE YOU AGAIN RIGHT AFTER PROTEST MEETING JUST CALLED BY TOURNAMENT OFFICIALS.

GEORGE.

H 123 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 12 431P
GEORGE SEIBERT
SAN JUAN GOLF CLUB SAN ANTONIO TEX

IF DON'T HEAR FULLY AND FAVORABLY BY 6 PM OUR TIME AM TELEPHONING TOURNAMENT OFFICIALS DISCLAIMING ALL RESPONSIBILITY AND ORDERING YOUR IMMEDIATE ARREST AS IMPOSTOR.

RICHARD L. REED

S134 PD-SJ SAN ANTONIO TEX 12 603P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

DEAR MR. REED SIR. YOU CAN BREATHE NOW. WE WON SPLIT DECISION. ARABELLA AND DETAILS LEAVING HERE TONIGHT BY PLANE.

GEORGE.

SAN JUAN GOLF CLUB
San Antonio, Texas
March 12, 1949

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

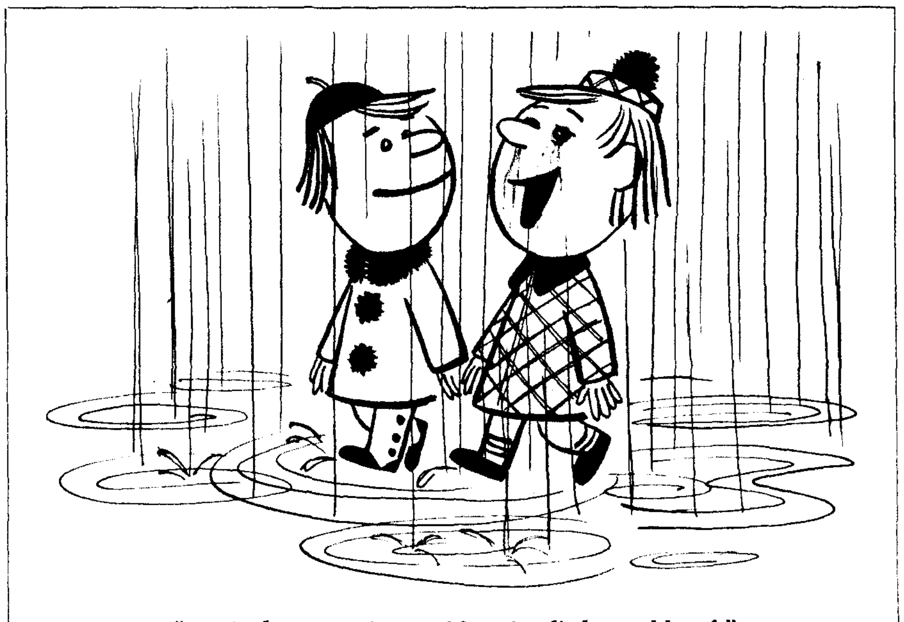
Well, I have just bundled Arabella aboard the midnight broom for Hollywood, and I can now give you a short run-down on what's been going on around here. There are certain facts which the newspapers missed, due to my blinding footwork.

I can't understand how you could have got so upset with me right here on the job. I have been in much tighter spots than this, and come off with a good-sized band playing. However, I will admit that today has not been dull.

Yesterday—it seems a year ago—was really just a warmup. Arabella's first-round opponent was an elderly local gal I could have licked myself, and I coughed a couple of times just to see if she could be operated by remote control. Each time I coughed she flubbed the putt. Q.E.D. Any little disturbance, particularly when they're putting, sets any of them off like a burglar alarm.

My stampede of cameramen during the second round was accordingly surefire, but a little expensive. I am forwarding you under separate cover three hundred and twelve splendid action photos of Arabella's second-round opponent, a Mrs. Mabel Wincoop of Dallas, which I am sure you will find of interest.

My performing dog this morning, on



"... And you put it on with a tiny little toothbrush"

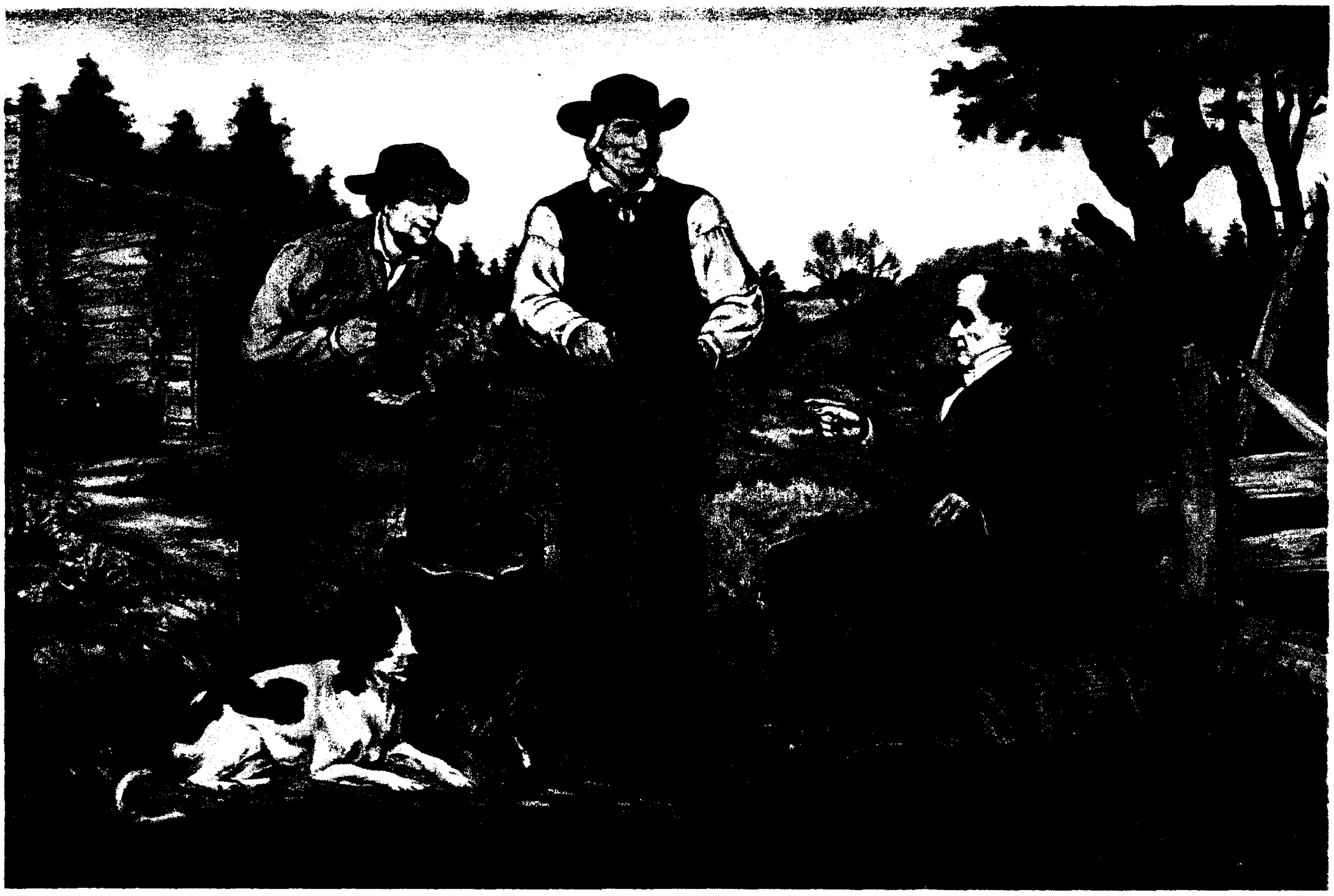
COLLIER'S

STANLEY BERENSTAIN

DANIEL WEBSTER VISITS JAMES CROW'S DISTILLERY

The great orator unhesitatingly pronounced his friend Crow's Kentucky whiskey

"the finest in the world"



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OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Today millions of men who know fine whiskey hold Old Crow in the same high esteem as did Daniel Webster . . . a tribute to his shrewd judgment, and to its traditional quality.

OLD CROW
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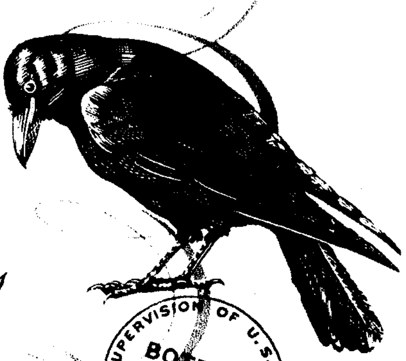
Among America's Great Whiskies



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UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT

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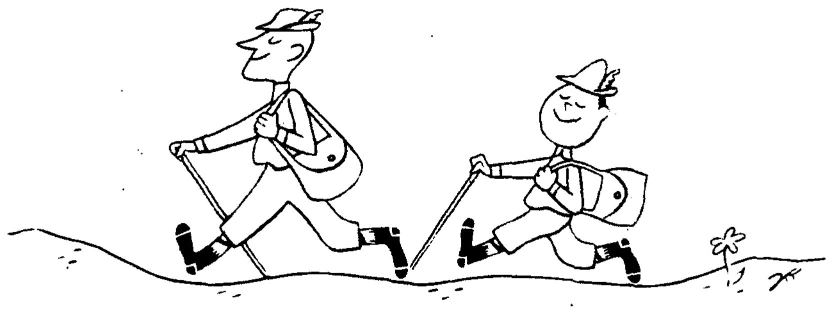

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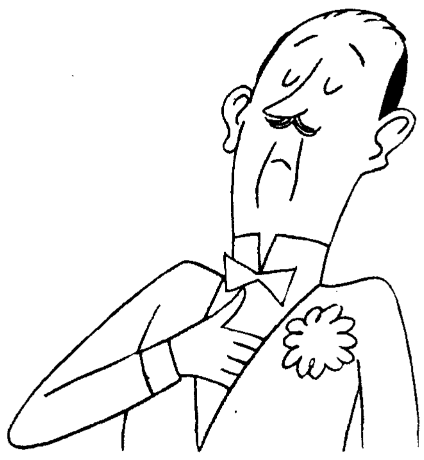

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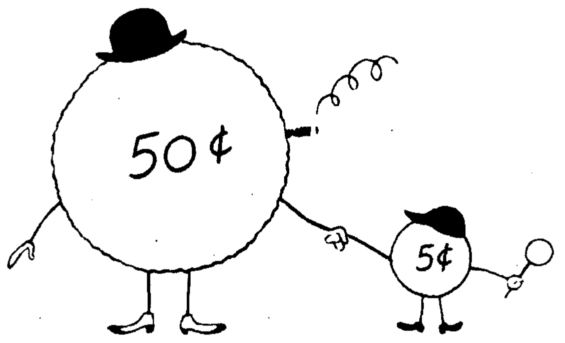
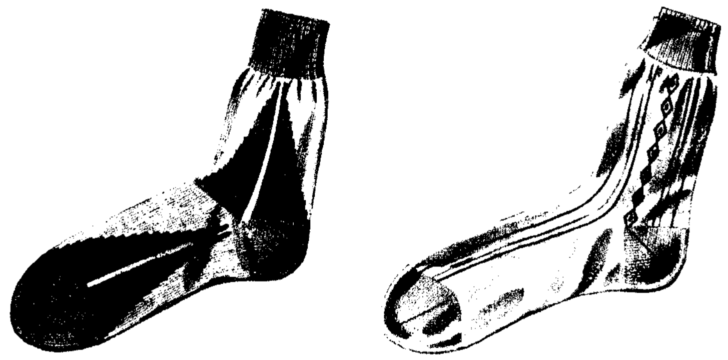


Cost only 55¢ and up



they're ESQUIRE SOCKS

"The smartest thing on two feet!"

Please know that every Esquire Sock you put on your foot will give you mile after mile of wear.

For the construction in Esquire Socks is pre-tested 5 ways—an abrasion test, size test, fade test, laundry test and a strength test.

Before any Esquire Sock is sold, its construction *must* show superior results in each of these five tests. That's why it's no surprise that Esquire Socks, with their famous Multi-Ply heel and toes, give you so much comfortable wear.

Designed by Fifth Avenue stylists, Esquire Socks truly are "the smartest thing on two feet." They're made by the world's biggest makers of men's socks. 55¢, 75¢, $1 and up to $3. Esquire Socks, 389 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

the other hand, didn't cost a nickel. People always bring dogs to a golf tournament. All I had to do was to fall in behind a likely-looking dog who seemed anxious to get into the ball game, and at the proper moment pat him on the leash with my penknife.

But all this was child's play. The fourth round this afternoon, featuring the sudden hailstorm of golf balls, took a bit of doing. I still think that it was a brilliant maneuver. But as it turned out, it nearly unhorsed us.

As soon as Arabella and Lassie had things under control on the morning round, I drifted back and picked up the finish of Polly Bundy's match. Polly, the tournament favorite, would undoubtedly come through to meet Arabella in the afternoon semifinals, and I thought that possibly I could find a chink in her armor. There wasn't any. A large, well-muscled girl, she drives like Jimmy Thomson, approaches like Hogan, and putts as though the greens were funnels.

Then fate handed me a small six-shooter. As the match ended, a couple of little kids, a boy and a girl maybe eight or nine, rushed up and joined the crowd around her, and she patted them on the head and gave them a nice shiny ball apiece. Well, happy days. I had no particular plan at the moment, but it looked like a possible opening. As the crowd broke up I circled around, met the happy tykes, and after quite a bit of haggling bought the two balls for three dollars each. A ridiculous price, but whoever got a good value from children?

ON THE way back to the clubhouse I suddenly conceived my masterpiece. I had always wondered what would happen during a tournament if two players came up to a green and found not two balls thereon, but possibly fifty. I could now carry out this experiment in a small way. I had here two balls plainly marked "PB" and undeniably the property of Miss Polly Bundy. What would happen if I idly kicked them out onto one of the greens just as one of Miss Bundy's shots landed? It might prove distracting.

It did. The ninth hole here is a short but hellish par-three thing, with a high green surrounded by deep traps around the base. If your tee shot is on, there's nothing to it; if you miss the green, you can spend the rest of your life hacking away trying to get up out of those steep-sided traps. It is always an interesting hole. I stampeded down to the green with the rest of the crowd, and waited. Arabella, who was only one down at this point and hanging on for dear life, had a nice iron just onto the edge of the green. Polly, going for the pin, just missed the edge of the green and her ball rolled back down an almost perpendicular slope into a trap.

Well, well. Here was a break that could remove some of Miss Bundy's starch. All I can say is that you don't know Miss Bundy. She took a nine iron, climbed down into there, and hit the prettiest explosion shot I have ever seen. In an avalanche of sand, her ball flew high up out of there like a frightened quail, and dropped straight for the cup.

At this moment, with everyone's eyes reverently aloft, I tossed the other two balls out onto the green. When the gallery's eyes came back down with Polly's ball they saw not one ball rolling across the green, but three. You could almost hear their minds snap. There was a sudden babble of talk, a lot of confused pointing, and then a strange quiet.

Nothing so unnerves a golfer as to have a really fine shot nullified by happenstance. When Polly clambered up onto the green she took one look and said what the devil. Arabella went over and joined her caddy, who was standing over her own ball at the edge of the green; neither of them knew any more about the proceedings than anyone else.

Polly's caddy, who had been holding the flag, said he didn't know; when he looked down after her shot there they were—but he thought the one nearest the pin was hers. Well, her ball was marked, said Polly; it would be easy to tell. When examination disclosed that all three of them were hers she paused a moment, and then let out a yell for the tournament chairman that was heard plainly in downtown El Paso.

When this individual—a tall, sad undertaker type named Mr. Morcom—galloped up, everybody tried to talk at once, and it was some time before he could get the gist of what had happened. When he finally had it, he thought a minute and then made a ruling which I considered excellent. He said that Polly's caddy had no doubt accidentally dropped the other balls when he crossed the green to get the flag, and that under the circumstances there would be no penalty; but no matter how they had got there, if more than one of them was Polly's she would of course have to play the one farthest from the pin.

Since the one farthest from the pin, one I had contributed, was very far from the pin indeed, Polly let out a howl as though she had been stabbed. Oh, no, she cried, that one couldn't possibly be the one she had hit; the only right thing to do would be to play the hole over. Since Arabella was on in one, she very rightly said she would do no such thing; pick out the right ball, and get on with the clambake. Polly said she'd play the one her caddy said was hers—the one nearest the pin; Mr. Morcom, sadly, said she'd play the one he told her to, or she could forfeit the hole.

Well, they stormed around a while, till Arabella finally spoke up and said she'd accept Polly's judgment in the matter; if she were sure the one nearest the pin was the one she'd shot, let her play it. Since this meant that Arabella could still very well have lost the hole, it was a real concession.

But it had a remarkable effect on Polly. "Oh, thank you," she said. Then without another word she strode over to the farthest ball and grimly banged away at it, knocking it at least twenty feet past the cup. But she is by no means a quitter. She came back over, hunkered down, took her time, and sank it. For a four. Arabella calmly got down in two, and took the hole.

A little over an hour later Arabella had taken the match. Not that Polly fell apart; she didn't at all. She banged around the rest of that course like a maniac, and made a lot of remarkable shots. But she had somehow lost that fine edge. She spent much of the time berating her caddy for his clumsiness in dropping the balls. Personally I thought that this was unfair; I don't think he dropped them at all.

AFTER the match, as I told you in one of my many telegrams, Arabella and I were then sitting in the grill, partaking of sandwiches and congratulations, when the roof fell in. Bill Rogers, the club pro, came pushing through the crowd to our table and said that the tournament committee would like to see us upstairs in the board room. "What in the world for?" asked Arabella, when he had left. "Maybe they want to get into pictures," I said.

Actually I wasn't particularly worried at this point, because I felt that I had everything pretty well covered. We finished our coffee, and strolled up to the board room.

Everyone in San Antonio was there. Tournament officials, reporters and photographers, most of the other players, all sorts of people. Then I suffered a slight shock. In the front row, sitting beside the tournament chairman, was Miss Polly Bundy. And sitting beside her were the two little heathens who had charged me such an outrageous price for those two golf balls. "That's him, Aunt Polly," they piped up, "that's him there." I ignored them, thinking rapidly.

Mr. Morcom, who was acting as master of ceremonies, greeted us and led us to seats. Then he carefully closed the door and announced that the meeting had been called because ". . . Miss Polly Bundy, one of the competitors, has rather a serious statement she would like to make."

And she got up and made it. The nub of it was that after the match, in racking her brain for a clue as to where those other golf balls could have come from, she suddenly remembered the two balls she'd given to her little niece and nephew after her match that morning. Could it be? She rounded up the kids, and they said that they had indeed sold the balls she'd given them to some strange man for six bucks. She had then asked as to my whereabouts, and on being told had marched the little lambs past the grill window to see if I were the man, and I was. She had then called the meeting.

At that Arabella jumped up. "If you are even intimating . . ." she began.

I rose and put a kindly hand on her arm.

"Miss Jones is of course upset at any reflection on her sportsmanship," I said. "But excitement is only natural at any contest of this importance. Miss Bundy feels her defeat keenly, and at such a time simple events can assume a twisted importance.

"For example, my purchasing the two golf balls from the youngsters here. Certainly I purchased them. After watching Miss Bundy's amazing play in her match this morning, I wanted them to take back to Hollywood with me as mementos of this fine tournament. From this it was easy for Miss Bundy to jump to a regrettable conclusion. The fact of the matter is"—here I paused for dramatic effect—"the two golf balls I purchased are still resting right where they have been ever since I came into possession of them—in my left-hand bureau drawer. And Miss Bundy, if you and Mr. Morcom will be good enough to accompany me, I will be happy to show them to you."

I then led the way up to Room 312, my diggings, with the entire crowd following. I unlocked the door, and stood back. "Mr. Morcom, if you please. Would you have a look in the left-hand drawer of the bureau, and tell us what you find?"

He found the two golf balls. He handed them to Polly, who examined them with startled care. Finally she looked up. "Okay," she said. "I remember giving Susan this one I'd sliced during the round, because I thought she'd only lose it anyway." Then she came over and handed them back to me. "Well, I blew my top," she said. "I seem to owe you and Arabella a tremendous apology."

"Why, it's nothing at all," I purred. "And I'm sure that Arabella feels the same."

ARABELLA had been looking more and more thoughtful. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I don't feel the same. If this ball mix-up was important enough to Polly to make this accusation, then it must have had a tremendous effect on her play. And that means that my win was no win at all. What we should do is play it over. But there isn't time to do that and still get in the finals tomorrow. And I definitely have to be back at work"—she didn't say back in Hollywood—"Monday morning. So there's only one thing to do. Polly, I default the match. You go ahead and play Dorothy in the finals tomorrow, and I'll hope to play both of you at Crystal Beach in June. Good luck."

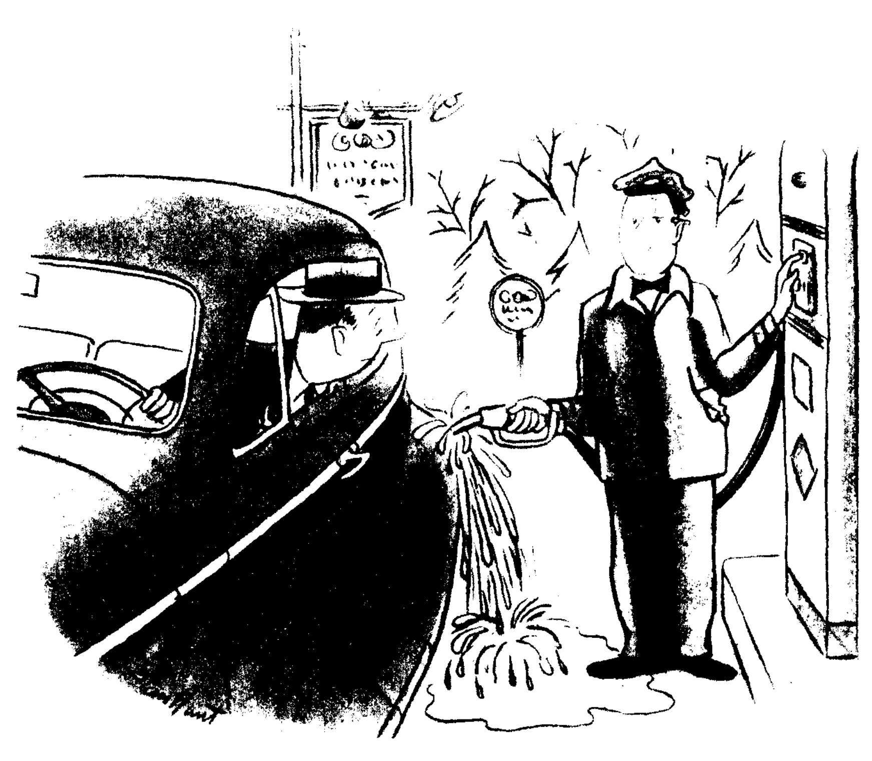
About there she started crying, and pushed her way out of the room.

And that was that. By now she's no doubt crying on your shoulder. And I can't say that I blame her. Now that it's over, I feel a little like a heel. If we hadn't given her so much help, she might even have won this thing.

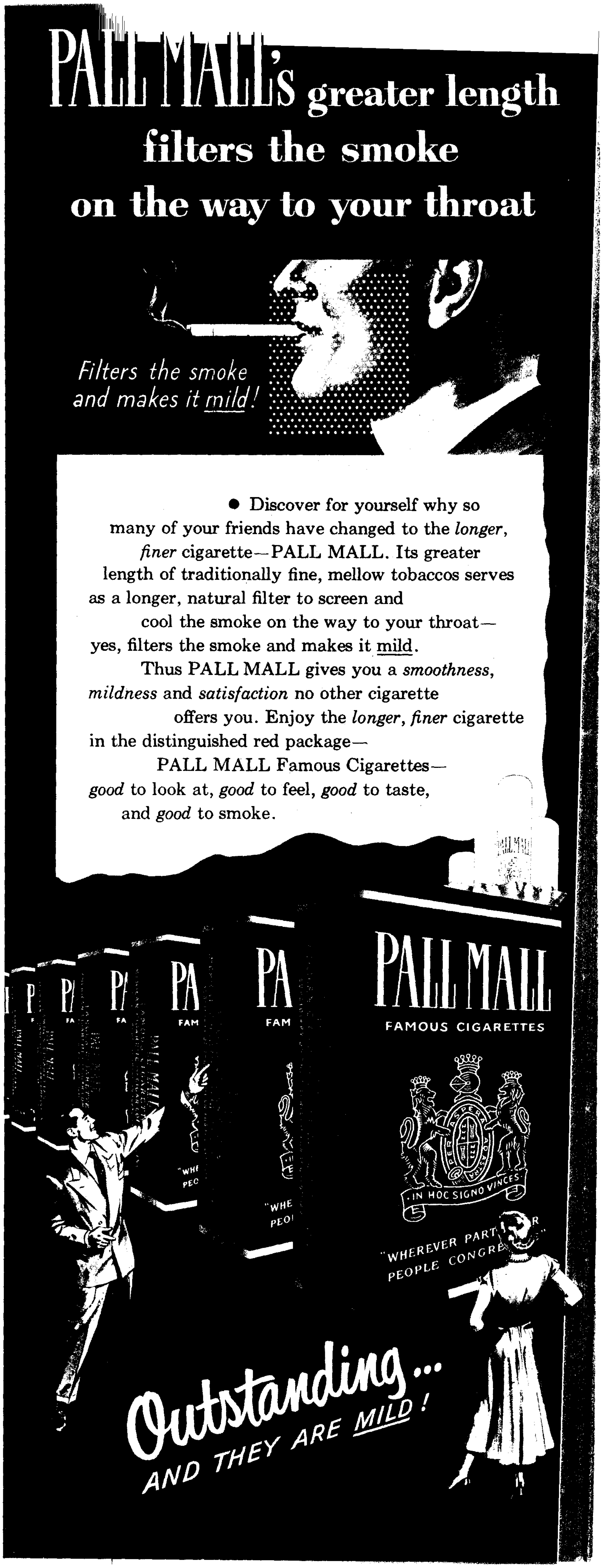
Oh, I forgot to tell you how I juggled the golf balls. When you have been in show business as long as I have, you will know never to underestimate children. They'll outwit you every time. So right after my dealings with the little skinflints I thought I'd better cover myself. After a quick lunch I hastened downtown to the biggest department store, where they would be unlikely to remember any particular transaction, and bought two nice Sterling Dots, like Polly's, and a ball marker. I carefully marked these two spares with unimpeachable PBs. I then tossed one of Polly's and one of my own make out onto the green, and banked the other two in my bureau drawer.

And isn't it a lucky thing that I did?

As ever,
George.



COLLIER'S "Might as well make it an even three bucks" STAN HUNT



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Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WEALTHY RUTHLESS MAN, THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED HIM—AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED

The Story: In 1870 when Pride Dawson arrived in New York City he was flat broke, but two years later he was one of the richest men in the country. He got his start when the wealthy financier Black Tom Stillworth hired him as a bodyguard. Slowly Pride acquired a controlling interest in a small Pennsylvania railroad, and in a bitter railroad war with Black Tom he put Stillworth's competing line out of business. Then in 1872, on a right of way in Colorado belonging to Pride, silver was discovered. The first day Pride had been in New York he had met and fallen in love with Sharon O'Neil, a seamstress. He wanted to marry her, but in acquiring his fortune he acquired a wife—not plain Sharon but beautiful Esther Stillworth, heiress to Black Tom's millions. But one night Pride, unhappy with Esther, went to Sharon's house. Esther learned of the affair and began to hate Pride intensely. Pride wanted to divorce Esther and marry Sharon, but found he could not when Esther told him they were going to have a baby. It was a girl and Esther named her Caprice. The winter of 1873 financial panic gripped the country, business after business failed. One cold night when Pride and Sharon were out walking they saw a line of ragged men before a soup kitchen. The sight sickened Sharon and she whispered to Pride, "Oh, take me home!"

PART OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

PRIDE and Sharon turned back and retraced their steps, but somehow, somewhere, in the dark and cold they made a wrong turning. They found themselves in the dismal confines of a street that neither of them had seen before in all their lives. It was pitch black between the shabby tenements, and mounds of frozen garbage impeded their passage. Pride caught at her arm to turn her around once more, and it was then that they heard the child's moaning.

Pride started forward, his hands outthrust, searching. They closed over the rough edge of a packing box. He gave a push and the box turned over, spilling its contents: a child.

Pride bent down and picked up the child. It was impossible to tell whether it was a boy or girl from its nondescript clothing. It seemed to be about six years of age, and it was yelling and hammering at his face with quite considerable force.

Pride paid no attention to the blows but strode on with Sharon half running at his heels, until they came to a street light. He held the child up to the light, seeing the filth-smeared face, streaked white where the tears came through. Then, lifting one big hand, he tugged at the boy's cap. At once a mass of heavy black hair tumbled down, and matted though it was with dirt and straw and feathers, Sharon saw that this was a girl child—an orphan lost as she was lost.

"Oh, Pride," she whispered, taking the child from him, "I'm going to keep her!"

"Depends," Pride growled, "on whether she has folks. Have you, Missy?"

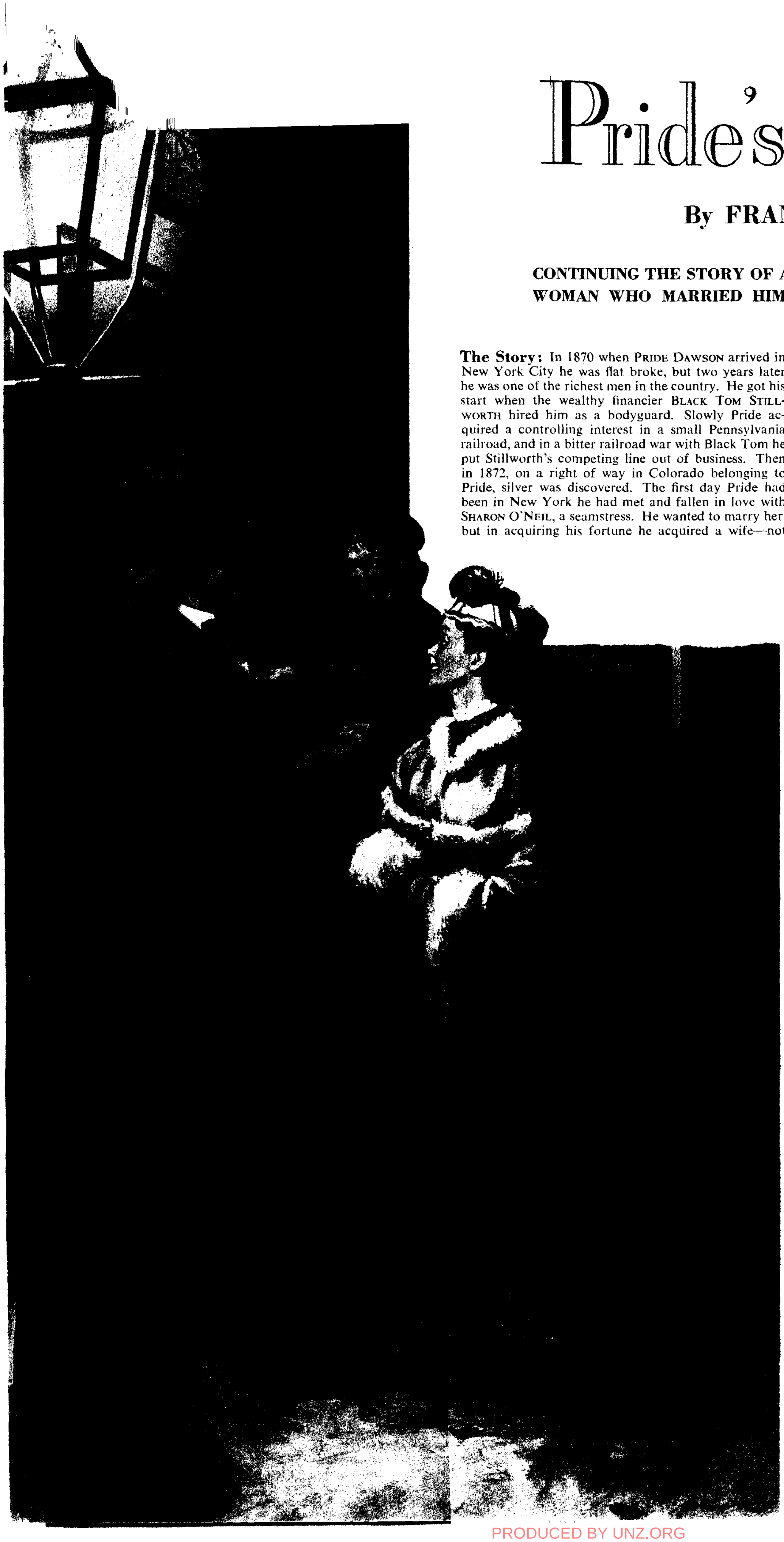
The child shook her head.

"Maw's dead," she said calmly. "Paw beat her with a broomstick and she died. Then he went away. I live—there." And she pointed toward the packing box.

"Poor little one!" Sharon said. "Well, you have a mommy now. I'll be your mommy!"

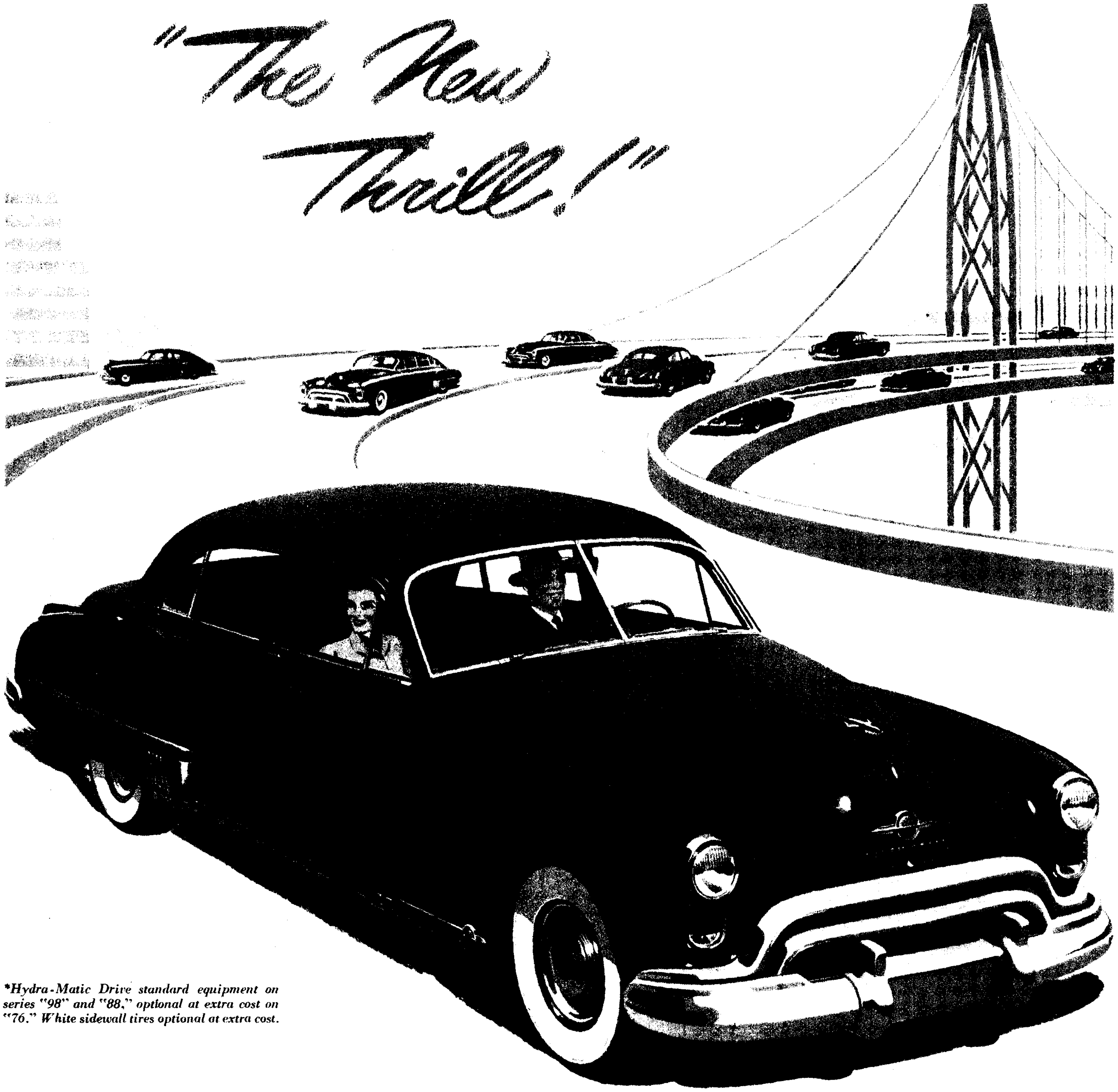
Finding a cab on such a night proved almost an impossibility. They were more than halfway home before a hansom finally passed them.

In Sharon's flat, the child looked about in



It was impossible for Pride to tell from its ragged clothing whether the child was a boy or a girl

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN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wonder. Clearly, she had never seen so much luxury before in all her life.

"Pride," Sharon said, "there's some soup in the ice chest. Heat it up, won't you, while I give her a bath?"

"Sure," Pride grinned. "I'd like to see what she looks like under all that dirt."

It took two complete changes of water to get the child clean. And her hair grayed innumerable rinsing waters before it was soft and shining. But the little girl who emerged from under the layers of grime was a creature of bewitching beauty. She was dark, thin, gypsy-like. On her body were innumerable tiny marks—always in pairs, deep little cuts as though made by a double knife.

"What on earth made them?" Sharon said.

"Rats," the child said. "They bite."

"Oh, my God!" Sharon whispered.

Pride put a big finger under her chin and lifted her little face. "What's your name, honey child?"

"Lil'th," she answered promptly.

"Lilith?" Sharon guessed. "Oh, Pride—what a pretty name!"

PRIDE grinned. "Cute little mite, isn't she?" he said. "Look, Sharon—I got some rights in her, haven't I? After all I did find her. And this isn't like your taking presents from me."

"What do you want to do?" Sharon asked.

"I want to help take care of her," Pride said. "I want to pay for her schooling, anyhow."

"I think that will be all right. I can't see anything wrong with it, at the moment."

They sat fascinated and watched the child noisily devouring the soup. Lilith ate as though she had never eaten before in her life.

Sharon refilled her bowl—four times in all, and at last, the dark, curly head jerked above the bowl. Sharon sprang up and took Lilith in her arms. She stood there a long time, staring down at the sleeping child.

"Oh, thank you, God!" she said.

"I'll get you a nursemaid for her," Pride said, "unless you want to quit work and let me take care of both of you."

"No," Sharon said, "I can't do that, Pride. All right, you get a girl to come during the days. The poor little thing! God knows what she must have suffered."

The authorities put no difficulties in the way of Sharon's adopting the child, though she put the word "spinster" firmly behind her name. They were overwhelmed with unwanted children. To have one wanted was a pleasant surprise.

But Pride was obliged to hire four nursemaids in succession before they found one who would stay. Lilith had a perfect fiend of a temper and a vocabulary that would put the most expert sailor to shame. She delighted in wanton destructiveness—tearing Sharon's clothes, spilling her perfumes, and smearing powder all over everything.

"I can't seem to reach her," Sharon said despairingly. "She's so strange, Pride. She can't seem to bear being loved."

"Give her time," Pride said.

He was, it seemed, right. At last a large and motherly German woman, Frau Himpel, by name, arrived and took over. She ignored Lilith's tantrums and swearing, and went about inexorably feeding, bathing and dressing the child. Lilith kicked and screamed—but it had no effect upon this placid mountain of pink and white flesh. Finally, Lilith gave it up, and became almost a model child, but her dark, mysterious little mind was busy. . . .

There was nobody in the world, four-year-old Caprice Dawson was convinced, quite so nice as her daddy. Not only did he bring her a new and exciting toy every time he entered the house, but he knew so many different ways of having fun. He would get down on all fours and let her ride him. He would toss her up higher than the big chandelier in the hall, and catch her as she fell. He took her sailing on his yacht up and down Long Island Sound—and he bought her the most beautiful bangtailed pony harnessed to a wicker cart.

But sometimes it looked like Mommy didn't love him. How could she be so cross with him? The other day when Daddy had taken her over to play with Lil'th—how pretty Lil'th was—a real big girl—nine years old, Daddy said—and she had sat on Auntie Sharon's knee and eaten ice cream—Auntie Sharon was nice, too, not as pretty as Mommy, but nicer—Mommy had been very angry.

"Oh, Pride, how could you?" Mommy had said.

There had been a lot of other talk that she hadn't understood, but part of it she did understand, for when Mommy had started talking about leaving Daddy flat and taking Caprice with her, she, Caprice, had started to cry.

"You see," Daddy had said, taking her in his arms. They talked a lot more, but she had been so sleepy. The last thing she had heard was Mommy saying something about fixing Daddy. Was Daddy broken? She looked at him quite anxiously to see if one of his arms or legs had come loose like her dolly's did when she pulled at them too hard, but Daddy had been all right.

Now they were going away to a place that Caprice couldn't remember—to a kind of a fair. Daddy had explained it to her. It was because the country was now one hundred years old.

"Are you a hundred years old, too, Daddy?" she had asked him, and he had told her quite solemnly that he was two hundred. But people couldn't be that old. Auntie Sharon had told her that only elephants and turtles grew so old.

But she was very glad to be going away to that place with the long name, if only because of that man. That other man—Joe, Mommy called him. He came to the house a lot when Daddy was not at home, but he teased her too much and pinched her cheeks. He looked like such a nice man, but he wasn't—not like Daddy. In the first place, he never brought her anything, and in the second he was always holding Mommy's hands and talking to her so quietly that Caprice couldn't hear what they were saying.

Anyway, they were going away from that Joe, now, and she wouldn't have to worry about him any more. She had meant to tell Daddy about him, but every time Daddy would come home with his hands behind his back, hiding the present he had bought for her, and she would get so excited that she would forget. Ah, there Daddy was now! And as her tiny feet flew down the hall, Caprice wondered what he had brought her.

ESTHER, too, was relieved when Pride announced that he was taking them down to Philadelphia to the Great Centennial Exposition. She had discovered at last that there was no need even hoping that she could force Pride to abandon Sharon O'Neil. She had played her trump card and had lost. For when she had threatened to take Caprice away from him, the child had cried so bitterly that even she was shocked.

"Just try it," Pride had said grimly. "I'll buy up the whole damn' Pinkerton Agency and set them on your trail till I find you. Then I'd have you committed to a lunatic asylum—and don't say I couldn't do it!"

Esther was afraid that he was right. Any woman who left a man as rich and as powerful as Pride Dawson was sure to be considered mad by a legion of envious women, as well as a benchful of seedy judges. No, she'd just have to bide her time. . . .

Mathilda, one of Sharon's assistants at the shop, said, "Look! It's the Randolphs!"

Sharon stood up and patted a stray wisp of hair back into place. The Randolphs had been rich so long that people had forgotten when it was that they did not have money. Peter John Randolph, the first of the line, had become a millionaire in colonial times. And one branch of the family had turned its back upon the crudities of American life and become subjects of Her Majesty, Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India. There was a Viscount Randolph now, and the American branch of the family shuttled back and forth across the Atlantic as though it were a duck pond.

Sharon walked forward to meet the Misses Grace and Patricia Randolph, a smile of triumph on her thin face. To acquire the Randolphs as clients was like making a patron of the queen herself—New York society, many of whom had followed Esther Stillworth into her shop, would now, presently, break down her doors. The Misses Randolph, Sharon decided at once, were going to be difficult customers.

But the young man who accompanied them was quite different; it was only after Sharon had come much closer that she could see that he, too, was a Randolph—for his face was much less equine than that of his sisters, and was undeniably handsome. He had light-brown, deeply curling hair, and blue eyes shaded by lashes that were shockingly long for a man's. The sideburns that adorned his youthful face were as curly as the hair upon his head, and even lighter in hue.

Nice face, Sharon thought, but weak. Then she was bowing gracefully to the Randolph girls.

"So good of you to come," she murmured. "I had no idea that you'd be back from England so soon."

The Misses Randolph showed their large, yellow teeth fleetingly in mirthless smiles.

"Caroline told us about your place," Patricia Randolph said. "And showed us some of the frocks you made for her. Very nice."

Caroline? Sharon searched her memory. Oh, yes. That was the youngest of William Astor's daughters. It paid to keep track of such things.

"Yes," she said simply, "I've made a number of things for her. Misses Helen and Emily, too—and—" She caught herself in time. She had been about to add Charlotte Augusta to the list. But Charlotte Augusta had been divorced. Adding her would be no recommendation to the Randolphs.

"Would you," Grace Randolph said abruptly, "mind showing us some of your things?"

THEY had acquired, too, Sharon saw, the English habit of being curt with persons whom they considered their inferiors. Well, she could put up with that.

"Delighted," she murmured, and raised her hand to Mathilda. As she did so, she looked full into young Randolph's face. His blue eyes were wide and they were staring at her in unconcealed awe. Quickly, Sharon turned aside.

Mathilda came scurrying out with her arms full of dresses. Some of them had been made as samples, and others were gowns ordered by one or another of Sharon's clientele, but not yet delivered or called for.

Grace and Patricia Randolph examined them all, their long faces impassive. But Sharon could see a slight glow in their eyes, for all their English trained habit of self-control. Young Randolph, however, was not at all impassive.

"Beautiful!" he said. "I tell you, Miss O'Neil, they don't make gowns like this—not even in Paris!"

"Oh, hush!" Patricia said fretfully. "What do you know about clothes?"

"I know what I like. And being a man, that ought to be the ultimate authority. Or don't you dress to please men?"

"No," Grace said flatly, "we don't. Men will like anything—once they get used to it. We dress to make other women envious."

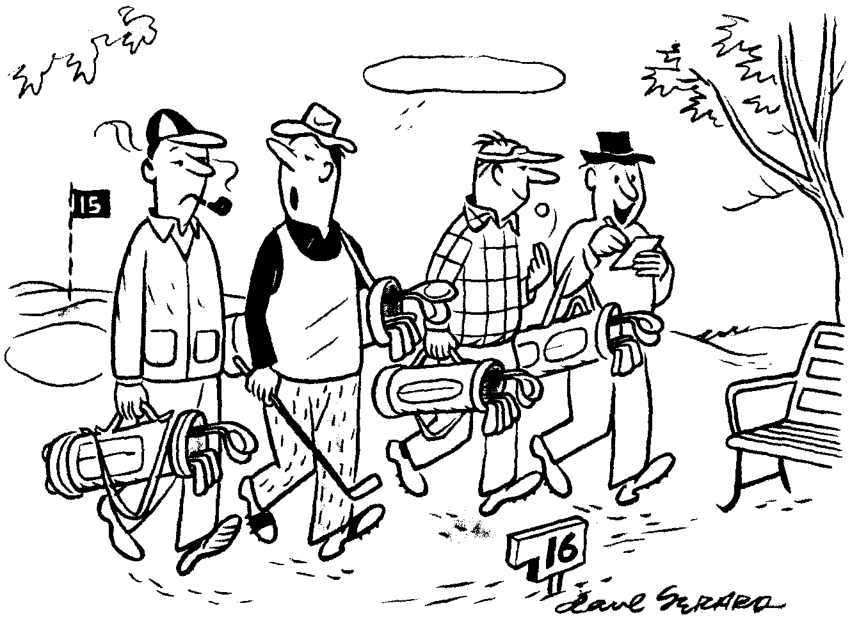
That, Sharon reflected, was God's own truth.

"However," Grace went on, "your dresses are beautiful, Miss O'Neil. I think I'll take six. Might we see some designs?"

Sharon brought out a portfolio of sketches which she, herself, had made. "You realize," she said simply, "that once I make a dress from these sketches, I destroy the sketch. Only one of a kind—no duplicates. I assure you, Miss

Viewpoint

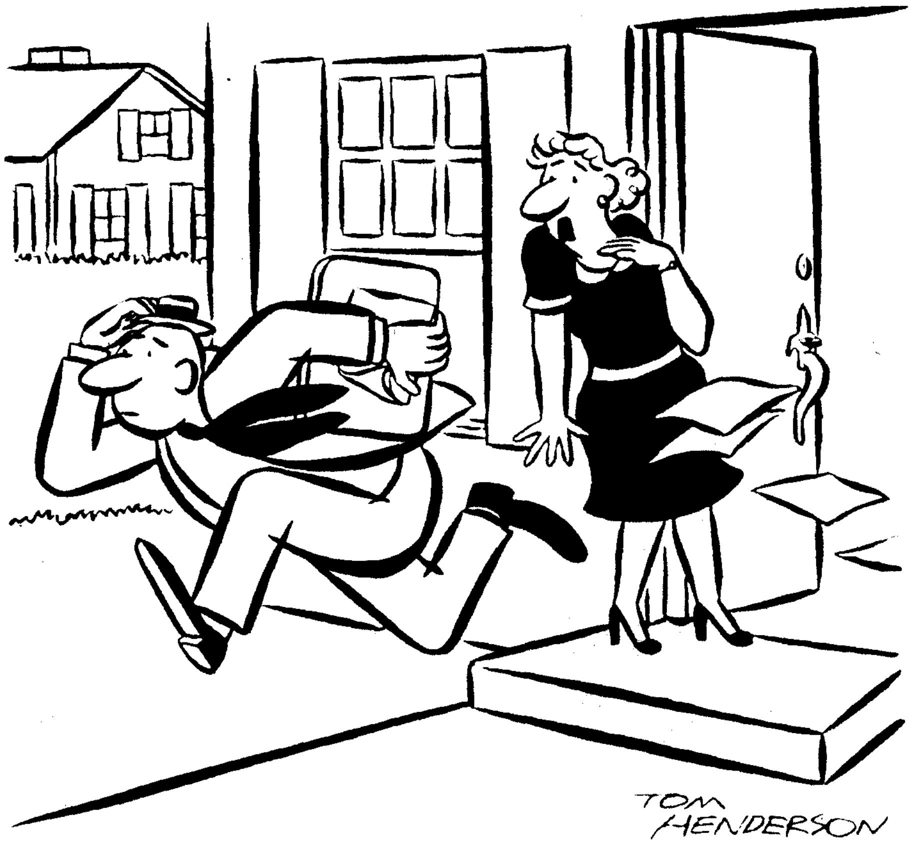
By DAVE GERARD



"Golf is a game! It's the fellowship and relaxation you get that counts!"

"Well, that two-footer George missed gave us the match. That is two bucks apiece they owe us"

COLLIER'S



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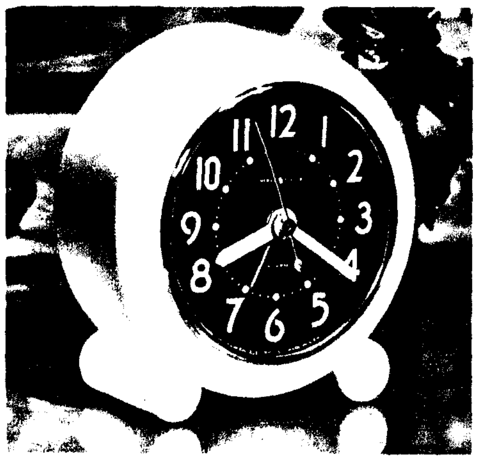

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STAR BACK OF THE SAN FRANCISCO 49'ERS

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Randolph, that you'll never meet yourself coming down the street."

"You," Patricia said, "must be quite expensive."

"I am," Sharon said firmly.

"Hang the expense!" her brother said. "Where else will you get clothes like these?"

Patricia shot him a reproving look. Then she turned back to the sketches and her face became suddenly alive and eager. "Six," she repeated. "The wine, the mauve, the blue—"

Grace also took six. Sharon's pencil flew over her notebook, recording the selections. But, when they were leaving, the unexpected happened. For, instead of merely murmuring, "Good day," like his sisters, young Randolph impulsively put out his hand.

"It's been jolly, meeting you, Miss O'Neil," he said.

"Thank you," Sharon said quietly, noting the shocked expressions upon his sisters' faces. Then, very gracefully, she bowed them out.

That evening, as she locked the door of the shop, she was aware of a figure lurking in the shadows. She knew it could not be Pride, for this was not his evening to call. She moved off, walking very quickly, hearing the footsteps behind her. She was badly frightened. There was no one else in sight—no policeman, no passers-by. She did not want to run, but the footsteps were gaining on her. Then she saw the hansom cab.

She raised her parasol to summon it, though she knew well that this was an extravagance; but the voice behind her stopped her.

"Miss O'Neil!" it called. "Oh, I say there, Miss O'Neil—wait a bit, won't you?"

Sharon lowered her parasol, and turned. "Why, Mr. Randolph!" she said, in pained surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Miss O'Neil," he said. "Pray forgive me. But I just had to see you."

"Why?" Sharon asked directly.

"Why? Jove—that is a poser, isn't it? You were hailing that cabby, there. Come, let's ride about a bit, and I'll try to explain—"

"No," Sharon said.

"No?" Randolph's face was filled with astonishment. Clearly he wasn't used to being rebuffed. Especially not by the lower orders, Sharon thought grimly.

"No, thank you, Mr. Randolph. I'm on my way home—and, after all, we haven't been properly introduced."

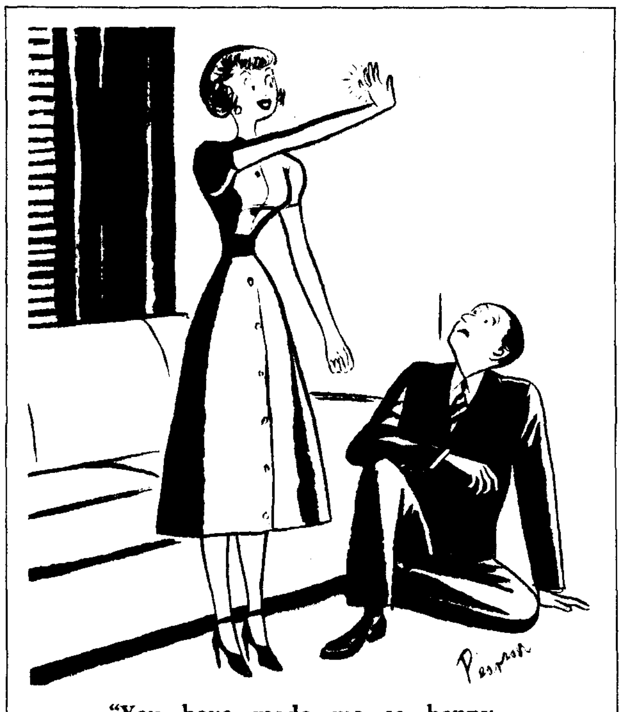
"Oh, bother!" Randolph said. "Very well, I'm Courtney Randolph, at your service, ma'am. And you're Miss Sharon O'Neil—a lovely name, by the way. Now, we're properly introduced. May I take you riding?"

SHARON started to shake her head, but the humor of the whole situation struck her with irresistible force. She and Pride hadn't been properly introduced either. Who was she to stand on ceremony? Besides, Courtney Randolph seemed a thoroughly likable young man—that ridiculous British accent of his excepted.

"All right," she smiled, "for a little while. I'm very tired. We'll ride around the square until you explain why you accosted me in the street. Then, you'll take me home."

"That," Courtney said, once they were settled in the cab, "is very easy to explain—I didn't know how else to get in touch with you. I didn't mean to be rude, truly I didn't—you must believe me!"

"I do believe you," Sharon said gently.



"You have made me so happy, George—it's bigger than Harriet's"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

"But that only brings us to the main question of why you wanted to get in touch with me in the first place."

Courtney sat very still, looking at her. "Because," he said sadly, "I'm afraid I've fallen quite hopelessly in love with you. Oh, yes—quite."

Sharon stared at him in blank incredulity. "Now, really, Mister Randolph," she began, "you don't expect me to believe that. Before this morning, you'd never seen me before in your life."

"How long is it supposed to take?" Courtney said, almost angrily. "I walked into your shop—and presto—there it was. It's something that has never happened to me before. Oh, no—quite the contrary. But you—you're so different. Strangely and delightfully different. Courtney, I said to myself, the moment after I heard your lovely voice—you must see her again—you must!"

"Please," Sharon said, "please don't. You can't know what you're saying—it's impossible!"

"Impossible? Hardly that. Let us say difficult. First I have to convince you that I'm sincere—that I mean you neither harm nor dishonor. That is difficult. Unfortunately, men of my class have made it so. All I'm asking, my dear Miss O'Neil, is the opportunity of calling upon you."

"Please," Sharon said, "take me home now. I—I'm all confused."

"Good! At least I have some effect upon you. I was beginning to despair. What's your address?"

Sharon told him. Then she sat back and listened to his gay platitudes until they had reached her house.

"I—I must go now," she said. But Courtney caught her hand.

"Wait," he said. "You haven't told me whether or not I may call."

Sharon thought quickly, wildly. He's so nice—a real gentleman. Oh, why didn't I meet him long ago—before Pride? Oh, yes, before I was destroyed by Pride.

"Please," Courtney Randolph whispered.

Why not? Sharon mused, I am not bound to Pride—must I stay forever the prisoner of my weakness—and my love? I—I could marry this boy, perhaps, and then I would be free—free! Oh, Pride, she wept inside the darkness of her heart, why is it that I must love you so?

"Yes," Sharon said at last, "you may call. But not on Thursday nights—I'm always busy, then."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" Courtney said, and leaping down from the cab, helped her down. "This," he declared, "is the most wonderful day of my life!"

Or the most unfortunate, Sharon thought. Then she said, "Good night," and fled up the long stairs.

SHARON stared at the strange child whom she had adopted. Lilith, at nine was tall for her age, and very slender. There was an odd quality to her beauty. Something smoldering, Sharon thought. There was, Sharon decided, at least a promise of qualities that might bring Lilith to the brink of the fate which she, herself, had suffered. She would have to take good care of the child.

And that, in itself, brought up another aspect of the whole matter. Lilith was growing up. Always remarkably alert, she had grown more so in the past year. Even now, she was beginning to ask questions—about Pride. How long could Sharon conceal the truth from her?

"Do you," Sharon inquired of Lilith, "like Courtney?"

"Very much," Lilith said soberly. "He's ever so much nicer than Pride. Besides, I need a daddy. Don't you think so, Auntie Sharon?"

Courtney was coming tonight. He would take her riding or to the theater, or anywhere she wanted to go. He had been very patient. And I do like him, Sharon thought.

The trouble is, she mused, I love Pride. Nothing, no, nothing at all seems to make the slightest difference in that. Nor would anything ever, she believed. But was she sure? If she were to go away—far away and settle down with a man who was gentleness itself—might she not forget Pride? Was it not, after all, her duty to Lilith, to herself, and to her God, to forget him? She put up both her hands to her head. It ached so. No head on earth was designed to bear the burden of so much thinking. Yet she must think. She must decide once and for all which way she must go. It was all so simple. All she had to do was to say yes to Courtney.

She heard the bell now, sounding clearly, in the hall. And her small feet were racing down the stairs. "I'm coming, Courtney," she said. "Oh, yes, tonight, at last, I'll come to you."

She threw open the door, and stood there in the dull glow of the street lamp, her face flushed and eager, so that seeing it, Courtney was powerless to move.

"Sharon," he whispered. "Oh, my dearest."

"Come in," she said gently. "We won't go out tonight. I—I want to talk to you."

He followed her mutely up the stairs, his eyes filled with so doglike a devotion that she could feel it though she did not look at him.

"Sit down," she said. "Would you like some wine?"

"No—Yes! God knows I need some. You were so lovely there in the doorway, Sharon. There was something in your face that unnerved me. I don't know what it was—"

"I do," Sharon said. "I think you saw that I've come to a decision—about us."

"Oh, my Lord!" he breathed. "Don't say it's over. Please don't say we're finished. I might disgrace myself. I rather fear I might shed tears. Rum show, what? Please, Sharon."

"Don't be alarmed," she said slowly. "That wasn't what I was going to say."

He was on his feet now. Then with a gesture that was absurd, ridiculous, and

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curiously touching all at the same time, he dropped to his knees.

"Sharon," he whispered, "you don't mean—you aren't going to say—oh, dearest, dearest."

Sharon stopped suddenly, the hand she was about to put out to him half withdrawn. The young, utterly foolish tenderness upon his face was a beautiful thing suddenly. It was a deep and honest emotion—clumsy and without grace as such things usually are. But very real, and very true. And what she had been about to do was the worst of all betrayals: She was about to accept this man—under false pretenses. She had been, unthinking up to now, about to allow him to wed a woman whom he thought honest and pure. But now, suddenly, she could not do it.

She lifted her head, her nostrils flaring. There was pride in every line of her thin figure. And, even as his heart sank, Courtney was sure that never again in this life would he see anyone so beautiful.

"Yes," she said at last, "I was going to say that. I was going to tell you I'd marry you. But I cannot. I'd have to lie in order to do it—and you are far too good for lies."

"Rather thick, Sharon. Put it more simply, won't you? Lies? How could you lie? It would be blasphemy from an angel."

Sharon bent forward suddenly, the pride in her gone as though it had never been. "Please, Courtney—please go," she said. "Don't make me tell you what I'll have to, if you stay."

Courtney scrambled clumsily to his feet.

"There isn't anything," he said stoutly, "on the face of God's green earth that could make a particle of difference in the way I feel about you."

"Are you sure, Courtney?" Sharon whispered.

"Absolutely!"

"Very well," she said, looking straight into his face. "I have been Pride Dawson's mistress for nearly five years. I am neither good, nor true, nor fine. I am not fit to loose the laces of your boots, much less become your wife." She stood there, seeing his face crumbling into the shapeless contortions of pure grief, the pain in his eyes so naked and pitiful, that even to look upon it was a shameful thing.

Then she bent down with her own curiously angular grace and picked up his hat. "Good-by, Courtney," she said.

He did not answer her. She held the door open for him, and watched him as he reeled drunkenly through it. Then, very quietly, she closed it behind him.

THE next morning, when Sharon came down the steps of her house, she saw a cab racing toward her. It drew to an abrupt halt, and Courtney jumped out of it, signaling the driver to wait.

Sharon stood quite still, her dark eyes somber and questioning, until he came up to her.

"Sharon, I—" Courtney began. "I—"

"Yes?" she said very quietly. "Yes, Courtney?"

"I've been a fool! Forgive me."

Sharon's brows rose sharply. "I—forgive *you?* For what?"

"For behaving so badly. For making you think my love so small a thing. It isn't, you know. You told me about your past. Well, that's dead now. It died last night—only I didn't have the sense to know it. Let's leave it buried, shall we? Let's go on as though nothing—as though it had never been."

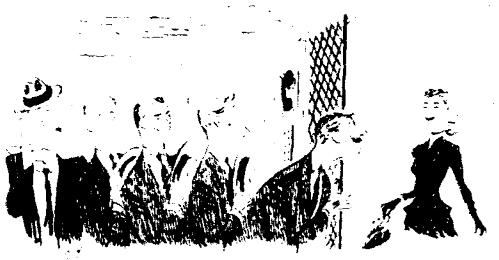
She stood there looking at him, her eyes widening and darkening in her thin face.

"You made a mistake," he went on hurriedly. "Granted. But I'm not God. It isn't my duty to judge you or punish you. All I can do is to love you and help you forget—if you can. Can you, Sharon?"

Slowly she shook her head.

"No," she whispered. "Does it matter?"

"No!" he half shouted. "It doesn't. Nothing matters but the fact I love you. Nothing counts on this bloody earth except that I'm going to marry you—if you'll have me. Will you, Sharon? I'd be most humbly grateful."


ROBERT GREENHALGH

On and Off

In elevators it's not mere
Politeness or its lack, I fear,
That governs, as one goes aloft,
Which hats stay on, and which are doffed.

For men whose hair is nice and thick
Take off their hats at double-quick,
While those whose hair is not so hardy
Are apt to be a little tardy.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

She did not move at all, her face as still and white as though it had been carved from stone, her eyes wide, staring at him, their expression unchanged except that now they filled up ever so slowly with tears. He stood there in the silent street, listening to the sound of his own breathing. The cab horse brought his foot down upon the cobblestones. The clang of the iron shoe was deafening, so that Courtney jumped at the sound.

The teardrops brimmed in Sharon's eyes, spilling over her lashes, and making slow streaks down her thin cheeks. Courtney remembered the face of the Our Lady of the Sorrows that he had seen in Spain while making his grand tour. Sharon's face was like that now, illumined with tenderness.

"You'd be grateful," she whispered. "You'd be grateful—for saving my life. For taking away all my shame—all the self-torment I've lived with all these years. No, Courtney—it's I who must be grateful. I should kneel down here in the street and kiss your hands."

He put out his arms to her and she came to him very simply. "None of that," he said gruffly. "Forget it. If you weren't good, I couldn't love you. But you are good—good all the way through. The ones who are bad aren't sorry. I've a feeling you've paid for what you've done a thousand times over—in remorse. Heavy coin, Sharon. It adds up in God's scales. Jolly accurate they are, too. They've struck a balance, now."

"You think so, Courtney?" she said.

"Right. Now kiss me, quickly. I've things to do. I've a ring to buy, remember?"

Sharon kissed him softly, then hung back against the circle of his arms, looking at him. "And the instructions, Courtney? You'll do that for me?"

"For you, I'd become a Turk. And your faith is rather beautiful. I think I shall enjoy finding out what has made you what you are. One more thing, Sharon—when?"

"As soon as you've finished the instructions," Sharon said. "I'm afraid to wait too long—something might happen."

"Nothing will happen now! Nothing could."

"You're very sure, aren't you?" Sharon sighed. "Very well. But I've got to tell you something else, Courtney. I don't want any lies between us. I don't love you. I wish I did. But the—other has done too much to me. I'm a little numb, I think. I'm very grateful to you—very simply and honestly grateful. It's a great honor to become your wife. I want you to be patient with me, because, when I do start to love you—and I will, Courtney, I will—I shall love you very much."

"That's all I ask," Courtney said.

"I'm afraid I'm going to begin demanding things of you already," she sighed. "But I can't go to the shop today. Will you drive down there and tell the girls I won't be in? I'll go with you part of the way. I want you to drop me off at the cathedral. I—I have to talk to Father Shannon."

"Gladly," Courtney said.

THE sky was blue above the cathedral, and in the wash of the sun there were fleecy wisps of cloud. Even the heavy oaken door had lost its forbidding look. One of the doors stood ajar, and through it Sharon could see the dancing flames of the candles clustered about the feet of the Holy Mother.

There was joy in her heart now, a wild, sweet joy, as soft as angels singing. She got out of the cab and ran toward the door of the cathedral, but before she had reached it she turned aside and went flying up the path that led to the rectory.

Watching her go, Courtney Randolph said in a short and simple prayer. "Forgive her, O God," he murmured. "If I can—it ought to be ever so much easier for You."

Inside the rectory, Father Shannon stood up as Sharon entered. She fell to her knees before him, and covered his gnarled old hands with kisses, sobbing so hard that she could not speak.

"Hush, child," he said gently. "I've been expecting you. God, in His own good time, and in His own way, always brings His chosen home. Come, there's a place for these things." Then, taking her by the hand, he raised her from the floor and led her through a passageway into the cathedral where the confessional box waited.

GOING home through the busy noonday streets, Sharon's steps were as light as thistledown, though she knew well that the heaviest of all her tasks lay before her.

She must send for Pride and tell him what she was going to do. This was a proud thing, not to be accomplished like a thief in the night. It was going to be very bad, telling him. He was going to do everything in his power to stop her. Before, she would have been afraid of that. She would have been unsure of her own strength. But today, she had no fear.

She sent her note off by special messenger and settled down to wait. It would not take long, she knew. But she was unprepared for how little time it actually took. A scant half hour later, her bell went mad.

She went down the stairs and opened the door. Pride was trembling all over with fury.

"You!" he roared. "Oh, you lying little—"

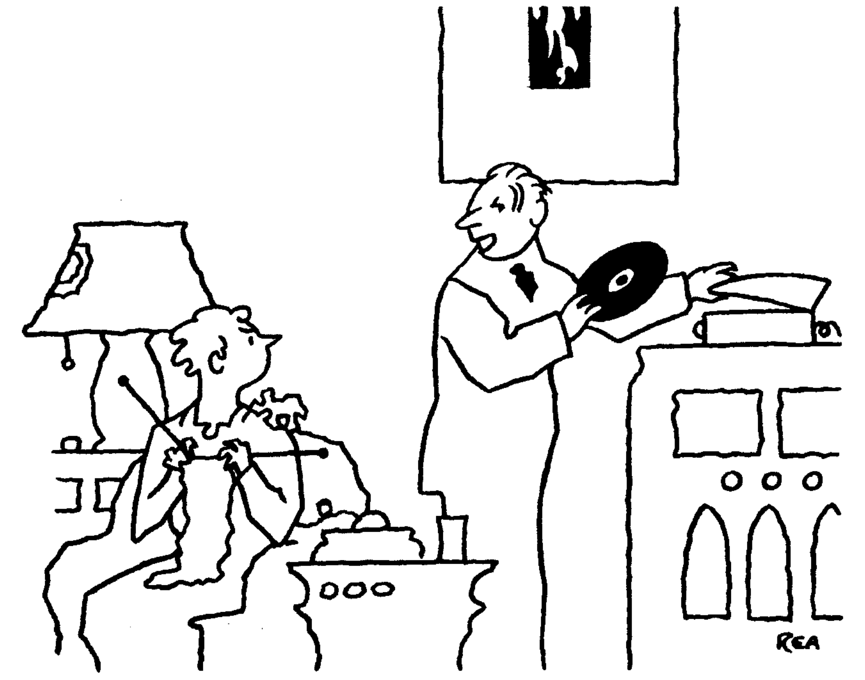
"Hush, Pride," she said quietly. "Come inside, please. This is our affair. There's no cause to discuss it with the world."

Inside her flat, she turned quickly to Hilda and told her to take Lilith out for a walk—a long walk. What must be said now was not for the ears of a child.

Hilda and the child were not halfway down the stairs, before Pride turned to her.

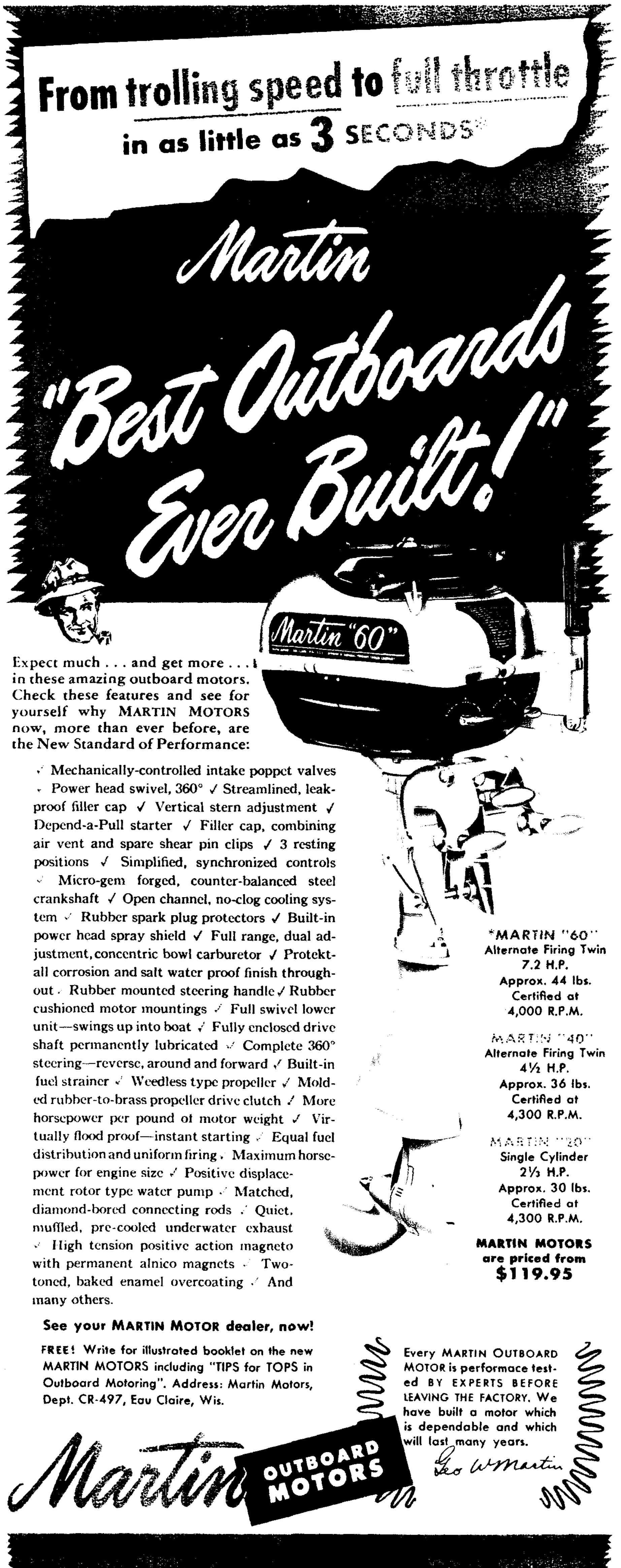
"So," he sneered, "you're marrying the Randolph millions! What's the matter, wasn't my money good enough for you? You wouldn't take a penny from me. How come you think it's any different to take it from that simpering little pup? Tell me, how come?"

"It's vastly different, Pride," she said. "And you know it. I shall be Courtney's wife. There's nothing standing between us—as there was between you and me. Did you believe I liked what I was doing? Didn't you realize I'd jump at the chance to hold my head up again and



"Do you know, I'm rather surprised that your mother hasn't had her voice recorded, now that long-playing records are on the market"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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Molly Sue Brandt (left) is a high school student in Hot Springs, Ark.

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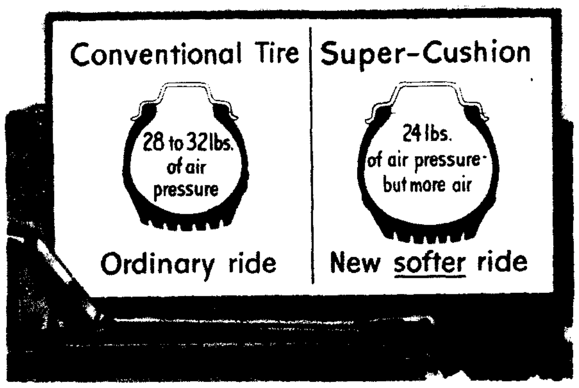
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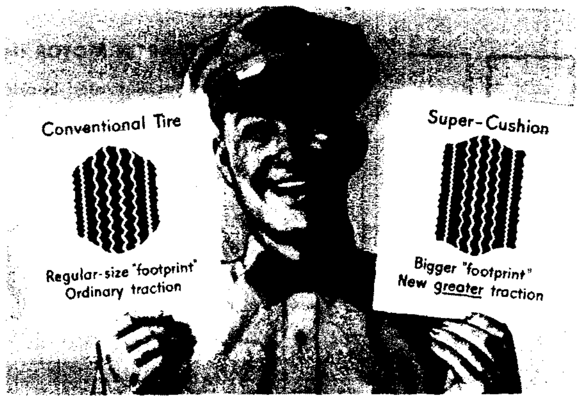
Conventional Tire
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Ordinary traction
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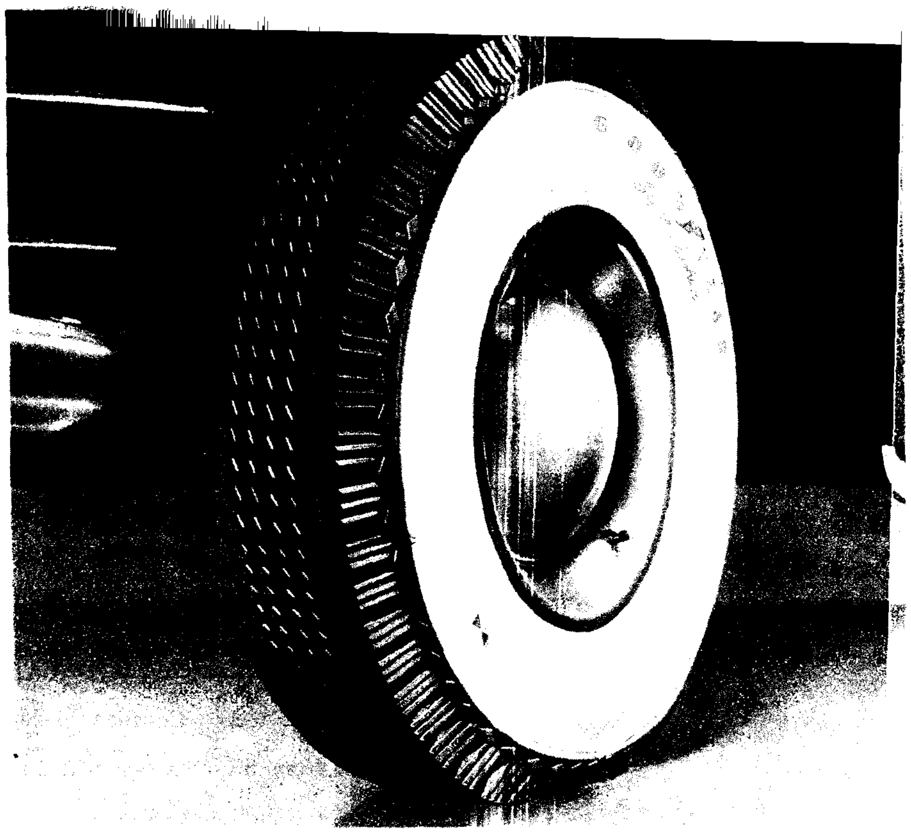

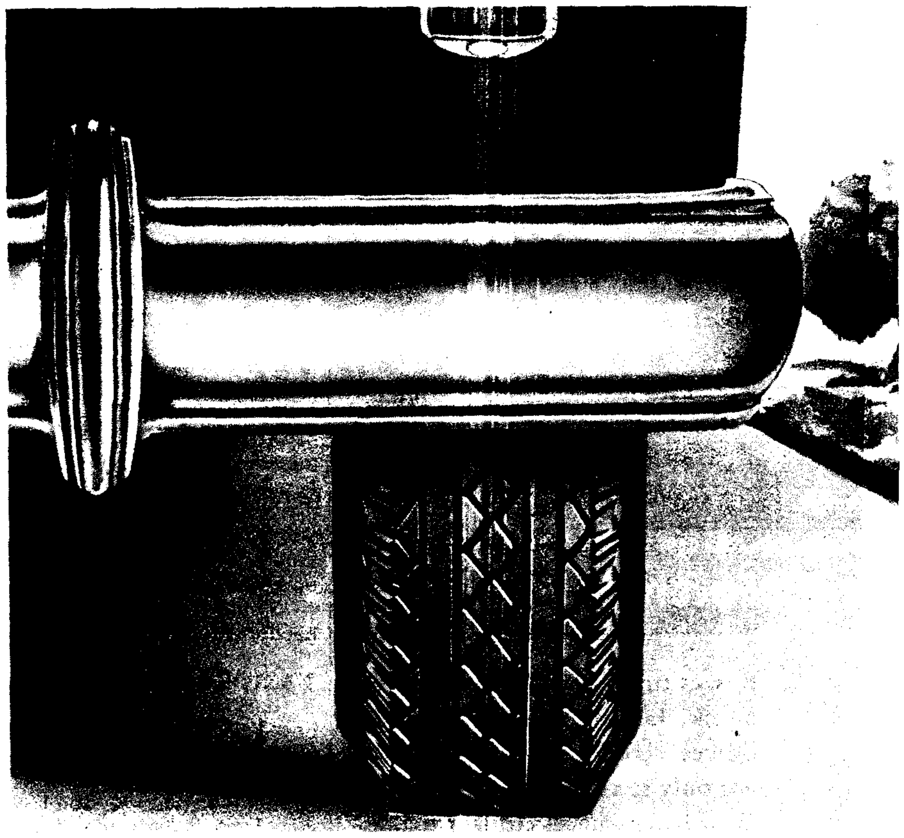

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look people in the face and not be ashamed any more?"

"But you love me!" Pride growled. "Me!"

"It," Sharon sighed, "is a very wicked love, Pride. I've often wished I didn't."

"And marrying him isn't wicked? Standing up in the church in the bride's white you have no right to is not a sin? Fooling the poor jackass isn't either, I don't suppose. Only you're not going to marry him, Sharon—you know why?"

"No," Sharon whispered, "why?"

"Because I'm going to go to him and tell him the truth! I'm going to let him know he's taking my leavings. When I get through with you, the gals down at Horseface Harry's are going to look like plaster saints alongside of you! Then what becomes of your pretty wedding, Sharon? Think he'll have you then?"

"I know he will," Sharon said simply.

"Then you're a fool! Ain't no man on earth what would—"

"Except Courtney," Sharon said quietly. "Go to him, Pride, and hear from his own lips that I've told him about us already—every sordid detail. Go and look at a man whose heart is big enough to forgive me even so black a sin as that—it'll do you good. It's time you found out that all the world is not made to your measure—that there are people in it whose goodness is like an armor that blunts any weapon you can hurl their way."

"You—you told him?" Pride whispered. "All about—us?"

"All."

"And it didn't make any difference? Hell, Sharon, he's no man!"

"Not your kind of a man, thank God!"

Pride studied her curiously, his brow furrowed with frowning.

Now, Sharon knew, he's going to change his tactics. Now, he's going to plead with me.

"Look, Sharon," he mumbled, "you can't do this to me. I made a bad mistake in not marrying you right off. When I tried to fix things up by getting a divorce, you wouldn't let me. How can you stand there and hurt me so? Don't you know how I love you—can't you understand how much I need you?"

"You," Sharon said coldly, "don't need anybody!"

PRIDE walked toward her, his eyes dark in his big face. "I'll show you how I need you!" he snarled, and pulled her into his arms.

But Sharon twisted her face away from his kisses. "I don't want to fight you, Pride," she said. "But if you try—that—I shall die first. Look at me, Pride. Look in my eyes and see I mean what I say. I tell you I shall die first. Do you understand that? Now, let me go!"

She could feel his grip loosening slowly, until at last he stood back, looking at her. His face was so baffled and beaten that for one moment, she was sorry for him. Then she hardened her heart.

"Good-by, Pride," she said calmly, and put out her hand.

Slowly, clumsily, he took it. He stood there holding it a long time. Then, suddenly, he let it drop. "You'll be seeing me," he said, and turning, went through the door and down the long stairs.

Sharon stood there a long time after he had gone. I will not cry! she told herself, I will not! But a moment later, she was a small and broken figure, sobbing against the chair.

Sharon's gaze rested briefly upon the face of her husband. Then she looked upward again toward the dirty gray of the curtains. That was only one of the many things she did not like about Pittsburgh. But she had no grounds for complaint, for it was she who had suggested to Courtney that they come here shortly after their marriage.

Her decision had been based in part upon the fact that one portion of the mighty Randolph fortune was in steel, so that it was easy for Courtney to obtain a position in one of the family mills; the other, and major, part of the decision had turned upon the compelling necessity that she felt to get as far as possible away from Pride.

What's happened to us? she thought miserably. I've tried so hard—so hard.

SHE had the impulse to lean forward across the breakfast table and take Courtney's hand. But one glance at his face was enough to stifle that impulse completely. In less than a year of marriage, Courtney Randolph had aged visibly. There was no youth in his eyes now, no light, no gaiety. He sat there across the table and stared at Sharon with owl-like gravity, his whole expression that of a man who sat eternally in judgment and yet was powerless to pass sentence.

Those letters, Sharon told herself for the thousandth time, those damnable letters! But knowing the reason was no good, when knowing did not provide any remedy. She could not go to Courtney and say, "Don't think about it, my darling; it was and is nothing; forget it for my sake." Not any more. She had said those words and others like them too many times now. And with no effect.

Courtney would have believed her, if he could; but he could not. His sickness, a terrible disease in any man, was, in a man of his temperament, incurable. And mortal, Sharon realized suddenly. If he does not get over his jealousy, he will very likely die of it. Look at his hands, how the bones show through. He must have lost twenty pounds in the last two months.

She looked at the food untouched upon his plate. "Courtney, please," she whispered.

"Eh—what? Oh—my breakfast. So sorry, my dear; but I'm really not hungry."

"You always say that," Sharon declared. "But you must, darling—you must! And this business of never sleeping—how many times have I awakened to find you gone from me? Roaming about the house like a disembodied ghost. Oh, Court—why can't you forget it? Why can't you believe in me?"

He leaned forward suddenly and took her hand. "I do. Sharon," he said. "It's I that I don't believe in. Of course, it was a shock to discover that you'd conceal anything from me."

"Court, Court—" Sharon whispered. "You know why! Pride wrote me, and I never answered him. I thought he would give up after a time—though I should have known him better than that. It was just that I didn't want you to worry that I never told you about it. And I knew you would, darling. That day you came into the house with one of his letters in your hand, I knew I had been wrong. But was I, Court? Wouldn't you have worried just the same, if I had told you?"

"Yes," Courtney said honestly, "I suppose I would have. There's only one way you could stop me from worrying, Sharon. You know what that is?"

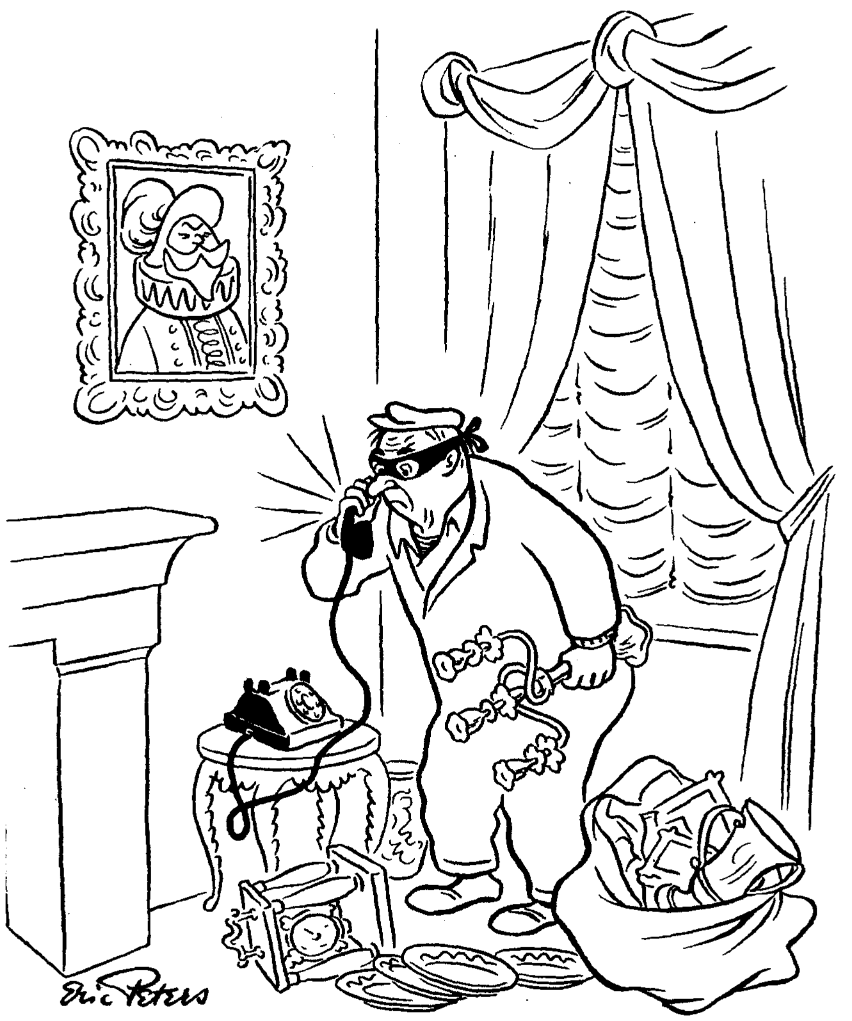
Slowly, Sharon shook her head. "No, Court."

"It's very simple, really. All you have to do is to look into my eyes and say, 'I don't love him any more, Court'—and mean it. Rather an easy thing, what? Only you have to mean it. For I'll know if you're lying."

He looked at her and his eyes took on the imploring quality of a dog's—begging for a word, a breath—a mere crust of comfort.

I should do it now, Sharon thought. In this world there are no absolutes. And the sin of lying would be outweighed by the kindness for which it will be told.

She lifted up his face and gazed full into his eyes. They were very blue and



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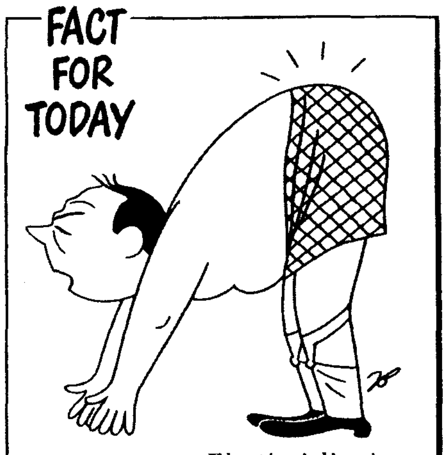

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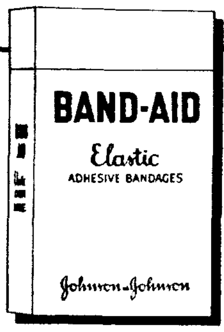

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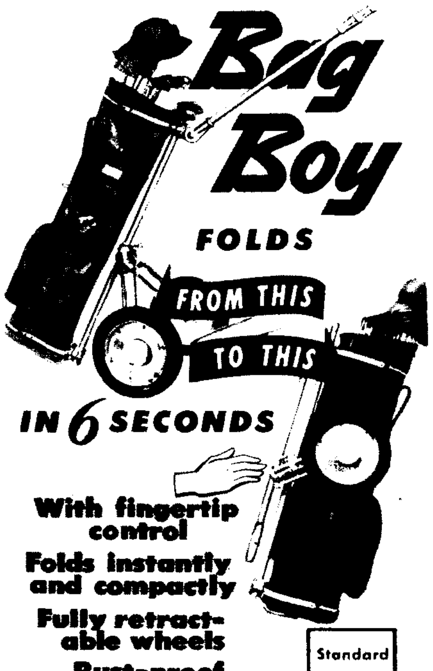

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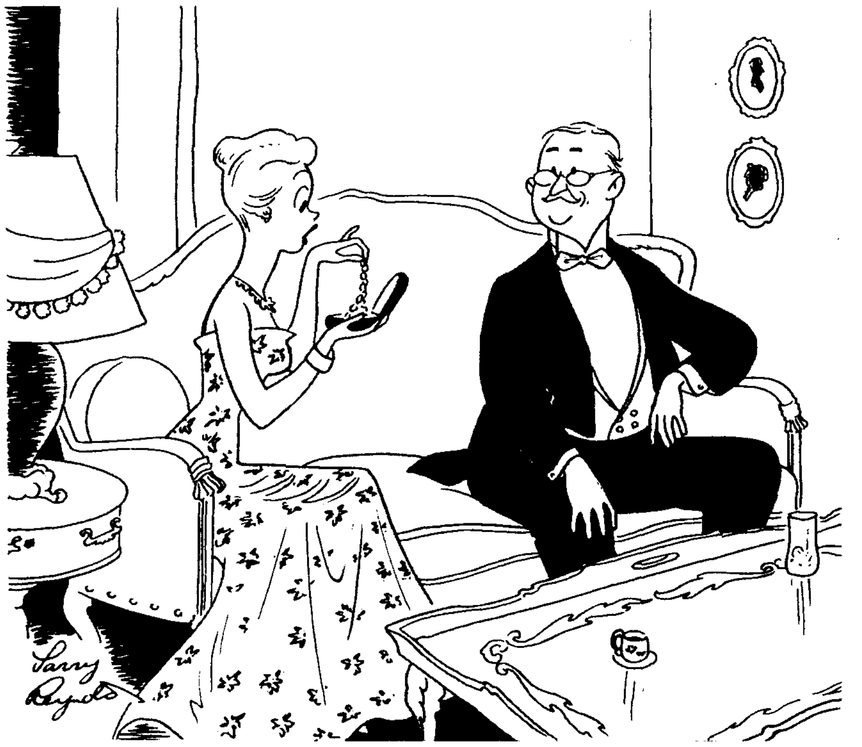


COLLIER'S "Oh, Freddie, you shouldn't have spent so—good Heavens, you didn't!" LARRY REYNOLDS

clear. But there was something else in them now—the quality of quiet—the look of almost impassively exact judgment. Courtney was right; he would know if she lied. Slowly, terribly, she bowed her head.

The silence stretched itself out between them, rearing itself up like a wall.

"I see," Courtney whispered. "It's that way still."

"Yes," Sharon said miserably. "But not for always, Court! I promise you—not for always!"

He stood up and she came to him, but he did not kiss her. Instead, he looked down somberly into her eyes.

"Don't promise, Sharon," he said gently. "Promises should be based on more than the will. Before making them, you should also have the means."

"Oh, Court," Sharon whispered. "Court—"

"Hush," he said. "Don't cry."

Sharon blinked back her tears. "There's—something I wanted to talk to you about," she said; "but between us we've spoiled the morning. It will have to wait now."

"No," Courtney said. "Let's have it out. I'd rather not spend the day at the office wondering."

"I—I suppose you're right," Sharon said faintly. "It's just that I have to go to New York."

"No!"

"Look, Court, be reasonable. Mathilda has finally found a buyer for my shop. Only he will not come to terms with anyone but the actual owner. Mathilda showed him the power of attorney that I gave her, but it did not do any good. So I have to go. Don't you see, darling, it's a good thing? After this, I will have severed all connections with New York."

"But," Courtney said ominously, "what about—him?"

"New York is a huge city," Sharon said. "And why should Pride even try to find me—since he will not even know that I am there?"

Courtney measured her with his eyes. "He won't know?"

Sharon's answering gaze was cool and serene. "He will not know."

Before the conviction in her tone, Courtney bowed.

"When do you have to go?" he asked.

"That's just the trouble. I should go today. But I'll wire Mathilda to put it off until tomorrow."

Courtney glanced at his watch. "No, don't," he said. "There's a train leaving at eleven o'clock. I'll put you on it. They can spare me at the office for one morning. In fact—"

"No, Court," Sharon interrupted him, "there's no need for you to go with me. I'll be quite all right. Besides, you've done so well at the office, that I don't want anything to spoil it. Your father was awfully nice the last time he was here."

"Credits you with making a man of me. Jolly well right, too. Oh, well—I guess I'll survive until you come back. Only don't be too long, dear. Promise me?"

"I promise," Sharon said cheerfully. "Now I have to rush! It's only two hours till eleven!"

AFTER he had kissed his wife good-by and watched the train pull out, Courtney Randolph stood for a long time upon the platform. And, try as he would, the nagging little demons pushed their pikes into his consciousness.

" 'No, Court,' " he repeated in the darkness of his mind, " 'There's no need for you to go with me—' " No need at all. You might interfere with a most rapturous reunion. Did you *see* the letter from Mathilda? Why didn't she show it to you? Why else but there wasn't any letter. Oh, fool, fool! This very morning, she would not deny that she loved him. And how quickly she spoke up before I even finished suggesting that I might go along with her! I've borne this thing long enough! Love letters in every mail—which she tells me she destroys. All right—but before or after answering them? Rum show, Courtney—rather bloody thick! This time, I won't stand for it.

He had reached the ticket window by this time and was hammering upon the counter with his hand.

"Eh, what?" the ticket vendor said sleepily. "What's your hurry, young man?"

"New York!" Courtney hissed. "The very next train!"

"Which don't leave till seven o'clock tonight," the ticket vendor said calmly. "So's you'd might as well keep your shirt on."

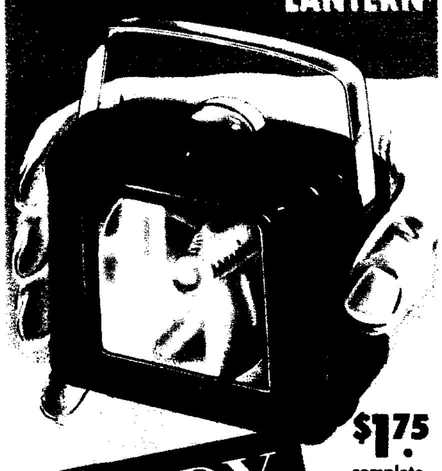
"There aren't any before then?" Courtney groaned.

"Nary a one. Well, speak up—do ye want a ticket, or don't you?"

"Yes," Courtney said. "New York—round trip."

(To be continued next week)

DELTA LITTLE ELECTRIC LANTERN



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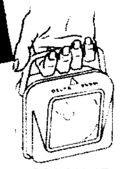
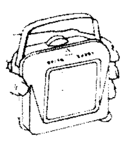
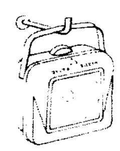


CARRY IT



HOLD IT



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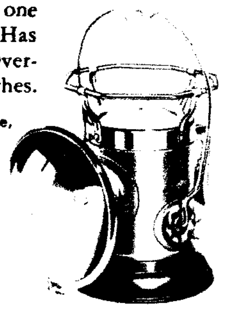

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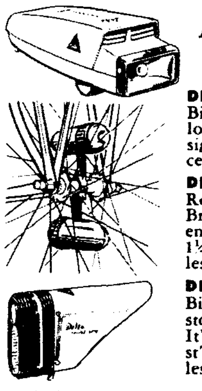

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION... AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME

Continued from page 16

that my life wasn't in danger, but I figured that was okay, that was the way they had to work things. And it was hello, Rocky, how are you, we saw your last fight, and we saw you fight this guy and we saw you kill that guy. They were talking in general like any friend would talk to another friend. I mean, they were trying to help me, make things easier for me. And finally they were telling me: What do you think of all this business about corruption in the fight business and football and basketball?

And I said: That's certainly lousy for people to do a thing like that.

And they said: How would you like to be a hero?

What do you mean, be a hero?

Oh, you know, see your name in the papers, Rocky Graziano Clears Boxing, headlines all over the papers.

And I said: Why? What do you mean? I don't understand what you're bringing out.

And they said: Do people come over and offer you money on fights, tell you how you're going to do, and this and that?

I said: Yeah, they come over.

Anybody ever come over and ask you to lose a fight?

Once in a while. You get punks all over.

Who were the guys?

I said: What do you mean, who were the guys? Anybody!

A New Angle on Bribe Story

I guess I just didn't understand. And they were taking it very easy with me, and talking, and it kept getting bigger and bigger. Like I would say: All right, for the sake of the argument, suppose some guys did come over and offered me a bribe. So what?

And they would say to me: So did you talk to them?

Sure I talked to them.

So what did you tell them?

I told them, see you later.

And what I couldn't explain to them is that instead of saying good-by or get out of here, I say: See you later. That's my way of saying no. Later means ten, fifteen years from now. I just can't say no outright. I mean, I guess I was doing wrong in not saying no outright and then not reporting it, but I just didn't think.

But I couldn't explain that to the D.A. They kept me there for about fifteen hours, asking me questions, telling me they got real information about a fix, and I kept hoping they would bring in some guys so I could identify them. But they didn't bring anybody in, except Colonel Eddie Eagan, chairman of the N.Y. State Athletic Commission, who came up and went right in with them for two hours. And Colonel Eagan is a guy who loves boxing. I know, because before all my fights in New York, he would always come around and tell me how he expected a good clean fight. And he wanted to get to the bottom of this and clean it up.

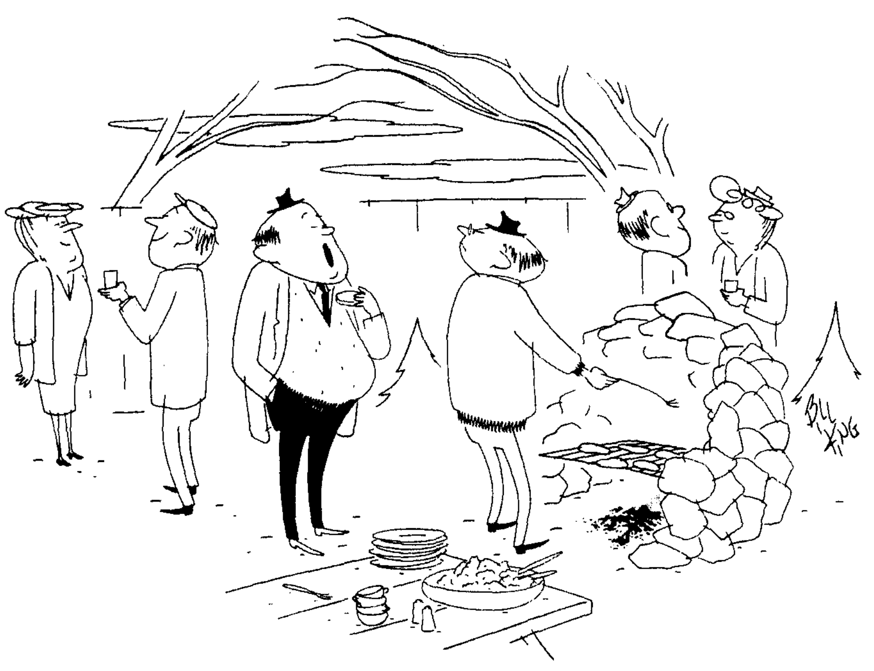
And when he came out from the D.A. he said to me: Rocky, why don't you tell them the truth?

And I thought, here's a guy in the same racket as me and he don't believe me. I could understand how the D.A. thought a fix was on, but it hurt me when Colonel Eagan asked me that question. Because I never threw a fight in my life. I told him: Did I ever throw a fight? The only main event fight I ever lost was the Zale fight, did I throw that?

So finally they let me go about four o'clock in the morning and told me not to say anything and I said all right. And the next day it's all over the papers. Somebody tried to get me to throw a fight and I didn't report the bribe. And I said to myself: This is a real big thing. What did I do, kill somebody? It was a real big issue.

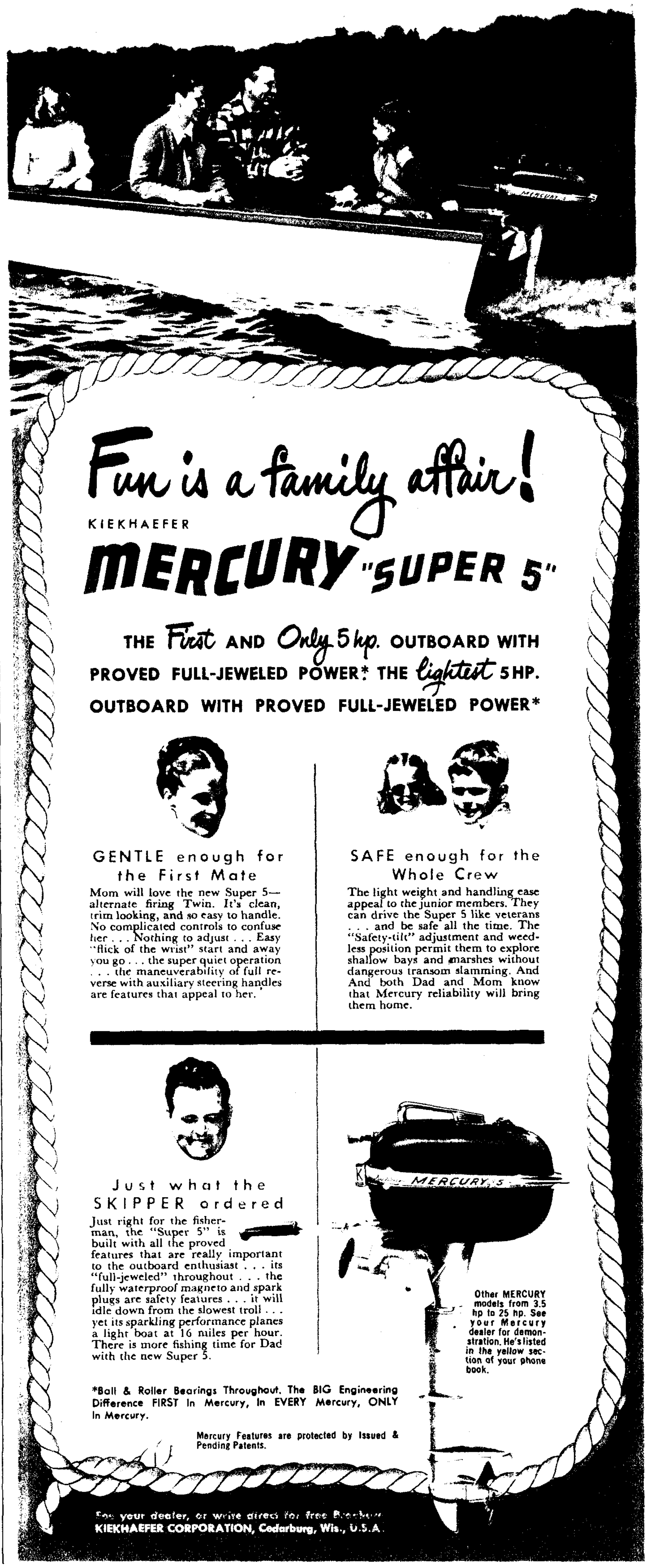
And that's why I lost my license in New York State, because they said I didn't report a bribe to the boxing commissioner. I had a hearing before the New York State Boxing Commission and I told them I postponed the Shank fight because I hurt my back, I wasn't up to par, but after the hearing, Colonel Eagan said they're taking my license away indefinitely for failing to report a bribe. Rule 64. And that's the way it is in New York now. I can't fight in my own home town.

And I felt real bad about that. The way people would talk to me, I began to



"Yes, I can taste the charcoal flavor. See if you can retain a little of the meat flavor on the next one, will you?"

COLLIER'S BILL KING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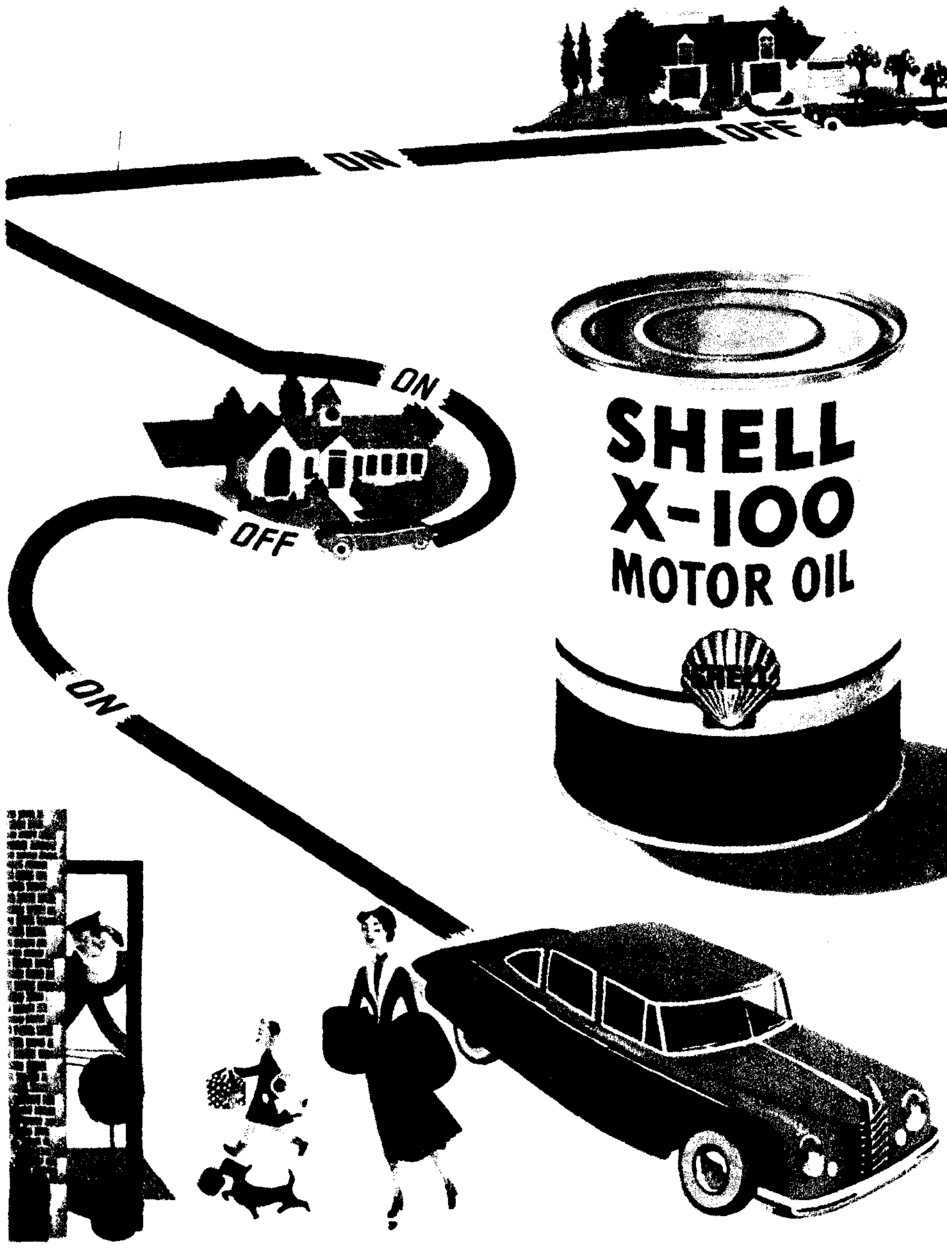

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feel: What's the matter, don't these people understand me? They would say to me: Why did you throw the fight? They didn't even know the fight never even took place!

And I knew Colonel Eagan did what he did for the good of boxing, but I really and honestly didn't feel I had done something wrong.

And after the issue broke, we went to Abe Greene, who is the head of the National Boxing Association and Abe Greene gave me the okay to fight Tony Zale in Chicago, in a return match for the title. And he gave me a license to fight in the NBA states.

And I went into that second Zale fight and I wanted to kill the guy. Because if I lost that fight, I would of been through altogether. So I really wanted to win that fight in the worse way. I trained real hard. I had my wife and my little girl, Audrey, in Chicago, and I was training with all light heavyweights. And I wanted to kill Tony Zale. Not personally—I just hated him because I wanted to win the title.

Slugging It Out Toe to Toe

So I walked in there in the first round and he dropped me. I ran right into the guy and I ran right into a right hand. So, no count, I come right up. So the second round, we were really banging. We stood toe to toe, slugging away. And he was cut, but he wasn't cut as bad as me. I had a rip on the left eye, an inch rip, and my right eye was also starting to swell. So coming into the corner for the third round, I tell Whitey Bimstein: My eye, it's going bad.

It was tough for me to see, but in the third round we were still banging toe to toe. He was a real strong guy, that Zale, and I was in very good shape. So in the third round, my right eye completely closed. It swelled so much that I couldn't see out of it. And I had two cuts on my left eye. The blood was going into my left eye and I couldn't see anything out of my right eye. So ending the bell for the third round, I go back to my corner, I tell Whitey: Whitey, I can't see. I was almost crying. I wanted to win that fight in the worse way and I got to lose because I can't see.

So finally they patched my left eye up. They put some carpenter's glue on the cut. That makes the skin like a piece of steel. They only put that stuff on in championship fights, because it's dangerous for the eyes. But they put it on me and I walk out in the fourth round and I got hit on the left eye again. It wouldn't cut where the carpenter's glue was, because that was like the foundation of a building, when you put in cement, but it cut this time underneath the eye. And that round I was really in bad shape. I went on two knees from only a little punch, when I didn't have to go down, because I wanted to clear my eyes up a bit. I got up, but I was in pretty bad shape. I came back to the corner and I was almost crying again. I said: Whitey, can't you do something? What kind of an eye man are you?

So Whitey took a razor blade and he cut my right eye and he took his mouth with his teeth, and he just bit me. And after that I could see a little out of the right eye. I hit Zale a couple of good right-handers under the heart and I could see the guy start to weaken. And after the fifth round, I was pretty confident. Whitey gave me the same treatment on the eye, and I went out for the sixth round and I went to town. I don't know how many punches I threw. I got the guy against the ropes and I was just throwing and throwing and the referee was holding me off the guy and I just kept throwing them at the guy until he caved in. And they stopped the fight. And I finally knocked Tony Zale out.

That was the toughest fight I ever had. And even though I was glad I won, I felt a little bad about Tony Zale. Because the guy held the title so long and he's really such a nice guy. When he came into the dressing room after the fight, he said: I couldn't lose it to a better man.

And I told him: Don't worry, boy, you're the first one I'm fighting next.

He's a very quiet guy, that Zale, but very nice. He looks like one of these guys that come from a farm. I mean, he's strictly a farm man, not like a New Yorker with a lot of talk, but a very nice guy. And a good fighter. I like him for that. I like all fighters, to tell the truth.

And afterwards, the whole boxing world wanted to see me, but I said the hell with it, let me go home. My wife and kid were waiting for me in the hotel. So when I got there, my little kid, Audrey, she didn't recognize me at first. My head looked like a watermelon, my nose was all banged in, my ear was swollen, my both eyes were almost shut. They had to walk me in like a blind man. So when I saw my kid, I told her: Audrey, you see what you get? You should never go in the gutter. Because I didn't want to start explaining a fight to a three-and-a-half-year-old. So I told her: Don't ever go in the gutter, honey. That's what Daddy just did.

Well, that night they had a big party in the room. Finally, I went in the other room to lie down and I tried to close the window and my hands were so swollen I fell over the radiator and almost fell out of the window. On the eighteenth floor. And I lay in the bathtub the rest of the night, with Epsom salts and ice packs all over my head. I mean, both me and Zale were banged up in that fight. If they paid us a million dollars apiece, it wouldn't be worth it. Not for that particular fight.

And after I won the championship, I came back to New York and there were so many people at the Grand Central that they thought the President was coming in. Commissioner Sidney Moses came down with the cars and the cop escort and we drove all the way down Second Avenue without the lights. Just me sitting up there and Commissioner Moses and a couple of other guys that wanted to get their picture in the paper. It was a real big deal. We all went to a bar called Fox's Corner on Second Avenue and Seventh Street, and my mother and father were there and it was a real celebration. All the people from the neighborhood were there and they gave me presents and flowers and a lot of other things. I felt very happy. Even the cops that used to pinch me when I was a kid, they said: Hey, Rocky, how are you? And I said hello to everybody, even the phony bums who wouldn't look at me when I first lost to Zale. When they gave me a hello, I gave them a hello. I didn't snub anybody.

Victory Brings Its Rewards

And the next day the newsreel cameras came around, and the phone was ringing day and night, and I realized: Hey, I'm important. I never realized that such a thing could happen. We were getting offers from all over: advertisements, movies, exhibitions here and there, bring your sparring partners down, there's twenty-five thousand dollars in it, appearances here, appearances there, three thousand, five thousand, they were throwing thousands around just like nothing.

And my manager said: All right, but first we'll wait a couple of weeks until your eyes heal up. Because the fourth or fifth day after the fight, my eyes started to bother me. So Lou Stillman, from the gym, recommended a doctor on Park Avenue and he opened my both eyes again and took out all the scar tissue that was inside. We went for a lot of cash there, but he did a real good job. Before, I used to have puffy eyes, like a fighter or somebody with sinus trouble, but now they're like anybody's eyes.

So everything looked great. And then we get a phone call from Chicago. There's some bad publicity out there. Some reporter went to Washington and got my Army record and found out that I had a dishonorable discharge from the Army. And when I heard that, my heart dropped in my shoes. Right away, the state of Illinois suspended me. All the contracts we had, we had to let them lay dead, because everybody was afraid to handle me.

I never told anybody about the Army, because I felt so bad about it. And now all the newspapers were carrying it, and they were calling me up all over the place. It was from being a hero to being a dog. And I said to myself: I'm going to quit. The hell with it. Don't you ever get a break in this world? It's always kicking around. They're always bringing out your back history.

So again we went to Abe Greene of the NBA and I explained the whole story to him, about what happened to me in the Army. And Abe Greene, he's got class. He understands. And he decided to do something for me. He sent me to Colonel Heinie Miller, who is one of the officers of the NBA, in Washington, D.C. And I told Colonel Miller my story and he asked me if I would box in Washington. I said: Sure, I'll box in Washington. Certainly.

So I boxed Sonny Horne in Washington, ten rounds, and beat him. I drew nine thousand dollars and gave it to the Infantile Paralysis Fund and to the orphans. I got a dollar for the fight. And after that, they matched me and Zale to fight again for the title, this time in New Jersey.

But all this time, people were bothering me—about the bribe, about the Army, about this and that. And the stuff about the Army hit me like a shot. Because I always prided myself on my strength and my fighting and my courage. Everybody knows me as a brave kid. I was never afraid of anybody. I would fight Joe Louis tomorrow. And now a lot of people figured I was scared.

And I was the champion of the world and there was no place I could fight, it seemed like. No place where I felt at home, that is. And there was nothing I could do about it. I knew I was wrong for what I did in the Army, definitely wrong. I never denied that. But all my life it was the same thing, coming up the real hard way. Because we were a very, very poor family. We were on relief for a while and we never owned our own house. We always lived in a poor neighborhood. We used to pay fifteen dollars a month rent and we couldn't even afford that.

Like in the morning, when we used to get up to eat, my mother would go down and buy two dozen doughnuts. At that time, they were a penny apiece. So for a quarter that was our breakfast, the whole seven of us, that and a pot of coffee. And it was always the same thing. I used to see guys walk around with new shoes and a suit, and I used to have holes in my shoes. I never had a suit of my own. The first suit I had I got from an opera singer. He was about my size and he gave me a blue suit and it sure looked sharp.

I was about fourteen years old at the time. So I wanted money. I wanted to make money, that I could be happy.

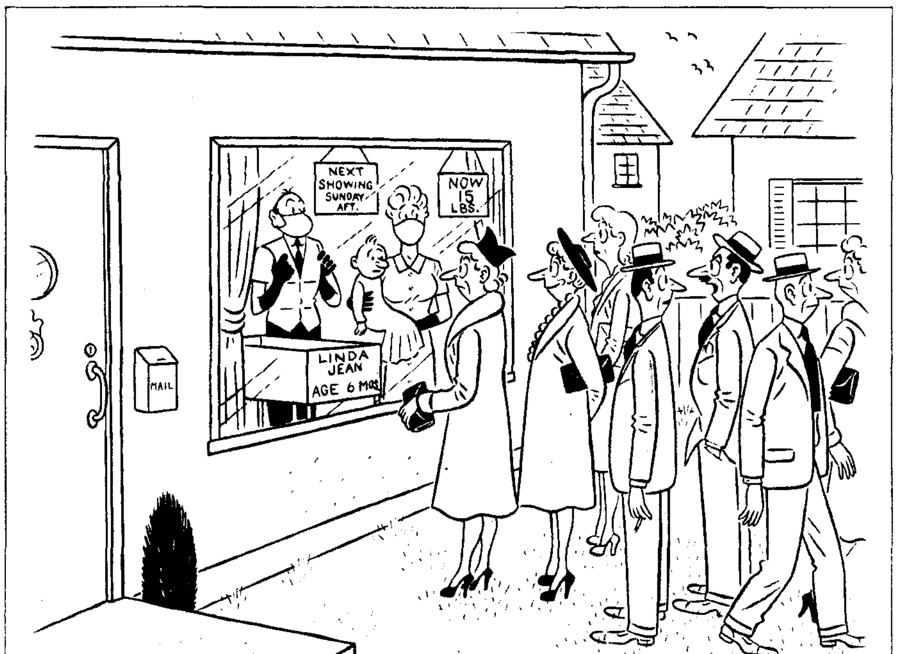
Worries of a Champion

Even though I knew I was wrong in what I did about the Army, still I felt very bad. And I felt bad all through the training for the third Zale fight. I trained upstate in New York at the Nevele Country Club, about two months, but I didn't feel too good about it. Here I was fighting in Jersey, when I should of been fighting in the Garden or the Yankee Stadium. I was champion of the world and if I went to a fight in New York, I couldn't even get introduced in the ring. I was very hurt about that. And all the time, people were asking me stupid questions. And I was in training and I had to have my mind at ease, and I didn't realize how all this was bothering me.

When you're a fighter, you have to go in the ring with a clear head. You can't go in with aggravation on. You got to go in with a nice clean head and not think of anything, just think of killing the guy. And I went into that fight with a lot of things on my mind that hurt me very much. I'm in the fight game what they call a worrier. A thinker. Thinking to beat the guy, to knock the guy out. So when I went into that third fight with Zale, I had a half a heart. I mean, I lost fair and square and I lost to a great fighter. But I just wasn't at my best mentally. Physically, I was very good, but mentally I wasn't sharp. And I got knocked out in the third round.

When I woke up in the dressing room, I told my manager: Did I get knocked out in the first round? I didn't even know I went three rounds. I got hit with a couple of punches in the first round and from then on I didn't know where I was. And after the fight, I was dopey for three or four days.

I wasn't dopey just because of the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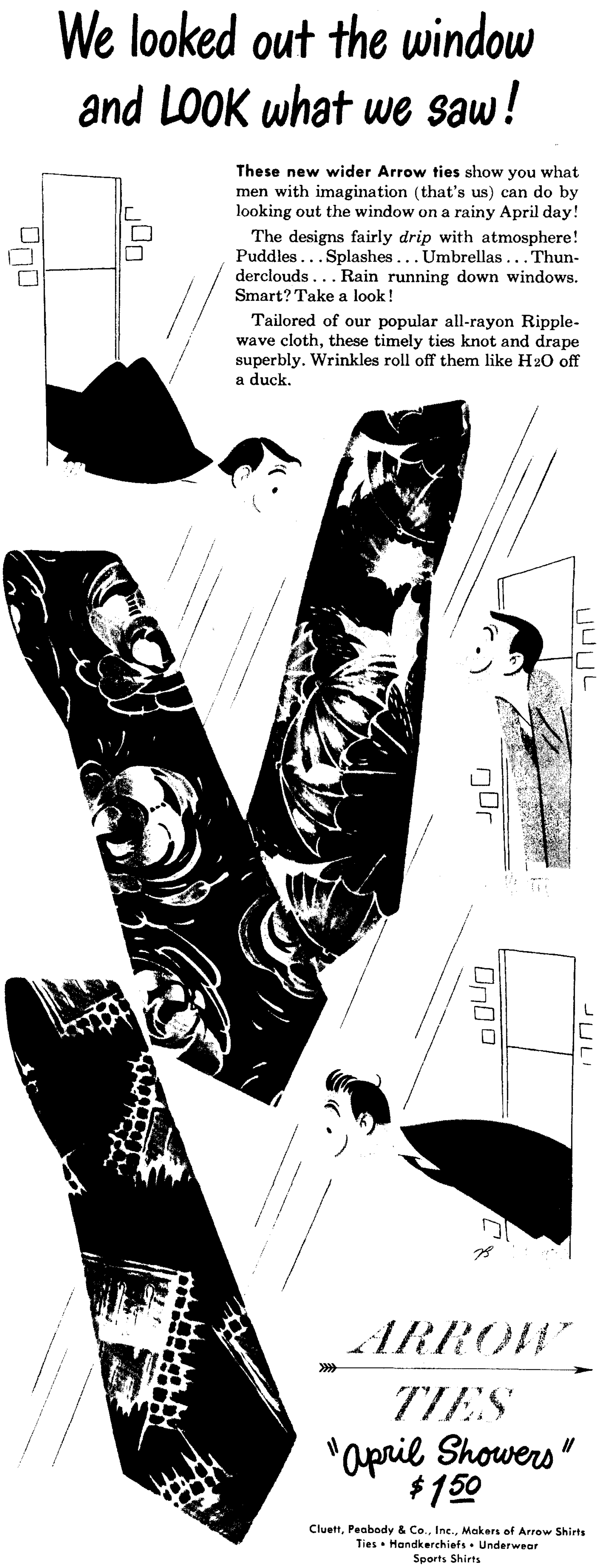
COLLIER'S "Brother! I've known couples fussy about protecting their baby from picking up a germ . . ." JEFF KEATE


We looked out the window and LOOK what we saw!

These new wider Arrow ties show you what men with imagination (that's us) can do by looking out the window on a rainy April day!

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Seaforth! FOR MEN
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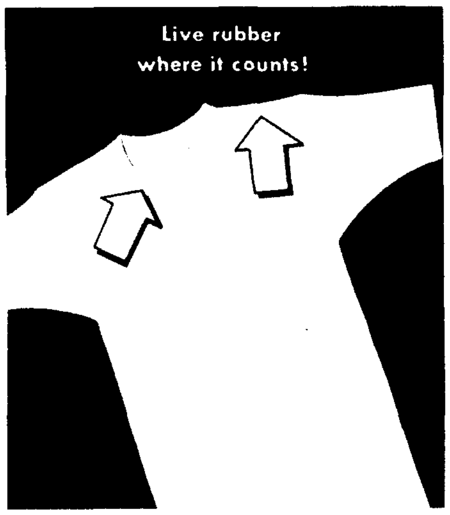
In handmade stoneware jug, Only 1.00



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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

beating I took, but also because then I went into a kind of slump. I felt that the world fell on top of me. I was very depressed. I never felt blue like that before in my whole life. And it was because of all the hardships. I mean, I'm a kid that likes to be happy and I don't want anybody to bother me and I surely wouldn't bother anybody else. I didn't want to talk to anybody. I didn't want to leave the house. I was in the house for three months after that fight, I wouldn't go out. I just stood in my house and I didn't want anybody to come over. I have a lot of pride and I didn't want anybody to pity me or say they were sorry for me. I hate to hear that. I always like to walk with my face up. But then they started asking me questions and questions, and everybody you met it was the same thing, and finally you blow your top.

Until after three months of sticking around the house, I started to go out a little. Then I decided to fight again. I knew I wasn't finished yet and I wanted to keep on fighting. I wanted to fight for my own self-reliance, for my own self, and also to make a little money for my family. So I started to train a little and all the guys up the gym, they were glad to see me back. They were strictly fighters and they knew what it was. So I felt pretty good, but not a hundred per cent good.

But they made me a match out in California with Fred Apostoli, who used to be the middleweight champion and who was making a comeback. And I went out to California and I didn't like it. I hate to travel. Ever since I was a kid, I just hate to travel. I can't go *any* place. When I used to live in New York, I hated to come to Brooklyn, I just feel funny. I don't want to leave New York.

So number one, right off the bat, I didn't feel right in going to California. And number two, when we got out there and I'm training, I got a cut on my nose. The sparring partner fell on me with his head and I required two stitches. So I couldn't box. I could just punch the bag, and that isn't enough, especially since I was off for a long time, eight or nine months. So I was pretty stale and rusty and I told my manager: I don't want to go through with this fight, I don't feel right.

And he said: Well, we're all the ways out here.

And I said: So what's the difference we were in England? What does that mean? Just tell the guy to postpone the fight until we get straight.

Oh, no, we can't do that.

Postponement Again Refused

They didn't know how I really felt. I didn't feel *good.* The way I was boxing, I saw I wasn't right, I wasn't ready. And a lot of guys out there thought they were doing me a favor, letting me fight at all. So two weeks before the fight, I try again to get them to postpone the fight, and then they refuse, I wire to my father-in-law in New York for three hundred dollars and he sends it to me and I take a plane and fly away.

I didn't figure it would be serious. I figured they would postpone the fight for a month or two and then we would fight again. I didn't consider it running out on a fight. When a fighter doesn't show up the day of a fight, *that's* running out on a fight. But I figured the promoter had two weeks' notice, he could make arrangements.

So I came back home, and the next day they gave me a little louse-up in the papers, and they suspended me in California, which automatically suspended me in the 46 states—I couldn't fight for NBA promoters in those states. And in New York I can't fight anyway. I didn't think it was that serious, that they would suspend you in 47 states. What the hell kind of business is that? I knew I was on a spot, but not that serious. I'll be suspended in California, but not the whole world. I couldn't even fight in Italy, where my grandparents came from. I couldn't fight in Italy, England, London, Ireland. The only place I could fight was in Japan and who the hell wants to fight there?

So I figured, I better give this business up. But then I thought of this guy, Jimmy Murray, the promoter out in California, and I felt bad about him. He treated me very well out there and here I was lousing him up. And anybody that's nice to me, I don't like to hurt them. So I figured I should at least go back out there and fight for the guy. So we called up Abe Greene again and he's a nice guy and he could see the good side of me. And he got in touch with them in California, and right now it's fixed up that I should fight Earl Turner, who is the guy that substituted for me and beat Apostoli. I'm going to fight anybody they match me with.

And I feel a little different now. If I had four eyes cut and two busted hands, I'd still fight. Because there's no other thing I can do right now but to fight. I mean, I got a wife and two kids now, two little girls, and we're going to have another, and what else can I do? I want to see my kids have a better break than I had.

And after I fight the Turner fight, I want to fight all the top-notch middleweights, Jake La Motta, Marcel Cerdan and Ray Robinson, even Gus Lesnevich, who is a light heavyweight, I want to fight him. I want to show everybody that I'm not scared, that I'm not afraid of anybody. I'm afraid of bullets and things like that, but I'm not afraid to fight anybody. I figure I got a few more years left.

And after I finish fighting, well, I got no idea. Maybe I might become a manager of fighters. To me, fighting is the best business around. It's got a crummy side, but it's also got a good side. And I would be a different kind of manager from the kind of manager that cuts his fighter 50 per cent.

I know that kind of manager. There used to be a lot of men like that, but not so much any more. I got a friend, a guy that used to be a main-bout fighter, he's blind now from fighting. When his manager sees him, he runs the other way.

When a Fighter's Washed Up

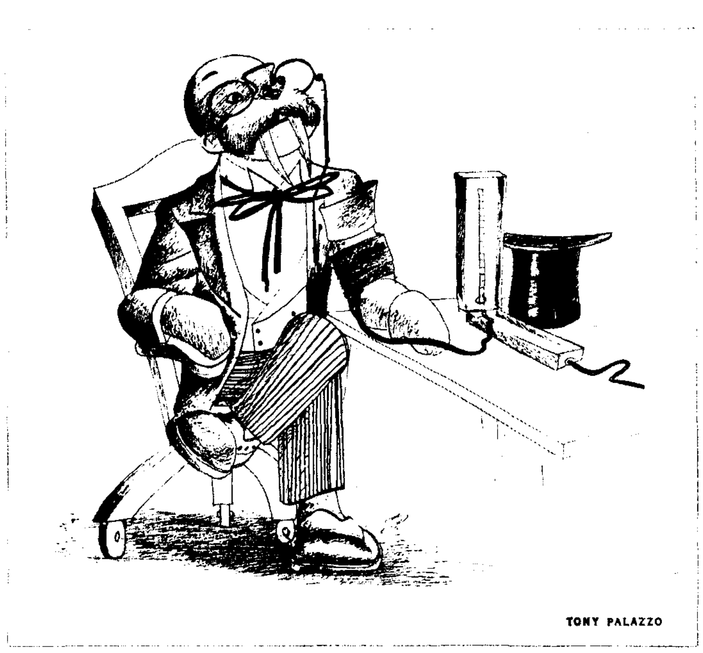
And I think there ought to be something done for a fighter like that, there's a lot of them like that and I think there should be a fund for them or like Social Security. Because when a fighter is finished, nobody wants him, sometimes not even his own. And there's a lot of money in boxing, but who gets most of it? Not the fighters. Why, I would fight today for a fighters' fund and donate all my money to it. Any time, any day. They're always making funds for somebody else, why not the fighters? Because fighters always come from poor families, like myself. Anybody with brains wouldn't fight. Anybody with a good head and an education isn't going to fight.

But the only thing I ever knew how to do was to fight. I don't know what I would of done if I hadn't of been a good fighter. I mean, I would try very hard, but if anybody bothered me, I'd break his head, the same as he would do to me. That's my way of expressing. I can't talk too well, every other word out of me is an East Side word, and that's the way I live and I'll always be like that. That's the story in a nutshell.

THE END

SENATOR WALRUS:

on Compulsory Health Insurance

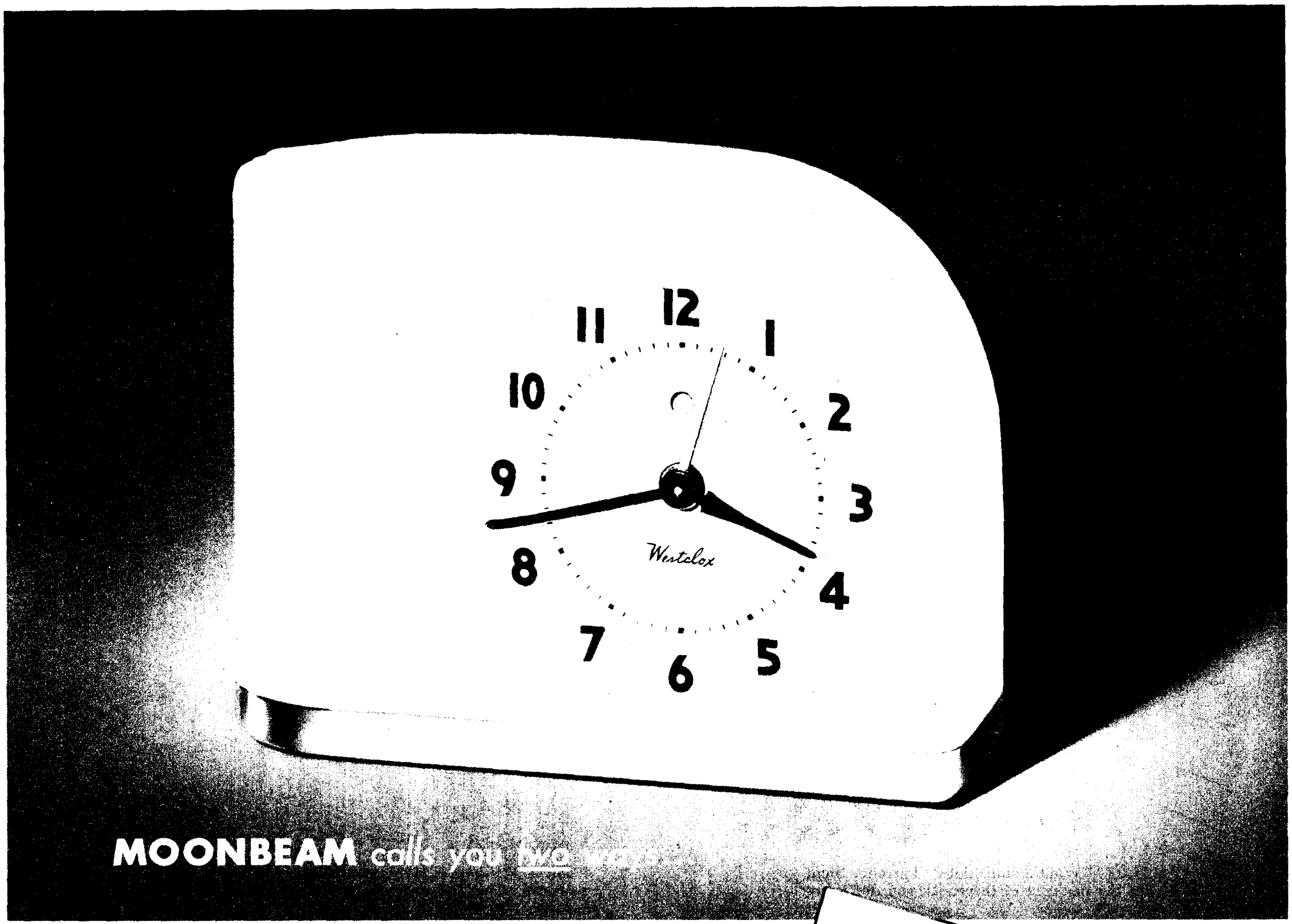


To pin me down on *this,* me lad,
Would take a bit of doing;
Indeed, a needle need be had
To pin me down on *this,* me lad:
Compulsion? *Oik!* it sounds as mad
As regimented wooing;
(To pin me down on *this,* me lad
Would take a bit of doing).

—AL GRAHAM

WESTCLOX ANNOUNCES

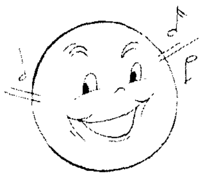
a new and completely different kind of Electric "Alarm"



MOONBEAM *calls you two ways*

FIRST HE WINKS . . .

A blinking light that silently calls you in the morning, without rousing the rest of the family.



THEN HE RINGS . . .

If you ignore the light, and don't shut it off, he gives out with a cheerful sounding alarm that wakes the deepest sleeper.

The Moonbeam is a beauty, too! Gracefully designed in a handsome white plastic case with gold-colored base. . . . Made by the makers of Big Ben, America's most famous clock. The Moonbeam is $9.95.

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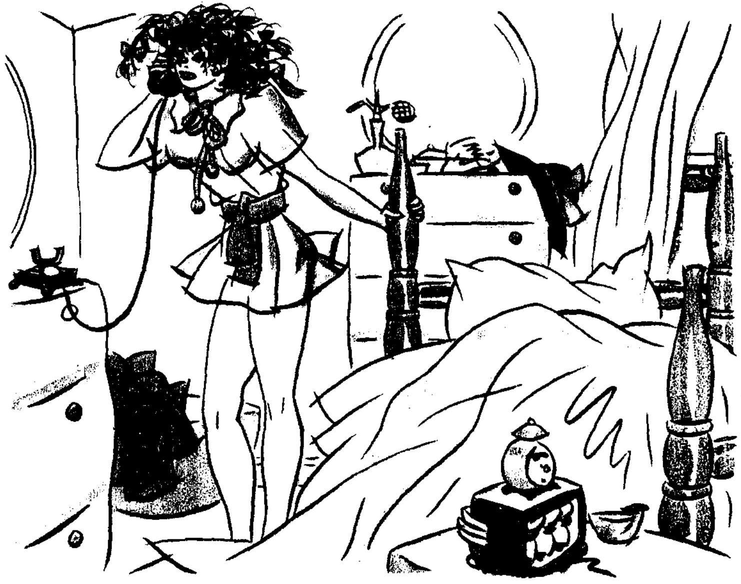
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BIG BEN*
Products of **GENERAL TIME** *Instruments Corp.*

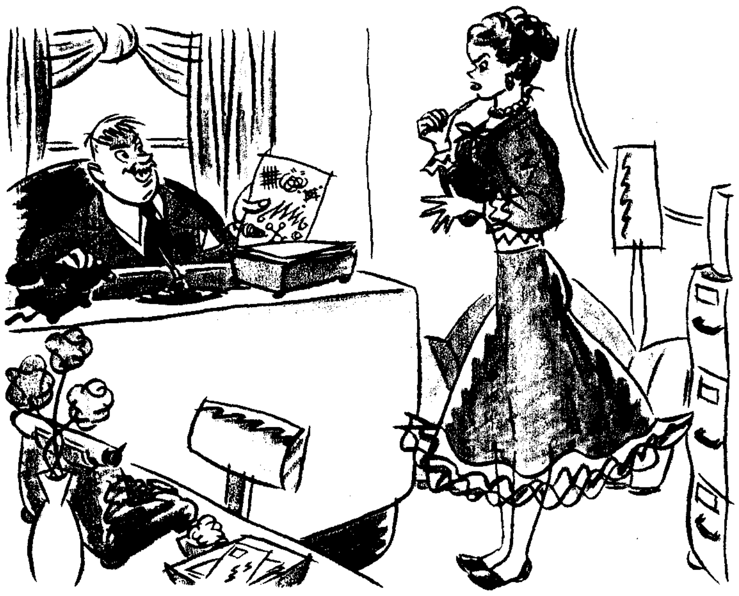
price quoted does not include tax and is subject to change • WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois; in Canada, Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ontario. *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

9:04 to 4:57

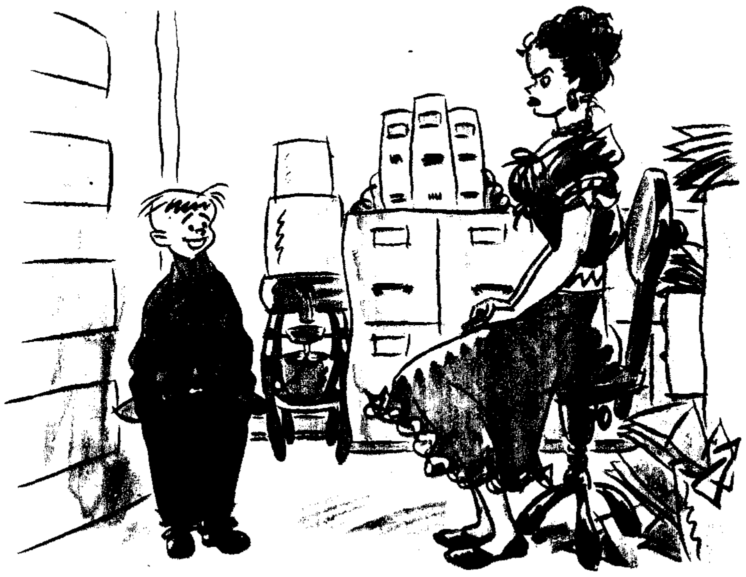
If Cartoonist Jefferson Machamer seems to imply that redheaded secretaries aren't reliable, he's only fooling



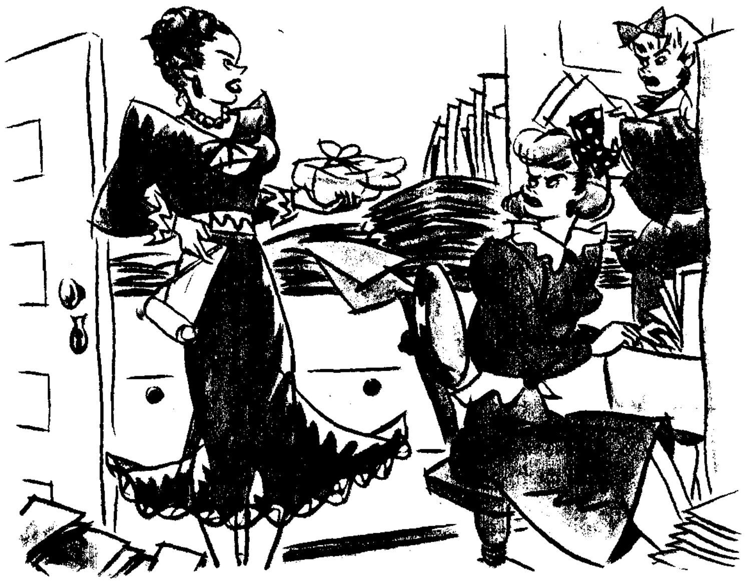
9:04—"Alarm failed, eh? Well, we start work at nine! Take a letter!"



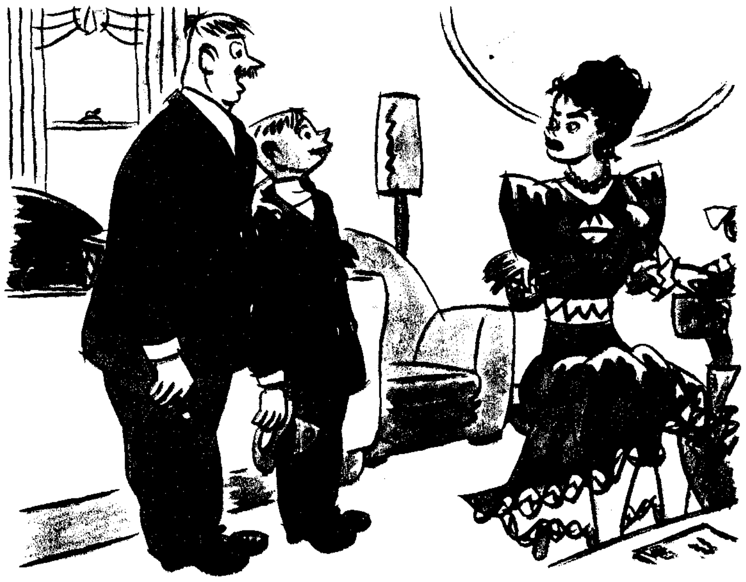
10:28—"It's quite simple, Miss. I sit and think and doodle while I think, and then you transcribe my doodles"



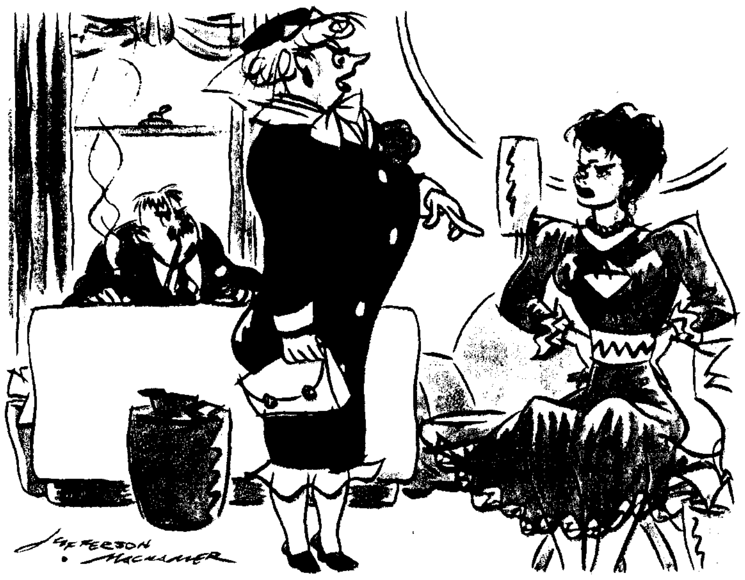
11:31—"Want a lunch date? I arrange them for ten per cent of the check you don't pay"



Noon—"The boss is taking me to lunch. Here're a liverwurst on wheat and two bananas. Do I hear thirty cents?"



3:46—"This is my son and heir, Miss, in the event you entertain silly son-of-the-boss romantics!"



4:57—"Don't misunderstand, dear! You're lovely, intelligent, a perfect—perhaps—secretary! But I think you need a new employer!"

How the low-built Hudson sets the pace in motor-car design

The modern design for '49

You can hear it in university laboratories—in industry engineering departments—around automotive testing grounds!

Yes, science has discovered, and now the whole world knows, that the lower to the ground a car can be built, the more graceful its lines can be made, the better it will perform and ride, the more surely it will handle and the safer it will be!

Yet whenever the industry has tried to approach the ideal in a low-built car, *without lowering the interior floor,* it has been necessary to keep top lines high to preserve inside head room, or reduce inside roominess to get top lines down—depriving driver and passengers of important advantages in either case.

But now you are invited to see and ride in the lowest-built car on the highway; the exciting New Hudson that, because of its *recessed floors,* asks neither driver nor passengers to give up anything! On the contrary, this car gives *more* of all the most-wanted things in motoring!

You'll see that this near miracle is accomplished because Hudson is the only car you step *down* into, which permits lounge-size seats to be moved down to harmonize with the new, lower top. You'll find that, as a result, Hudson, which is just five feet from ground to top, provides amazing interior head room and the roomiest seats in any mass-produced car built today—and still maintains ample road clearance!*

You'll quickly note that Hudson has authentic, low-built beauty because the "step-down" principle is so basically right it frees designers of the need for makeshift styling, enables Hudson to achieve pleasing proportions and symmetric, free-flowing lines that set a new standard for motor-car beauty.

As you take the wheel, you'll sense that Hudson's great power plant gets every chance to perform at its brilliant best; because this car is the lowest built, most streamlined of them all—*the* modern design for '49!

You'll find that, with the lowest center of gravity in any American stock car, Hudson provides a smooth, steady, hug-the-road way of going over all kinds of surfaces, especially on curves, that gives you a world of assurance—a feeling of safety beyond anything you've known before!

The nearest Hudson dealer is ready now to show you the automobile that is so far ahead it is a *protected investment* in motor-car value. Won't you visit him soon? Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

★ ★ ★

Only Hudson Brings You All These PLUS FEATURES!

Automatic gear shifting in forward speeds with Hudson Drive-Master Transmission†—shifts *only* when you want, but does all the work . . . your choice, high-compression **Super-Six** or ***Super-Eight*** engine—the most powerful American Six built today, and a masterful Eight . . . ***Triple-Safe Brakes***—finest hydraulic system with reserve mechanical system on same pedal, plus finger-tip release parking brake . . . ***Weather-Control***†—Hudson's heater-conditioned-air system . . . ***Super-Cushion Tires*** . . . ***Center-Point Steering*** . . . and more than 20 other exciting features on display at the nearest Hudson dealer's.

†*Optional at slight extra cost.*

★ ★ ★

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series with luxuriously panelled, beautifully fitted interiors. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

The only car you step down into

New Hudson

**The many additional advantages in Hudson's "step-down" principle of design are fully explained and illustrated in a booklet available at the nearest Hudson dealer's.*

That air of smartness...
it's yours in
Smartair
Smartair
's FINE LEISURE WEAR
sconsin
ers of Rainfair

Four-pocket corduroy jackets set the pace in style

For Spring's smartest idea in casual comfort, see the bright, new array of Smartair jackets. A flattering favorite is the four-pocket, wide-shouldered model of Juilliard corduroy...in eleven handsome colors. Perfect dress-mates to these jackets are Smartair's slacks of 100% virgin wool gabardine. Full-bodied yet comfortable, they're yours to blend into personalized leisure suits. (Corduroy jackets, about $19.00; gabardine slacks, about $17.50.) See them at better men's stores, or write for free style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

THRILL PILLS CAN RUIN YOU

Continued from page 20

either lax or nonexistent. In the last decade, the annual sales of barbiturates have increased 300 per cent, reaching an all-time high in 1947. The death toll from barbiturates has jumped 600 per cent in the same period, making them the nation's number one poison killer.

Of course, the history of barbiturates is not completely black. Since their discovery in 1903 they have become one of medicine's most valuable tools. Yet all doctors know that the drugs are frightfully dangerous when misused.

More than a decade ago the American Medical Association warned, "The evils of these drugs include habit formation, toxic cumulative action, [and] their substitution for alcoholic beverages for drunken episodes. Their improper use is a recognized causative factor in many motor accidents and, in some criminal assaults."

Agonizing Mental Experience

When medical men describe the barbiturates as habit-forming rather than addicting, they do not mean that the habit is not hard to break. They are merely referring to the fact that the barbiturate user can stop taking the pills without suffering the great physical discomfort felt by the narcotic addict. But the mental torment in breaking the barbiturate habit is an agonizing experience.

Nevertheless, under the pressure of modern living, thousands are turning to barbiturates in search of escape. All the warnings in the world won't stop them as long as helter-skelter law enforcement makes it possible to obtain the drugs. The term "sleeping pill" has become a misnomer for substances which are increasingly being used as thrill drugs known as "goof balls," "yellow jackets," "red devils" and "red birds."

Just exactly what is the effect of these drugs that are causing both individual and national tragedy? The barbiturates are hypnotics, drugs which depress the central nervous system. They create a sort of twilight zone in which the brain is only partially inhibited. Certain parts of the brain are put out of action, other parts remain active and the resultant effect is one of chaos similar to that which would take place in an engine if some of the parts were to move forward while others were in reverse.

In 1946 a Collier's article warned that the barbiturate drugs constituted a serious national menace. Since then there has been some legislative action aimed at curbing their illegal distribution. New York City, where the problem was particularly bad, set up its own enforcement agency. Pennsylvania put new teeth into its drug statutes. Illinois passed a model law.

While it would be pleasant to report that the situation is improving, the brutal truth is that day by day it is getting not better but worse—much worse. Typical of the cases still confronting authorities was that in Harlan County, Kentucky, where a miner went into a rage and tried to kill one of his fellow workers. He was found to possess a quantity of "yellow jackets." A few days later another worker collapsed and died after emerging from the mines. His death was diagnosed as barbiturate poisoning. It was then that the facts came to light. Peddlers were working the coal fields, persuading the workers to buy the capsules at prices of from 25 cents to $1 each.

To get an idea of the immensity of the problem, look at the deadly, upward march of barbiturate production as revealed by the U.S. Tariff Commission, which keeps a complete record of drug manufacture. A decade ago it was 250,000 pounds a year. In 1947, the last year for which final figures are available, it was 900,100 pounds.

Estimates place 1948 production at over 1,000,000 pounds! Translate that into terms of one-grain capsules and you can get some idea of what such a figure means. There are 7,000 grains in a pound—that means more than 50 one-grain capsules for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Has there been any great medical advance calling for this startling increase in the use of barbiturates? Definitely no, says the American Medical Association. The AMA believes, furthermore, that vigorous editorials in its journal have helped to educate doctors to the need for greater caution in the prescription of the barbiturate drugs. Substantiation of this is found in a statement made in January of this year by the American Pharmaceutical Association, the organization which represents the nation's pharmacies. It indicated that barbiturate prescriptions had actually dropped rather than increased.

Officials of the Food and Drug Administration, faced with the colossal task of stemming the rising tide of misused barbiturates, have a grim interpretation of where the vastly increased amount of drugs is going. They believe that a substantial part of the increase is pouring into illegitimate channels, which get the yellow and red capsules into the hands of people who should not be allowed to have sleeping pills at all.

The only federal law to keep the barbiturates in legitimate channels is the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938, which was never designed to cope with such a problem as this. Its shortcomings are made worse by the fact that there are only 230 harassed and overworked field agents in the Food and Drug Administration.

State backing for the hard-pressed federal inspectors varies. Ten states have absolutely no laws against the indiscriminate sale of the drugs. They are Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Wyoming, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. Other states have laws on the books, but back them up like one Eastern state which has one part-time official, a drugstore proprietor. There are only a few states, like New Jersey and Minnesota, where there are adequate laws and sufficient numbers of enforcement officers.

A Drug-Drink Disaster

A further complication of the barbiturate problem is illustrated in a case described by Dr. Austin Smith, famed toxicologist of the American Medical Association. Dr. Smith tells of a college professor's wife who had never cared for alcoholic beverages, but was persuaded to try them with a barbiturate. In a few months she had become not only a habitual user of sleeping pills but also a confirmed alcoholic. This combination of alcoholism and the barbiturate habit is relatively common, but while alcoholism has received vast publicity, the related use of the drug has gone almost unnoticed.

The combination of the two brings on an effect that is explosive. Simultaneously, the user gets a drug that tries to put his system to sleep and alcohol which tries to stimulate it. The resultant tug of war for control can bring about a wallop that makes any strictly alcoholic concoction seem like an ice-cream soda.

The files of the Food and Drug Administration, the U.S. Public Health Service and the records of hospitals bulge with horrifying cases like that of a woman picked up on the streets of a

Southern city. Under the influence of the drugs, she had gone on a rampage, ending in a fall which broke both her jaws and knocked out several teeth. Investigators were shocked to discover that a few years earlier, the battered and haggard woman had been a famous beauty, a model for a department store. Now she was operating as a prostitute in a shabby hotel. She testified in court that her downfall resulted from her inability to escape the barbiturate habit.

Anyone who habitually uses the drugs to excess is engaging in a courtship with death. Figures released by the U.S. Public Health Service reveal that 436 people died of accidental barbiturate poisoning in 1946, the last year for which such statistics are available. On top of this were 538 sleeping-pill suicides. In addition, many deaths officially attributed to other causes may have resulted from barbiturate poisoning.

The confirmed user of barbiturates has plenty of chances to kill himself. He may die from slow poisoning. His weakened system may succumb to illnesses or injuries which he might otherwise have survived. He may be killed in an accident resulting from a barbiturate blackout. He may commit suicide by taking an overdose.

TAXI
CITY LAB
20¢

"My son-in-law will come storming out of the house in a minute and pay you"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Where do people get these dangerous hypnotics? The answer to that question involves the whole process of barbiturate manufacture and distribution. Because the federal law and most state laws do not require careful records of their distribution, manufacturers and wholesalers do not find it necessary to exercise great care in the sale of their product. The result is that large quantities of the barbiturates are falling into the hands of unscrupulous distributors.

In Baltimore, police noticed that a certain neighborhood had an outbreak of crime. Men picked up in the area were found to possess barbiturate capsules. The crime wave was traced to a tavern, whose bartender was selling "red devils" as a profitable side line.

While most of the nation's 55,000 pharmacies abide by high standards of ethics, a few callous pharmacists are enough to release a flood of illicit barbiturates. A drugstore in a small Middle Western town was found to have sold 9,268 capsules without prescriptions in four months. A California drugstore had prescriptions for just 28 capsules in its files; for the period they covered it had sold 10,853 without prescriptions!

What can be done to solve the pressing barbiturate problem? Dr. Paul Dunbar, the Food and Drug Administrator, who is in one of the best positions to have an authoritative grasp of the situation, sums it up this way:

"We have always recognized that the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act is not well suited to the control of a traffic which lends itself so well to an under-cover, bootleg type of operation. There are two approaches to the solution of the problem. One is the enactment of a federal statute comparable to the Federal Narcotic Act. The other is the passage of uniform state and local legislation . . . We think, however, that it is unrealistic to expect uniform legislation and support of vigorous enforcement in 48 separate states. The alternative, then, it seems to us, is some form of federal enactment similar to the Federal Narcotic Act."

Just such a bill was proposed to the 79th Congress by Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts. The bill was killed in committee. It met a similar fate in the 80th Congress. Undaunted, Mrs. Rogers plans to reintroduce the bill to the new Congress. The measure would:

Restrict sales to prescriptions.

Forbid the refilling of prescriptions, except those designated by a doctor.

Limit delivery of barbiturates to pharmacists and physicians.

Place tight controls on manufacturers.

Provide stiff penalties for violations.

While the federal measure waits its turn in the full hoppers of 81st Congress legislation, legislators in such states as Ohio, California and New York are fighting hard to get action on the state front. Whatever the method chosen for regulation, no one can deny that the time has come to do something to stop the kind of murder-by-capsule that occurred in a recent case cracked by Food and Drug inspectors.

Grim Picture of Disaster

In a squalid apartment in Kansas City, police found the body of a woman. The evidence in that one-room hell showed that before she died, alone and haunted in the dim half-world of the sleeping-pill addict, she had become an animal, crawling about on all fours, eating food off the floor, tearing at the furnishings of the room.

Amid the debris, inspectors found a little white box containing a few red capsules. After a search, they located the woman's husband. Head buried in his hands, he told them a story of despair. For years his wife had taken increasing quantities of the capsules that had transformed her from a decent housewife into a half-demented shadow of herself. He had pleaded with her to go to a sanatorium, but she had always refused. Eventually they had separated.

Where had she obtained the capsules? They had come by mail from a druggist in California, a man named Harry Skepner. The man knew this much because his wife had repeatedly received C.O.D. packages that cost her from $20 to $78, for bottles of from 500 to 1,000 tablets. The inspectors asked him to join them in an experiment. The man signed his wife's name to a note addressed to Skepner, asking for "another order." In due course of time a box came, addressed to the dead woman. The inspectors went to work to round up other cases, and found that this single Hollywood druggist was selling tens of thousands of the capsules to people all over the country.

Harry Skepner was found guilty, fined $2,000 and put on probation for three years. But every American may well ponder the question: How many like him are going to go right on doing business unless strong laws, strongly enforced, stop their traffic in misery and death? ☐☐☐

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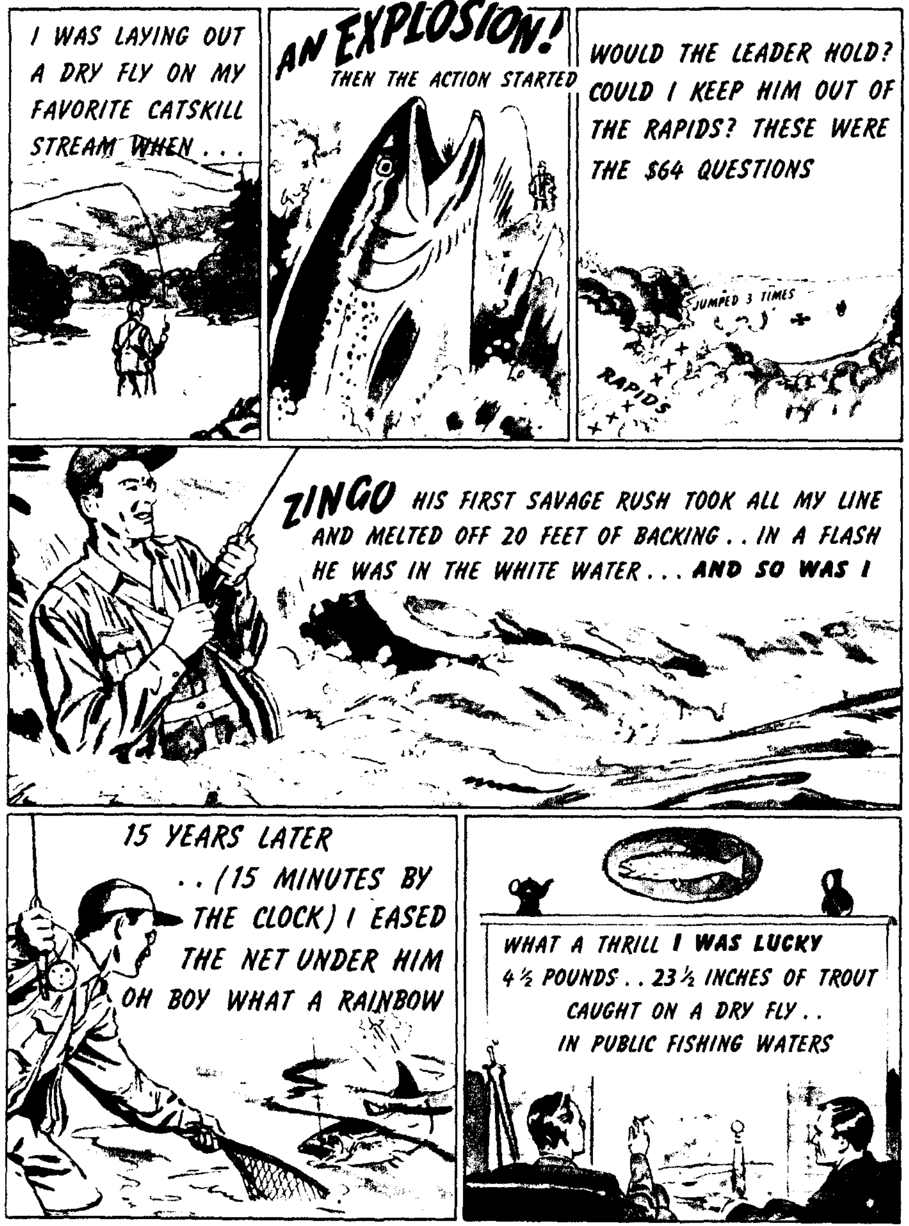
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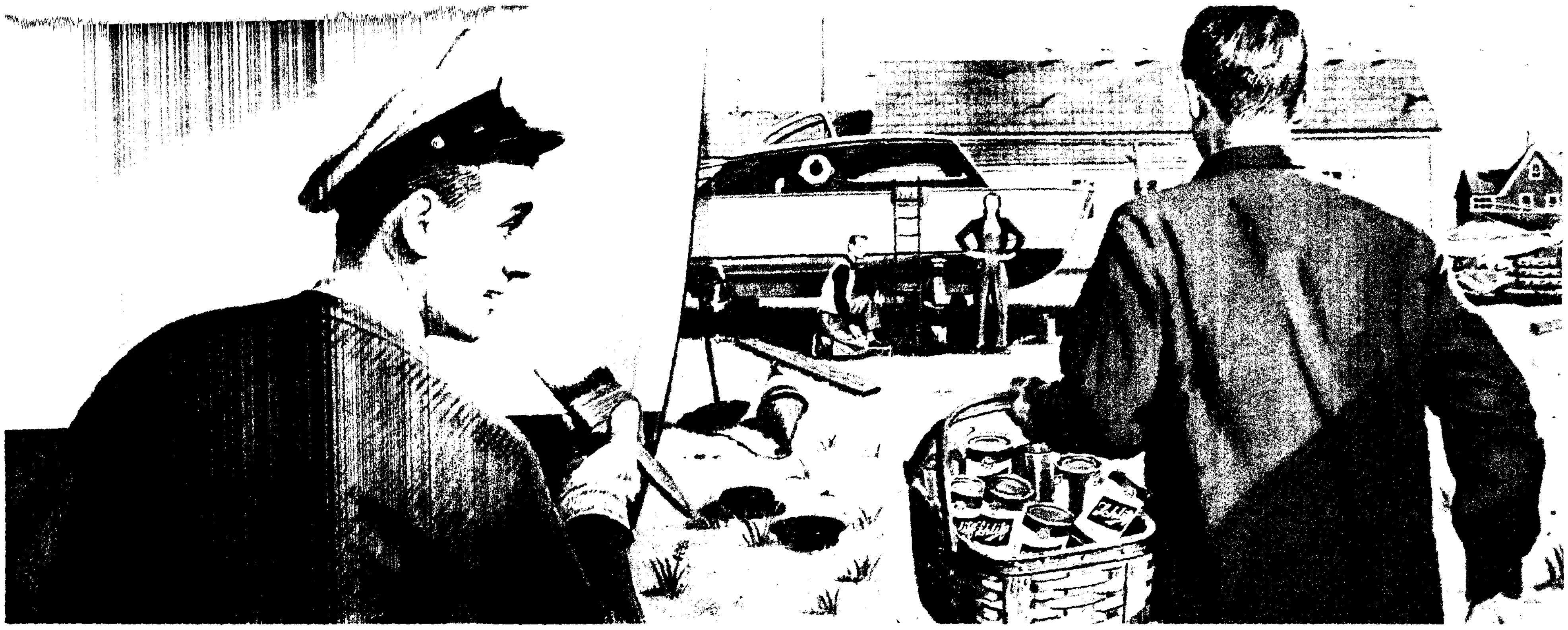

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In his swank New York penthouse, Matty Fox chats with two prominent Indonesian women—Mrs. Soedarpo Sastrosatomo and Mrs. Soemitro Djojohadikoesoemo

Fox Of The Indies

By BILL DAVIDSON

Matthew Fox, once the Boy Wonder of Hollywood, has plunged into the affairs of the Republic of Indonesia and become one of the world's controversial figures. Few of the stories he has used in movies are as fantastic as his own

MR. MATTHEW FOX, the renowned young Hollywood movie magnate, made ready to betake himself to Indonesia on a business trip last December. Ordinarily, when film executives of Fox's stature embark on such a journey, their needs are simple—two dozen suits, 50 or so sport jackets, bathing trunks, portable steam room, valet, masseur, manicurist, secretary, dancing girls, psychoanalyst, magnums of champagne, contracts, fountain pens and vials of ulcer-placating medications. Fox's requirements, however, were different. First, he purchased a bullet-proof vest; next he interviewed bodyguards and selected their armament; finally, he consulted daily reports from a far-flung intelligence system.

Brother Fox never made this trip. The aforesaid intelligence informed him that if he set foot in Indonesia, very likely he would be found dead in a ditch, with a hammer and sickle chalked onto the bullet-proof vest; after which a leading Communist would be tried and executed for the crime—a neat case of killing two birds with one stone. So Fox's plane left without him.

On December 19th, just after this plane arrived in Jokyakarta, capital of the Indonesian Republic, Dutch paratroopers dropped in on the city and put the government of the republic snugly behind bars. Five hours earlier, however, a Fox representative, ex-Hearst reporter John C. Lee, had flown out of Jokyakarta to Manila, carrying with him Indonesian government valuables.

As all this might indicate, Fox is an extremely unusual young man—even for a movie executive. In fact, the balding, thirty-eight-year-old ex-Boy Wonder who helped rescue Universal Pictures from the wilderness of near bankruptcy has little time for cinematic activities any more. Although he still is a director of Universal and board chairman of the largest educational film outfit in the business, Fox currently is pursuing a near-full-time career as the Lafayette of Indonesia. This is what he is called by R. Soedjatmoko, an Indonesian delegate to the United Nations.

For the past year, because the Dutch blockade has cut off the Indonesian Republic from the sources of its wealth, Fox's money advances have been paying the expenses of the Indonesian delegations in Paris and in the United States. He is a fifty-fifty partner with the Indonesian government

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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in an official agency called the American-Indonesian Corporation, through which the Indonesian Economics Ministry will buy American products for government needs after the Dutch blockade is lifted.

In Indonesia, Fox is a national hero, known universally to the population as "Matti." In the Netherlands, he is a public enemy, and the subject of more scathing propaganda than most Nazis received.

Many American left wingers and conservatives (notably Westbrook Pegler) claim that Fox merely wants to substitute Fox imperialism for Dutch imperialism, taking over the exploitation of the Indonesians for the personal enrichment of Fox.

This also is the view of some State Department officials. However, others feel that Fox, who has already poured nearly $500,000 of his personal fortune into the venture, is a genuine idealist acting out the part of financier of a non-Communist revolution.

This transition from Hollywood character to financier of a revolution is not as abrupt as it sounds. During the early stages of the recent war, Fox was one of the guiding geniuses on the Planning Committee of the War Production Board. It was he who reorganized and helped conduct the monumental national scrap collection drive that brought in the millions of tons of paper and metals so badly needed for munitions. Later, he became one of Eisenhower's officers in the European Theater of Operations.

At one time or another, he has been the angel of corporations producing such items as an "everlasting" match that can be struck over and over again, the first ball-point pen, three-dimensional advertising displays, metal-coated plastics, industrial diamonds produced from waste diamonds, and the plastic balloon bubbles that everyone was blowing a couple of years ago.

Business Career Begins Early

The pudgy Matty Fox was born in Racine, Wisconsin, on February 4, 1911. His father was ill from the time Matty was eight years old (the elder Fox died nine years later), and young Matty had to begin his promotions at an early age—out of the sheer necessity of survival. When he was nine years old, Fox was an usher in Racine's Rialto Theater, and as he increased in size he became progressively doorman, poster man and display signman.

At the age of thirteen, he established an agency to collect bad debts—an enterprise that was inordinately successful since, as he describes it, "people were embarrassed at refusing to pay debts to a scrawny kid with a running nose and a hole in his pants."

When he was fifteen, he left school and got a job in a film distributing office in Milwaukee. That was the beginning of his movie career. He became manager of a theater in Milwaukee, and then manager of the Hempstead (Long Island) Theater, where he helped kill vaudeville by offering his house as a try-out theater for big-name in-person stage shows, which soon supplanted regular vaudeville in the New York area.

Movie Deal Benefits Fox

Fox kept rising in the movie world until he was chief film buyer for the Skouras Circuit. Then, in 1936, came a deal which shook the motion picture business. Carl Laemmle, Sr., suddenly sold his struggling Universal Pictures to a group of purchasers headed by J. Cheever Cowdin, who brought in RKO's Nate J. Blumberg. Blumberg was Matty Fox's brother-in-law. Before anyone knew what had happened, the twenty-five-year-old Fox was installed at Universal as vice-president in charge of reorganization. He was the youngest executive in the business—the equivalent of Margaret O'Brien playing Mrs. Miniver.

Fox reorganized like mad. Out went the deadwood, and in came new ideas. When the Japanese bombed the American gunboat Panay in China, a Universal Newsreel cameraman was aboard, and Fox capitalized on that. He sparkplugged operations at the studio which had only Deanna Durbin as an inherited asset. He helped land W. C. Fields and Abbott and Costello. He got Mae West for $50,000 when she was in the movie-industry doghouse for uttering an indelicate remark over the radio and into the ears of the nation's innocent small fry. And he talked Charles Boyer into a role on a train between Albuquerque and Los Angeles.

This period is full of Foxiana. One of the most famous incidents involved Universal's attempt to keep W. C. Fields in the fold, after the bulbous-nosed comedian got into a genuine feud with Edgar Bergen and expressed desires to demolish *both* Bergen and Charlie McCarthy with an ax during the filming of their first picture for Universal, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man. Fields wanted to kill off Charlie McCarthy at the beginning of the picture, and cut out all other scenes involving Bergen and the saucy dummy. When the film was released without Fields having the opportunity to do said cutting, he vowed that he would never set foot on the Universal lot again.

A few weeks later, Fox drove out to see Fields at the comedian's Brentwood home. He knew that Fields had an unholy and unreasonable hatred of bankers.

"I'm sorry we couldn't let you cut the film, Bill," he said, "but those bankers really were on our necks."

"What bankers?" asked Fields, pricking up his ears.

"Oh, didn't you know?" said Fox, making up the story as he went along. "The New York bankers that lent us the money to make the picture insisted that we release it by a certain date, or they would ask for their money back. That's why we didn't have time to do any cutting."

"Why, the dirty so-and-so's," said Fields. Whereupon he launched a tirade against the entire banking profession.

Finally Fields said, "I'm so mad, I'd like to do a picture making bankers look like fools—stealing money from tellers, secretaries on their laps all the time. The works."

"Fine," said Fox, whipping out a contract. And back went Fields to Universal to make The Bank Dick.

After two years of such ups and downs, Universal, which had been losing $2,000,000 a year, was showing a profit of from $7,000,000 to $11,000,000 a year.

When World War II broke out, Fox's business sagacity was remembered in Washington by members of Donald Nelson's staff who had had dealings with him, and the Boy Wonder was summoned to Washington to become an assistant in the War Production Board, where a year later he was moved up to the Planning Committee under economist Robert R. Nathan.

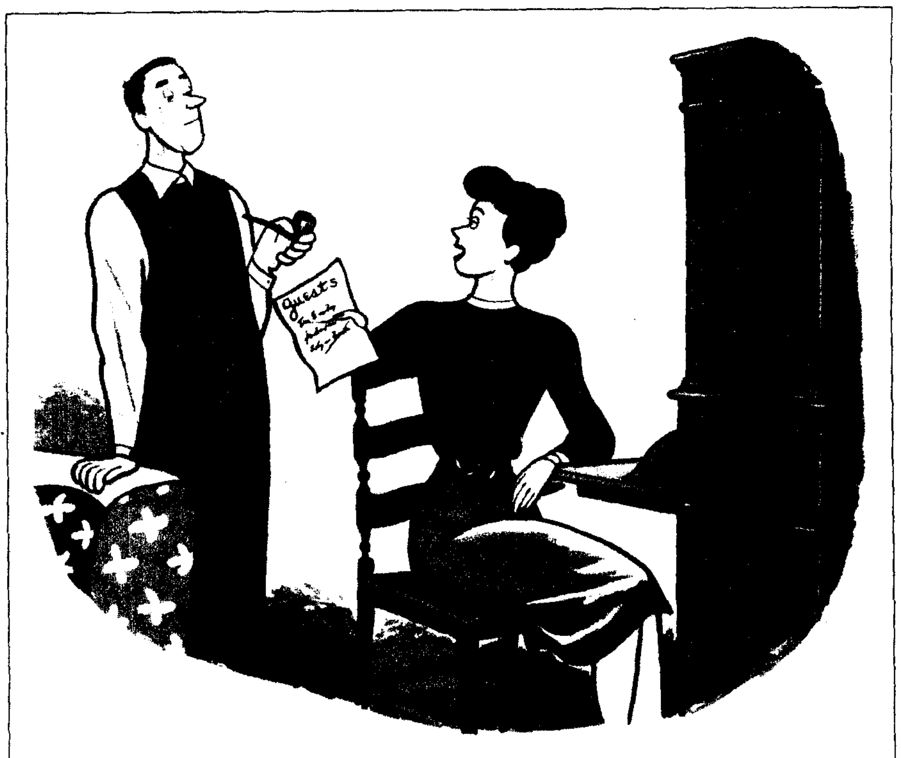
Nathan used Fox as one of his chief trouble shooters, sending him around to administer a shot in the arm to the operating committee of any industry that was lagging behind in war production. Fox sopped up so much economic knowledge that he became a close associate of Donald Nelson, head of the WPB.

In August, 1943, he got into the U.S. Army by the simple expedient of enlisting as a private. He remained a footslogging G.I. until February, 1944, when Supreme Headquarters in London discovered that he knew more about movie and photo coverage than anyone else in the vicinity. He was then put in charge of photographic coverage for SHAEF, and the Army made him a warrant officer, and later a major, because it would have been unseemly for a private to be directing a division of public relations.

Unusual Military Reputation

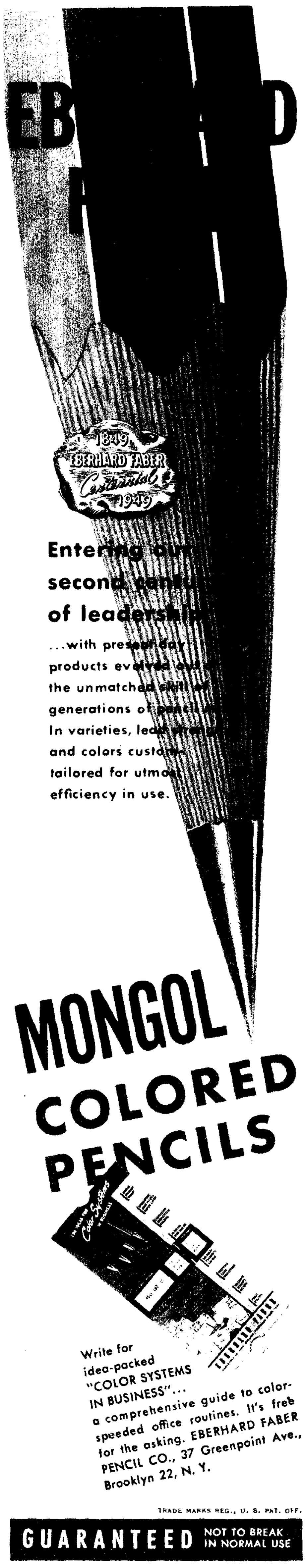
Major Fox became one of the most unusual military men in the European Theater of Operations. He rented a swank apartment in London, and a house staffed with servants on the Rue Dosne in Paris. He hobnobbed with Cabinet officers and generals, and there are unconfirmed legends extant that he lived in a tent in a London park at one time to beat the housing shortage; that ambassadors and Roosevelt emissaries were his house guests; that he dated Winston Churchill's daughter; that he flew unauthorized combat missions as a gunner-observer with the Air Force; and that he was an adviser to General Eisenhower.

The legends may or may not be based on fact. What *is* true and on the record is that Fox got invaluable D-Day photos of the Normandy coast by borrowing 200 obsolete Air Force cameras and



"We might invite Dr. Colmore. I've been worried about Betty Jean's sore throat"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN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mounting them in the bows of landing craft; and that, as U.S. Army Supervisor of war production in the liberated areas, under General Eisenhower he played an active role in solving the supply problems of the last days of the war.

He became a civilian again in September of 1945, and immediately got involved in a bewildering series of business enterprises. Then one day in November, 1947, one of his wartime Washington associates came to him and said that the Indonesian delegations in this country were destitute. The Dutch police action had split Java, and an American bank was hesitant about honoring an $80,000 credit deposited in the Indonesians' name. At that time, Fox didn't know an Indonesian from an Indian, but he said okay, he would cover the $80,000.

A few days later, Fox came down with an attack of the flu. While he was languishing in his supercolossal, king-size penthouse bed, his butler suddenly announced one day that he had an Indonesian visitor. It was Dr. Soemitro Djojoadikoesoemo, the Republic of Indonesia's Trade Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. He had come personally to thank Fox.

The fascinated Fox began to ask questions about Indonesia, and the conversation lasted for six weeks—the life-span of the flu viruses. Dr. Soemitro told Fox that during 350 years of Dutch colonialism, Indonesia, the richest raw material area in the world, developed one of the world's highest illiteracy rates (94 per cent), and one of the lowest standards of living for the natives. He convinced Fox that this was a fight for freedom like the American Revolution, that the Indonesian constitution was patterned after the American Constitution, and that the Republic wanted to tie its economy to the United States and shake off the Dutch cartel monopoly.

Fox, in turn, gave Dr. Soemitro much-needed information about American business methods. He advised him to set up a government trade agency in the United States to speed commerce between the two countries after the lifting of the Dutch blockade. Soemitro beamed. "That's a good idea," he said, "but we don't have anyone at home who is familiar enough with American business interests. How would *you* like to help us out with the agency?" And that's how the so-called Fox agreement was born—one of the most controversial trade pacts ever signed.

Agency Has Two-Fold Duty

The agreement set up the American-Indonesian Corporation, in which Fox owns 51 per cent of the stock and the Indonesian government owns 49 per cent. Profits are split on a fifty-fifty basis, and the agency's duties are two-fold: (a) to try to interest American companies in setting up shop in Indonesia to tap the islands' fabulous resources, and (b) to sell Indonesian government-owned raw materials, and buy American products—for the Indonesian government only. There is no attempt to regulate the trade of private enterprise, which is allowed to deal as it pleases, outside the jurisdiction of the American-Indonesian Corporation.

The corporation gets a 5 per cent fee for all goods bought or sold in the United States for the government; and the government has complete veto power over Fox's contract negotiations for development projects in Indonesia.

Although the Indonesians seem perfectly satisfied with it, the Fox Agreement touched off a terrific clamor—especially among the Dutch and their American friends. Their story is that since Fox owns 51 per cent of the stock in the American-Indonesian Corporation, he is a one-man monopoly who will control all the riches of the Indies, government *and private.*

On the other hand Wendell Berge, former Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division, says: "The agreement does *not* provide a monopoly of the foreign trade between the Republic of Indonesia and the United States. The agreement conforms to the antitrust laws of the United States." And a large cross section of U.S. industry, seeing an opportunity to get an American wedge into the hitherto-forbidden exclusively Dutch economic area, has quietly lined up behind Fox with millions of dollars of promised credits.

Fox has not fared well at the hands of the State Department, which apparently fluctuates between love of the Indonesians and the Dutch. On February 10, 1949, a spokesman for that agency declared that the Fox Agreement did not have its blessing because it was monopolistic, and he berated Fox for encouraging the Indonesian Republic "to cling to an attribute of sovereignty, such as the control of its foreign trade, when the U.N. Good Offices Commission was trying to persuade the republic to enter a United States of Indonesia." This is the Dutch-sponsored plan that will wipe out the republic as a sovereign nation and make it just one state in a federal union tied to the Dutch crown.

In the meantime, however, not a nickel's worth of legal trade has got through the Dutch naval blockade. Fox spends a good deal of time flitting about on secret missions to places like New Delhi, Bangkok and Paris. When he is in New York, he lives alone (he is a bachelor) in his beautifully decorated nine-room penthouse which, because it is atop an office building—the Universal—requires a private garbage collector approved by the city, and special arrangements to get heat and air conditioning after business hours.

He is never alone and his guests are a strange combination of Hollywood characters, like director Anatole Litvak who comes to play gin rummy, and Indonesian officials, like Soemitro, Soedjatmoko, Soedarpo and Nicodemus Palar, who come to talk.

Often, Fox will flit back and forth between one room, where a card game is in progress, and another room where the Indonesians are working out an economic problem.

It is a strange struggle. Recently, Fox was asked what he would like the Indonesians to name after him, if they win their revolution. "The biggest new theater in the country," he blurted out. Then he said, "No. Make it a university."

I FLEW FOR ISRAEL

By JULIAN SWING

as told to QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Shocked by the injustices being suffered by Israel, Mr. Swing, an American Jew with a fine record in our Air Force, joined the Israelis and fought with them against the Arabs for nine months. Don't miss his thrilling story

In Collier's *next week*

A WIFE WALKS OUT

Continued from page 28

ways and means for patching matters up, for curing the wound and destroying the cause, and it always seemed to work out nicely in the end.

Only, Harbord thought at last, the trouble was that he was scared to death. It wasn't often that you realized how much another person was a part of you. That was the tritest thing in the world to say, but, like so many other trite sayings, it was the truth. He stood in the living room, smoking cigarette after cigarette without tasting or wanting them, and his mind turned back painfully into the past.

There was dancing to bad bands when you couldn't afford the places that had the good bands, and the time you fell off the horse and had to sit down gently for a week. There was swimming at the near-by beaches, and playing in the surf, hand in hand. There was the day you finally got an office of your own, with John Harbord, Architect, on the door, and she saw to the pictures and the furnishings; and there was the time she was sick and the specialist wouldn't say yes or no for a week and you went through all the declinations of hell.

There was also the time when you began to drink a little too much, because there didn't seem to be anything else to do, and there were the small, quiet quarrels, and the warning signals you didn't take quite seriously. And then—there was now.

HARBORD took quite a while about dressing. He shaved and showered, and put on a newly pressed suit. Then he stood in the middle of the living room and looked around, as if he had never seen it in the whole before. It was a good apartment, very good. It had a fireplace, and some better than average water colors, and a great many books, and the furniture had been made to use. It was the emptiest apartment in the city.

"Look," Harbord said. He hadn't meant to speak aloud, but there was no harm in it, and it broke the silence. "Look. It doesn't make sense. It was just—"

Then he thought, rebellious for the moment, that what really made no sense was to need someone so badly, and not to know where to search.

He could see her going out the door, carrying her luggage. She'd be wearing a green tweed suit, and a felt hat with a wide brim, and the deceptive kind of shoes that looked sleek and smart and still were good for walking. She wouldn't have had time to be too careful about make-up—some lipstick and a touch of powder would be the size of that. She'd have her brown hair brushed back a little carelessly. He'd always liked her appearance best when she was hurried. The wide mouth would be set, and the dark green eyes under the fine brows would be anxious and determined.

Harbord thought that there was nothing he wouldn't do to bring her back through the door once more.

But the immediate thing was to think out where she might have gone. She might have just felt like a breath of air and dropped in on a friend during the course of a walk. She might have left something last night at the Demings' and gone back for it. He seized on the idea—the cat had captured the mouse at last—and worried it around in his mind.

Then Harbord twisted his mouth, and let the idea go—the cat had found that the mouse was made of felt, and was a dreary imitation of the real thing. It had been a marvelous concept. It was so logical. A woman always took two packed bags with her when she called at the house of a friend for a mislaid compact.

Harbord looked down at the telephone for a long while before he dialed. Then he picked a number out of his mind and listened to the phone ring three times. Peter Ralston's voice was heavy with that special Sunday-morning weight they all knew so well, and Harbord realized, with a swift sinking of the heart, that she was not there. Of course, he had known it all along, but the sound of Ralston's hoarse hello was the proof.

He said, "Hello, Pete. Jack. Wake you up?"

"No. Hope you feel as lousy as I do."

"Thanks. The reason I called—" He knew, even as he talked, that it was absurdly elaborate. "I was still dozing when Mary went out, and she said she was going to drop in on somebody, but I didn't catch the name, and I was wondering if it were you people." The lame words tottered on: "I wanted her to pick something up for me on her way home, so—"

"Nope. Not here. But I've got an idea. Why don't you two drop in later and have a drink? I'll be alive in a couple of hours. Or dead forever."

Harbord said, "I don't know—Mary was talking about a show. I'll call you later. So long, and fry in your own juices."

He made three more calls. In each case the result was identical and the conversation nearly so. Then he called the Demings. He didn't want to, because it was likely to be a longish talk, and he could tell in advance what would be said.

Randy Deming's voice told him that its owner had had a couple of pick-me-ups. "Deming's Tavern. Closed for repairs."

"Hi," Harbord said. He went through the vocal motions automatically, from long experience, not having to give any thought to what he said. "You've no right to sound so cheerful."

"Cheerful Deming, bartender de luxe. What's on your mind?"

"Practically nothing."

"It was an idle question. How's Mary?"

THAT answered it, and he wanted to hang up and stop thinking again. But there was a routine to follow, almost as formalized as a Japanese print. He didn't know why, and he had never wondered why before. But you got in with a group of people and this was the way it was. So, you were the same way, for no conscious reason.

Harbord said, "Good enough. Breathing, I think. How's Madge?"

"Haven't checked. You got nicely boiled last night, sweetheart."

"Amazing. And all alone, too." You had to get rid of him, and fast, and you didn't know how. He was one of your friends, and you'd always got along. You had to remember that. It wasn't his fault if—

"Did you make out all right with Alma?"

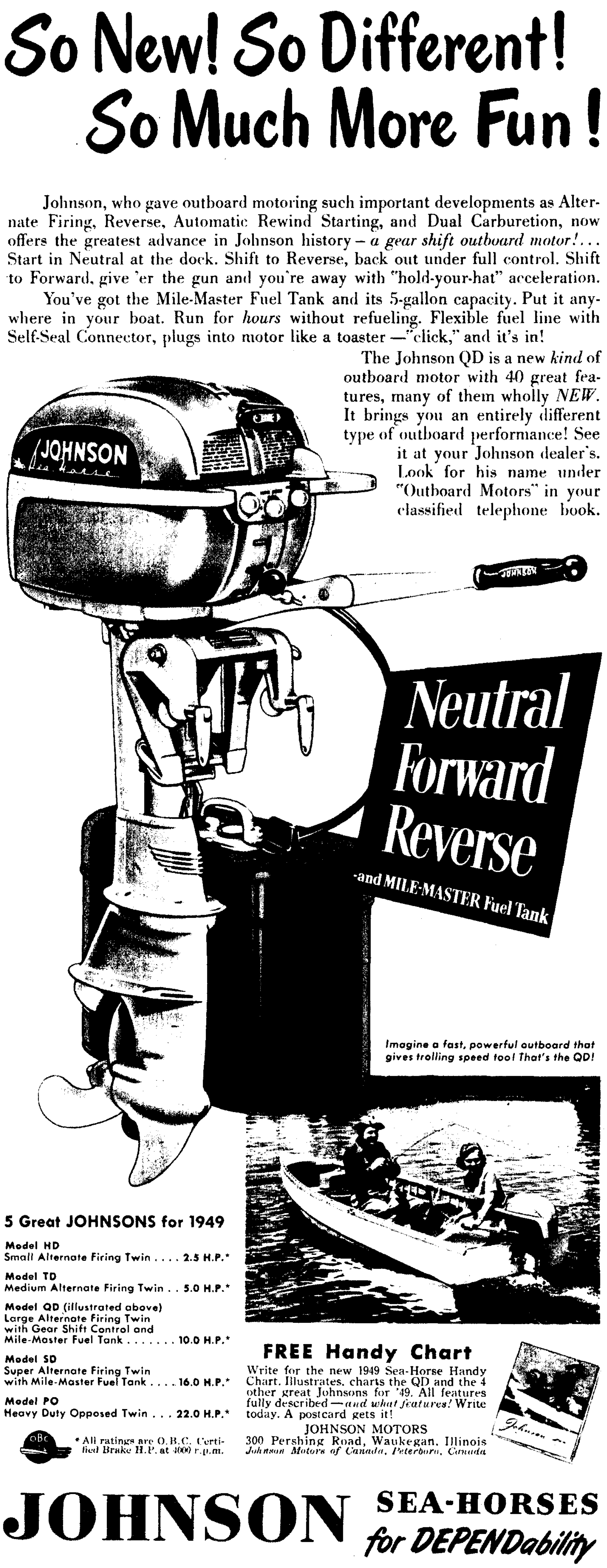
"What about Alma?" Harbord said.

"Oh, keep your little secrets if that's the way you feel about it," Deming said. "Maybe it's true love."

Harbord thought of a new motive for justifiable homicide. It was because you got caught on a telephone with people like Deming. And you saw him sitting at his end of the line, disheveled and unshaven, starting to get a fresh edge on. And Mary had gone, and you didn't know where, and you had to get busy.

"No doubt. Randy, Mary wants something. See you later. 'By." It had been a fast lie, maybe adequate and maybe not, and he didn't care either way. He hung up.

Then Harbord thought that in all probability she'd gone home to her father's place, and he knew he had to go



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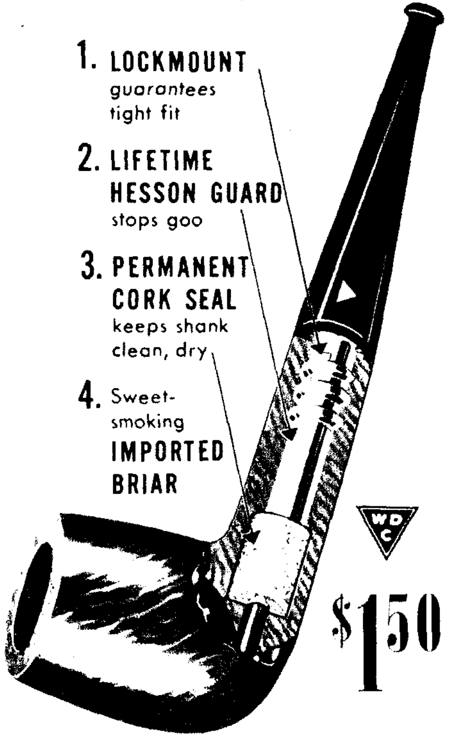

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there, too, at once. It wouldn't do any good to telephone. He'd know what to say by the time he got there. Because he'd have to know.

The railroad told him there would be a train at one fifteen, to arrive at Fairbrae at three forty-two. Yes, there had been two morning trains. One at—

"All right," Harbord said. "Thank you very much." Of course she'd gone there. Basically, he'd been sure of it all the time. She thought a great deal of the old man, and he'd be the one she'd want to see when her mind was troubled. Harbord would find her there, and he'd have the right words along with the right intentions to back them up. Still, as he went to throw a few things in a small traveling kit, the doubt nagged at him, and it was far worse than any headache he'd ever known.

THE Fairbrae station looked like something in a painting by one of those elderly American primitives people were always discovering—picturesque from a distance and grimy close up. Harbord stood on the platform for a moment, looking at the line of oak trees that marched along the single street of the little town. Then he walked to the old taxi that met all trains, and told the driver to take him to Mr. Knox Davies' place.

The old man was in the front garden, walking around idly in slacks and worn shooting coat with a gray-muzzled pointer at his heels. Harbord wished for the courage to order the cabdriver to turn around and take him back. It was clear that she wasn't here, and equally clear that there hadn't been any point in coming in the first place. The old man, he realized too late, was the last person she'd want to see, at least for a time.

"This is it, mister," the driver said.

Harbord gave him two dollar bills and stepped out. The old man's eyes weren't what they used to be, and Harbord knew that he hadn't been recognized yet. He unlatched the gate and walked steadily up the path, giving the pointer a perfunctory pat when it came up to him, sniffing and curious. The old man lifted his white eyebrows and said, "Why, hello, Jack." Then he looked past Harbord. "Where's Mary, Jack?"

"I thought you might know," Harbord said. "I'm sorry."

"Why would I know?" he said, but Harbord was sharply sure that he understood. The old man always caught on quickly, and he'd been around a fair amount. The old man was just working on him, twisting the knife.

So Harbord gave it to him quick and straight. "She left," he said. "This morning, before I was awake. There was no way to tell where she'd gone. I thought—" It was lame, lame as a hurt animal, and he dropped it wearily.

"Let's go inside," the old man said. He led the way, into the big room with the good hunting prints on the walls, and the guns in hardwood cases, and the dark, polished furniture that was never rearranged. "Sit down," he said. "What was the trouble?"

"Nothing," Harbord said. "Nothing in particular. Nothing uncommon, that is." He was enormously tired, but not at all sleepy. He felt as if he'd just go on getting more tired, without ever sleeping.

"I see. Have a drink?"

He looked up, alert and wary. The old man's eyes were steady and a little hard. If he said yes the old man would be entitled to that I-told-you-so look, and if he said no he'd seem to be a hypocrite. He took the middle course: "Small, thanks. One finger."

The drink was made exactly as he'd asked. It tasted good, yet not as good as it should. It wasn't any sacrifice to set it down unfinished and forget it. He rubbed a hand across his eyes and began thinking ahead. He knew he had to begin all over again, and it frightened him. He knew how a lost child felt in the dark. You had to go on, but you were without direction. And lost people always ran in circles, the legend went. They played themselves out going nowhere.

"I know what you're thinking," Harbord said.

The old man shrugged. "Possibly. She wrote now and then, you know, and there was a tone to some of the letters—you know how it can be. I don't suppose she meant it, but it crept in." Then he said, "She must have found it very dull."

It seemed a strange way to put it. But, on second thought, maybe it was more intelligent than it sounded. Dullness, mixed with other ingredients, could add up to virtually anything.

"Go ahead," Harbord said. "I don't mind."

"I was thinking about her," the old man said, and for the first time there was a sharpness in his voice. "I think she's pretty good, you know, Jack."

"Don't stop now," Harbord said. It didn't take much to twist the knife and send it in deep.

"I'm worried about her," the old man said. "But I was thinking something else too. What good would it do for you to find her? Even if you can?"

"It'll do good," Harbord said. "I can promise that."

"That's easy to say, Jack."

Harbord stood up. "I'll go along," he said. "Sorry to have troubled you. But if she does come here, or you hear from her, will you let me know?"

"No," the old man said.

"Very well, sir," Harbord said. "I'll call the taxi, if you don't mind."

"I can run you down," the old man said. "It's an hour before the next train back."

"I can use the taxi, thanks," Harbord said.

But he didn't call the taxi first. He used the hall phone, and, keeping his voice down, had long-distance try the apartment. There was no answer.

He called the taxi and went back to the living room.

The old man was looking into the fire, and he seemed smaller than he had a moment before. When he heard Harbord he turned and straightened.

"What do you plan to do now, Jack?" he said.

"Look for her," Harbord said.

"Have you tried to figure out the odds?" the old man said. "There's a lot of places to go."

"I'll find her," Harbord said. He'd spoken louder than he'd meant to. He lowered his voice carefully and said it again. "I'll find her." Then he left the house and never looked back.

BACK in the apartment, Harbord thought it all out. It must have been dull, the old man had said. Well, there were so many kinds of dullness. There was the first kind, when they'd always been in debt and had walked to the library to borrow books instead of buying them, and it had been amazing how many things you could find to do and laugh at in the public parks.

But she hadn't been troubled by that, and of course it hadn't been a dullness at all. It was this last kind, the kind that had come with money and just enough leisure to make you want to make the most of it, that had been the real thing. It had something to do with not going to second-run films on Saturday nights because you were invited to a party or were giving a party. And, naturally, you never went walking through the zoo or the aquarium or the sunny courts where the old men pitched horseshoes on Sunday. Sunday, you recovered. You recovered if you were lucky. Occasionally it ran into Tuesday.

Harbord thought of Big Oaks Inn.

It was an old and very good place, up in the mountains, and they'd gone there for part of a week to celebrate his first good commission. They'd fished for trout

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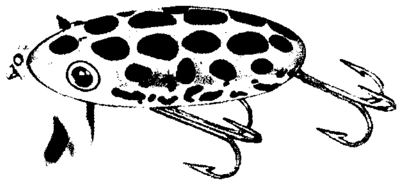

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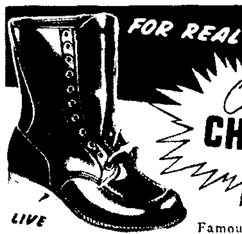

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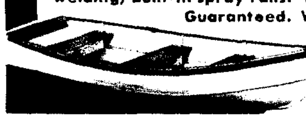

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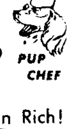

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and eaten enormously and enjoyed every minute of it. It was the greatest place on earth, she'd said, and they must come back often. Even later, years later, she'd mentioned it. So it had been one more of the places he'd honestly meant to return to, only it hadn't worked out.

IT WAS a long drive, and he pushed the car hard. There were any number of reasons why she would not have gone to the inn, but he wouldn't let himself believe any of them. She wouldn't need a car—the inn's station wagon met trains and busses on request. There was no better place for someone who wanted to think and be undisturbed. There was—

The inn hadn't changed, and he looked straight ahead as he wound past the casting pool and the trap range and the small golf course. Judging by the cars it was well filled, and he stayed outside for a while. He watched strange people come and go, singly and in groups, and he hated them all. Then he went into the bar, which had its own door giving on the terrace, and ordered a drink.

It was a good drink, but he couldn't get excited about it. He had learned something new about drinks in the last day or two. They had no particular virtue in their own right, and they could be taken or left. He had learned a good many things, all of them obvious, in that short time. He had learned, for instance, that things didn't always have to be the same, that you only made them the same out of habit and forgetfulness. But now, that wasn't the point.

He pretended he wasn't watching the people who entered and left the bar. But he missed none. It was almost five o'clock. She would be wearing a dark wool dress, and her hair would be tied back with a bright scarf. She might have a few distant acquaintances, and she would smile in greeting if she saw them.

The bartender said, "Another, sir?"

"No," Harbord said. "No, thanks."

There weren't many people in the

EATING—IN OR OUT

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Harry's Salad from Harry's Café, Minneapolis, Minnesota

HARRY'S CAFÉ in Minneapolis is justifiably famous for its steaks, chops and sea foods, but to me it is outstanding for Harry's Salad. When I dined there I had the tenderloin steak and it was perfect. But almost every city and town has a restaurant where America's favorite food is well prepared. And that's why I was glad to have some habitués of Harry's with me to guide me to the specialty I might otherwise have missed.

After my steak—(dinners range in price from $2.75 to $4 for steak), I had a half order of Harry's Salad (75 cents). It was absolutely superb! So I got together with Chef Paul Ferrario to find out how he made it. "If I had my way," he said first, "I'd never serve that salad with a steak. It's a meal in itself."

I agree completely, and I think you will when you try it. It's a perfect main course for luncheon or Sunday supper.

HARRY'S SALAD

½ head each romaine, chicory and iceberg lettuce
1 cucumber, sliced thin
2 tomatoes, quartered
½ cup lobster meat
½ cup shrimp, cut up
½ cup crabmeat (optional)
8 anchovies rolled with capers
1 hard-cooked egg, coarsely chopped
6 ripe olives, sliced
6 green olives, sliced
4 tablespoons olive oil
½ teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Blend paprika and oil. Add vinegar, lemon juice, salt and pepper and mix well. Put all other ingredients into a bowl. Pour dressing over all and toss well. Serves 4 amply.

If you wish to receive this Harry's Salad recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 13, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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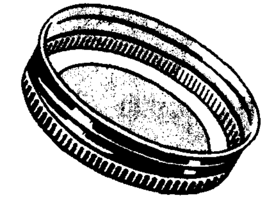

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lobby, and the dining room wasn't yet open for dinner. You couldn't go up and ask the clerk if your wife were here, even if you were sure that she was. Of course, you weren't sure. You were just the opposite. Again, you were wondering why you'd come. And the only reason was that you'd had to.

He walked past the desk, slowly. The clerk was old, and his face was vaguely familiar.

The clerk said, "Good evening. Weren't you here once before—a long time ago?"

Harbord felt as grateful as if the clerk were a lawyer calling to present a handsome legacy. "Yes," he said, "I was." Then he said, enunciating the words clearly, "My name is Harbord."

He watched the clerk's face, looking for the lift of an eyebrow, a small smile, a shadow of surprise, anything. But the man's face didn't change. "I remember," he said. "Mr. Harbord. But you aren't staying here now."

"No," Harbord said. He felt the way you do when an elevator man drops inordinately fast, and you wonder if something has gone wrong. "I'm just passing through. But we'll be back one of these days. We both like it here very much." He laid emphasis on the "we," and watched the clerk's face closely again.

"I'm glad," the clerk said. "It's best to give us a little notice."

IT WAS a long, aimless trip. It took in the isolated beach where they'd rented a cottage for two weeks of a long-ago summer—the cottage was more weather-beaten than ever, and when he passed it there was a strange, pleasant-faced girl in the doorway looking out to sea—and the little town they'd lived in for a season while he was helping plan a school building, and any number of other places with a significance that might be great or might be small. She wasn't in any of them, of course, and he knew she wouldn't be, but the important thing was not to stop, not to give up.

Every morning and evening he called the apartment. Sometimes, in the villages, it took a long while to get the connection, and he waited patiently, not expecting any result. When the far-off bell began to ring he knew what would happen. It rang ten or a dozen times—insistent, searching, working for him—and it got nowhere. Finally the operator would say, "Sorry, sir, there is no answer. Would you like me to place the call again later on?"

"No," he'd say. "No, thanks."

After more days than he was capable of counting, Harbord came to the last place. That is, it was the last of the places they had lived in before the great, unrealized change. It had been a small farmhouse, and there had been quail and pheasant in the fields and corn rows. But it wasn't there any more. It had burned down, and all that was left was a leaning brick chimney, and blackened concrete that had been a foundation, and some odds and ends of charred wood, beaten into pulp by rain and snow. The fields were overgrown and the fences were sagging. There was a hopeless-looking "For Sale" sign at the entrance.

Harbord started the car and moved slowly on. The rain was thickening, and he switched on the wipers. He came to a little town whose name he didn't notice and saw the telephone exchange. He put his call in to the apartment, because that was something you did automatically, as a matter of routine, like a prisoner working methodically on the bricks of his cell though he knew perfectly well that the project was hopeless. Then he called the old man.

The phone rang several times, and Harbord thought, almost with relief, that the old man was out. He was about to hang up when there was a click on the humming line. The old man's voice said, "Hello?"

"Hello," Harbord said. "This is Jack. I haven't found her. Do you know where she is?"

"Where've you been, Jack?" the old man said.

"Everywhere," Harbord said, and, curiously enough, it was nearly true. He'd been farther than the old man or any other third party would ever understand. "There's no use going into details. I don't know what to do next."

"Don't you?" the old man said. He sounded far away and disinterested. There was that long humming silence again. Then he said, "What do you want from me, Jack?"

"Nothing," Harbord said. "Nothing, I suppose. I'm sorry I called. Forget it." He hung up.

He got into the car and moved off down the road. A sign told him it was nearly two hundred miles to the city. All he could do was go back and think it over there.

He pulled up at the apartment building just after midnight. He didn't put the car in the garage, for he wasn't certain when he'd want to use it again. He got out his grip and went upstairs in the automatic elevator.

He had a hard time finding his key, and for a while he wondered if it had been lost. It wouldn't make any difference—a hotel would have been a better idea anyway. Then he came on it, mixed in with some change, and opened the door.

The first thing he saw was her luggage. The two matched bags were sitting there, by the door, and they were closed. He shut the door behind him with his eyes still on them. There was a long scratch on the larger one, and a patch of mud on one corner of the smaller.

"Hello," she said.

After a moment he looked at her. She was wearing an afternoon dress, and her brown hair had been carefully brushed. Harbord knew that she hadn't just come in. She'd been here for some time, but she hadn't unpacked her bags. That was the big thing. The bags were there by the door, ready to go, and now he knew why.

"Where did you go, Jack?" she said.

"The old man asked me that, too," he said. "It was quite a trip. I went to all the old places. The inn and Oyster Beach and—"

She said, "I was wondering if you'd do that. I was hoping you would."

HE TOOK a step farther into the room. It was warm, and the corner lights were on, and all it needed was a match touched to the laid fire to make it cheerful. But, right now, he didn't like the apartment. He didn't want any part of it. Later on, maybe, it would be different. But this was now.

"Where were you?" he said.

Then, for the first time, she smiled. "I think I was right here, Jack," she said. "Yes, I was right here. Waiting to see."

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks for that, Mary."

When he put his arm around her she leaned her head on his shoulder, and she was still smiling faintly. He kissed her, and it was a strange experience—it was almost as if he were kissing her for the first time.

He said, "Let's get out of here, Mary. The car's in front."

"It's late," she said.

"No," he said. "It's not late at all. Get a coat."

"The inn would be fun," she said. "But we haven't a reservation."

"We don't need one," he said. "They'll have to let us in."

She laughed, and in a moment she came back with a coat. He picked up her two bags and his own, and she opened and closed the door.

He looked at her and smiled, and he understood with humility, how lucky he had grown. ◻◻◻

THE LOLLIPOP TREE

Continued from page 15

he could think better when he could look at all the people and the houses and the trees and stuff hanging from the world like that.

I let out a whoop and stood on my head, too.

Old Miss Feather come out on her front porch in her petticoat and made a face at us like an old wilted dill pickle. "Heavenly days!" she whooped, her false teeth clicking and jumping up and down like they needed tightening up. "Vulgar urchins!"

Me and Charlie stared at old Miss Feather hanging from the floor of her front porch. We laughed at old Miss Feather's house, hanging from the ground with a trillion miles of sky under it.

"Yahoo!" yelled Charlie.

"Yahoo!" I hollered back. "Yahoo, old Buffalo Bill!"

Charlie kicked his feet in the air and plopped down in Miss Feather's nice, neat hedge. Old Miss Feather let out a squawk, and me and Charlie picked up our paper sacks and run off up Jefferson Avenue hooting and hollering. Pretty soon we stopped and stood staring in Stillwell's window. It was still there and the evening sun was burning on the shiny steel strings and the brown and beautiful wood.

NEXT week my old man asked me why I'd quit going to the movies every other night. I said I was saving up my dough so I could buy myself that guitar that was up in Stillwell's window. I never told my old man about Charlie being in on it with me. He wouldn't have liked that very much and it didn't seem very considerate to get him all stirred up any more than I had to. He grunted and shook his head and lighted up a quarter stogie and glared at the front page of the Daily Echo.

Just then my old lady come in the parlor on tippytoes and kissed me on the neck. I like to jumped out of my shoes. She was always doing that and it always made me sore because she never give me no warning. She might just as well clouted me over the head with a wet mop. What difference does it make when you tiptoe up behind someone and scare them half to death?

"Next week's your birthday, Sam!" she said, folding her hands in her apron. "And I thought it would be nice for you to invite some of your little friends over for a lawn party!"

I started to ask her if I could ask Charlie but then I remembered my old man sitting right there beside me so I shut up. I knowed well and good what he'd say. I waited till Ma had gone out in the kitchen and then I followed her. She was sticking a broom straw in a ginger cake.

"Ma," I said. "Can I ask Charlie Miller to my party?"

"Why—" she said. "You mean—the Millers down on Water Street?"

"Sure, Ma," I said. "They're awful nice people. Charlie's my best ol' buddy, Ma! He's ol' Buffalo Bill and—"

"I guess it will be all right, Sam," said my mother. "If you're sure you *want* to ask him!"

She looked at me closely with her black eyes to see if I was sure. I was.

Ma give me a hunk of the hot gingerbread and I run out the back door and headed down through McFadden's meadow towards the river. I had a funny feeling that maybe this might make my folks right with Charlie. Not that I was ashamed of them or that I thought Charlie had a better old man than I did. I don't know. Your mind is deep when you're fourteen—deep and muddy and full of crazy stuff like a fast-running river in the spring after the floods.

Charlie was down behind his back porch in the deep grass making a birdhouse out of an old wood box. His old lady was out by the chicken coop scrubbing clothes in a big blue washtub. His old man was sitting up on the back porch in his long underwear with his bare feet up on the railing.

As soon as I got inside the little gate the hound dogs started kelting and whooping and jumping around my legs. The new litter of red-bone pups was all yapping and tumbling around my legs, biting my ankles with their little pink gums. The old bitch ran around me in a circle, worried to death for fear I'd step on one of her babies. And the little white-haired billy goat by the sycamore tree bleated and shook his beard at me.

"Hi, ol' Buffalo Bill!" I yelled. "Whatcha makin'?"

"Birdhouse," Charlie said.

He just kept on working and never looked up.

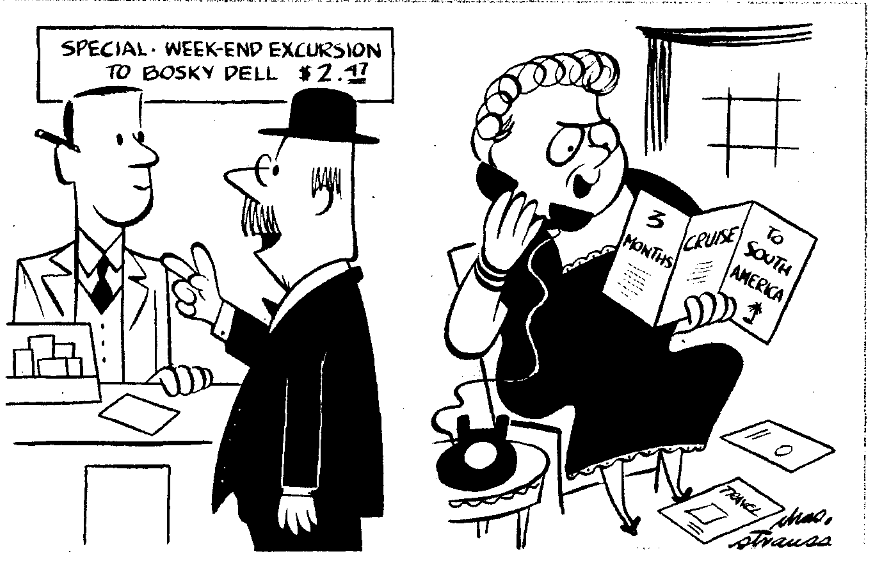
"Guess what, ol' Buffalo Bill, ol' Charlie boy!" I said. "Ma's throwin' me a birthday party next Monday afternoon!"

Charlie put his hammer down and scratched the top of his head.

"Ma says I can invite everybody," I said. "She wants you to come, too, ol' Buffalo Bill."

Charlie was pleased. His face got red as a berry. He got up and spit, pretending like he hadn't heard me.

"Don't you wanna come?" I said.



COLLIER'S "Yes, tickets for two. It's a little surprise I've been planning for our wedding anniversary" CHARLES STRAUSS

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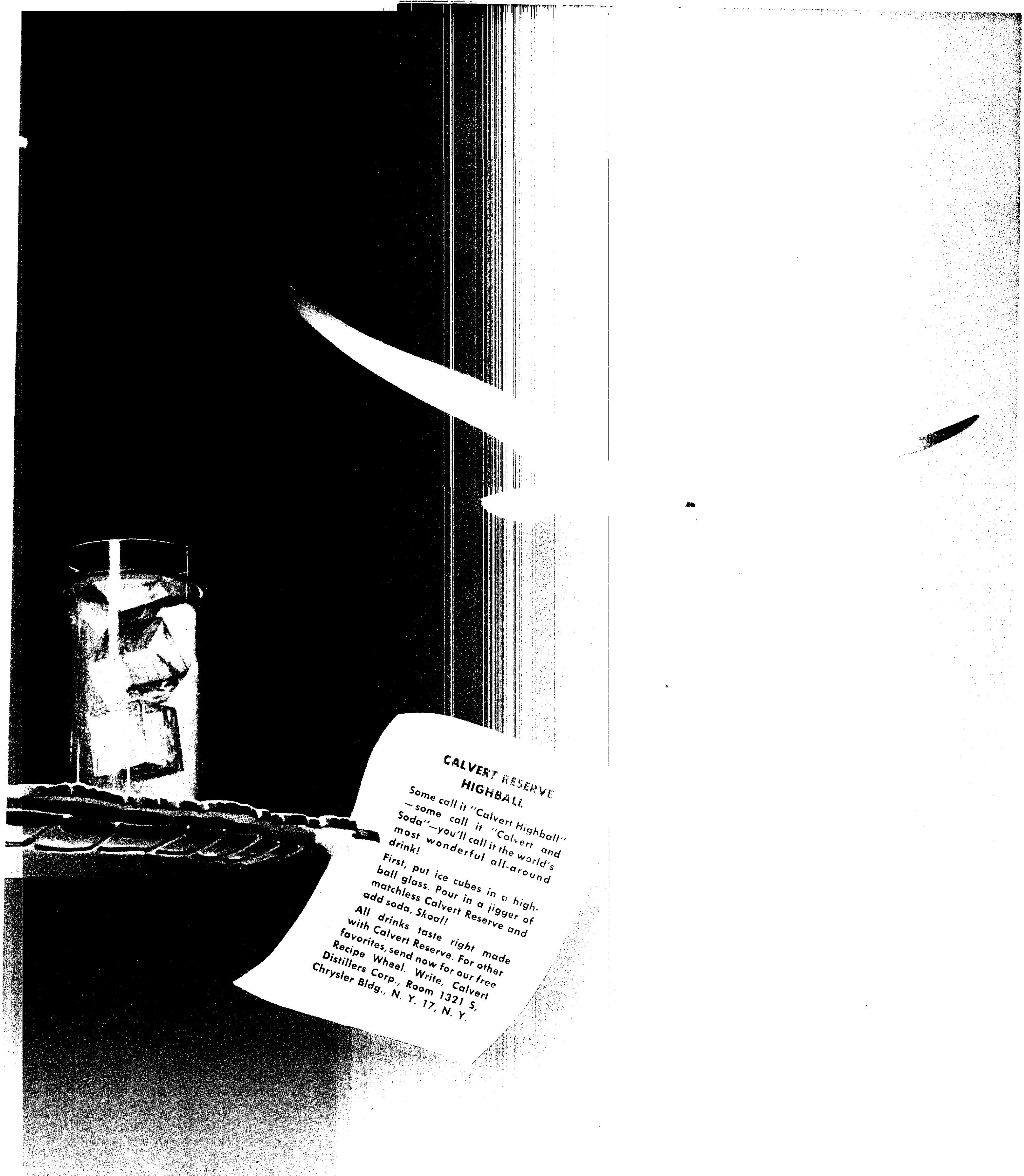

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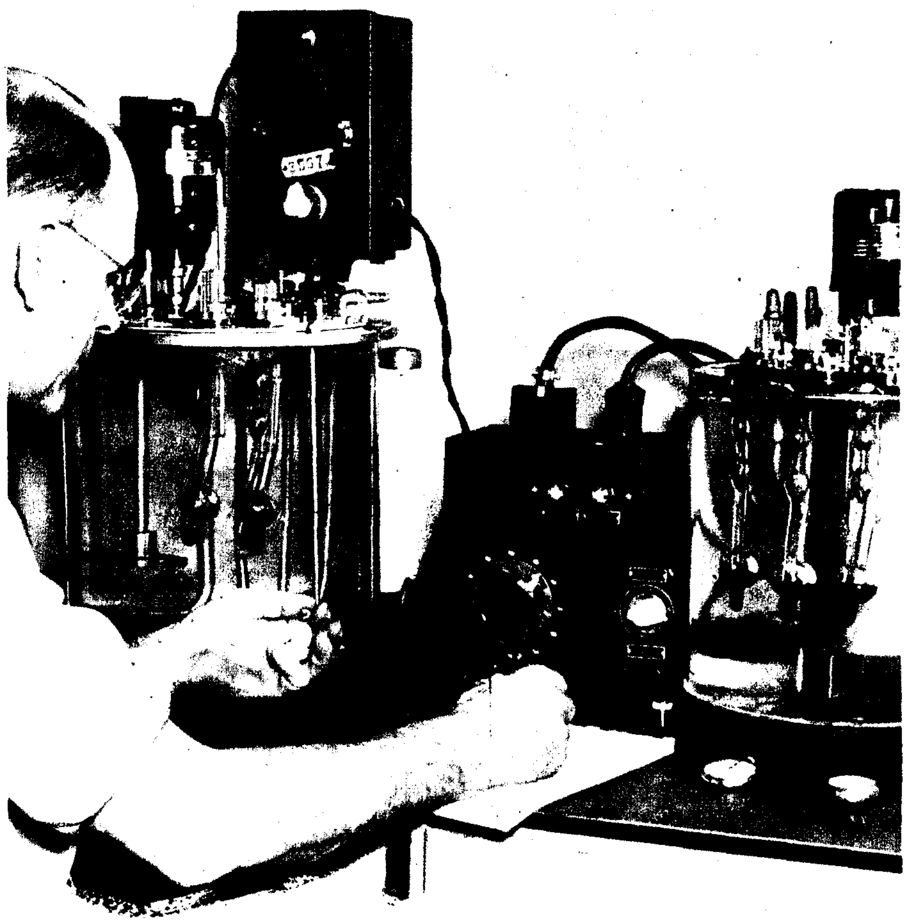

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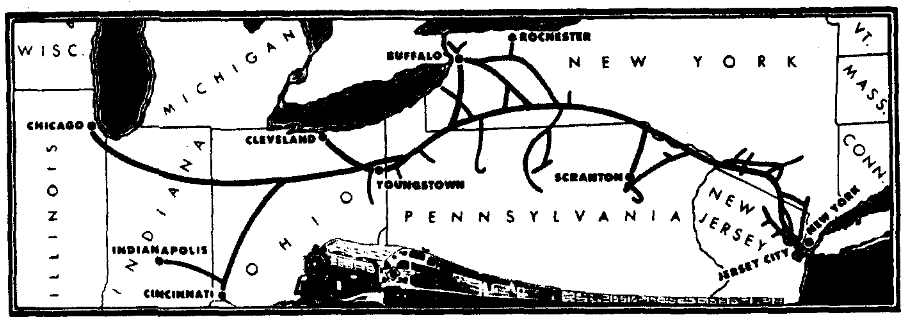


Charlie went over by the little peach tree. He stood on his head and tickled the blossoms with his bare toes. "I don't care," he said, staring at me upside down.

Up in Charlie's house I could hear Cowboy Jim singing on the radio. The sound was a thin, sad tune that mixed in good with the white river fog that was creeping up just then from the wharf across the street. I stood on my head, too, and looked through the grass at Charlie.

"Hi, ol' Buffalo Bill!" I hollered.

Charlie laughed and kicked his legs and we looked at each other hanging from the world; the house hanging from the world and the trees and stuff hanging, too, and one old star shining through the leaves in the sky a trillion miles below us.

On my birthday I got up at seven o'clock. By the time I was dressed and downstairs I could hear my old man stropping his razor in the bathroom. I was too excited to lie around sleeping. When I got in the kitchen my old lady was frying eggs.

"Happy birthday, Sam," she said, smiling at me.

"Mornin', Ma," I said.

I ran out on the back porch and give a look at the sky. You couldn't tell yet whether it would be nice or not. After a while, though, the fog started turning yellow and by ten it was gone and the sky was as clean as a blue china dish. It was a wonderful day for a birthday party!

There was two white packages on the grand piano in the parlor but Ma wouldn't let me open them. She said I had to wait till the party and then open them along with all the other presents I got. I walked all around the piano studying them two packages but I couldn't guess for the life of me what was in neither of them. I figured the big one was from my old man. Something practical like clothes.

I ran out in the back yard. It was noon. Ma was reaching up in the branches of the little Chinese elm. She was tying something on them.

"Whatcha doin', Ma?" I hollered, feeling excited about the two white packages and the party I was going to have.

"Oh, you'd be surprised," she said. She smiled and patted me on the head. Then she clipped a little piece off a ball of string and reached in a big paper box and took something out of it.

"Lollipops!" I yelled. "A lollipop tree! Oh, boy! Wait'll ol' Buffalo Bill sees that!"

I stood on my head, like Charlie would have done. I watched my mother from upside down and hollered and shouted and kicked the sky. In a while the little old tree was loaded down with all different colors of shiny lollipops.

"Oh, boy!" I shouted. "Yahoooo!"

Then I sat down in the grass under the lollipop tree watching my old lady hurry back into the house to tend to the cake icing. I saw my old man hurrying up Seventh Street under the trees towards the bank. He was never once late to work in all his life.

At one thirty they all started to come. Mildred Sturm and Betty Jane Zirkle and Mary Frances Brent and Melvin Burka and Eddy Woodruff and all the rest. They all come in the front door and laid their packages on the library table. The presents was all wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with pink ribbon. The kids all sat on the davenport and in the straight-backed chairs, looking embarrassed and neat and itchy. Their old ladies had scrubbed them all till they was sore, and dressed them up in their best suits and party dresses. The girls all had ribbons in their hair and bright-colored socks on their pink legs. Everybody looked kind of sick.

My old lady come in the parlor and patted everybody on the head. Then she come over to me with a little laugh and kissed me on the neck. But it never scared me none. I figured that was what she was going to do and this time I was on the lookout.

"Now!" she said. "Is everybody here?"

"No," I said, looking anxiously out the doorway. "Charlie ain't here yet!"

"Oh," said my mother, standing in the middle of the parlor in her big, white dress. She sort of smiled to herself like she was thinking how "common" it was of Charlie to be late for the party.

Then I seen him walking slowly up the path across the lawn under the cool trees. He come up on the porch and peered kind of wild-eyed into the dark parlor. Then he hurried over and sat down on the top step of the porch.

"Hi, ol' Buffalo Bill!" I hollered, running out on the porch. "Where you been, ol' Charlie boy!"

Charlie smiled at me kind of sickly and patted his wet hair down nervously. He had on the same suit and old shoes he always wore on the route. His old lady had scrubbed all the mud off them shoes and rubbed them till she just couldn't get any more shine out of them. And his face was scrubbed till it was red as a berry.

Charlie reached in his coat pocket and shoved a package at me. It was wrapped in brown store paper and tied with a piece of butcher-store string. Charlie was so embarrassed about everything that he just sat there on the top step of the front porch and stared at his shoes. He was too embarrassed to stand on his head.

"Ask the little boy to come into the parlor with the other children, Samuel!" I heard my mother's voice say from the doorway.

"Come on in, Charlie," I whispered, tugging at his coat sleeve.

Charlie pulled his arm away. You could tell he wouldn't have walked into that parlor for a thousand dollars. Not even for the brown guitar that was up in Stillwell's window.

"Charlie ain't ready yet, Ma!" I hollered, feeling worse than Charlie did somehow.

Jo Ann Stidger and that simple Mary Frances Brent let out a giggle on the davenport. I felt like going in and busting them on the snoot.

Then I heard my old lady say, "Now, children! Let's all go out in the back yard and see the lollipop tree."

She clapped her hands sharp and they all went out of the parlor. Directly I heard the screen door slam. The kids was all hollering and shouting around the lollipop tree.

"Come on, Charlie!" I said. "Let's go out back! We're missin' the party!"

Charlie scowled at me and waved his hand.

"Charlie!" I said. "Come on!"

Charlie sighed and got up and walked real stiff and funny around the house, patting his slicked-down hair with his hand so's it wouldn't stand up on top. He climbed up onto the back porch and sat down on the steps. I run over to the lollipop tree where the rest of the kids was. I figured the best thing was just to let Charlie be. I picked a cherry lollipop for myself and an orange one for Charlie.

"Thank you," said Charlie, when I handed him his lollipop. He looked like he was feeling a little better now. I left him setting there with the lollipop in his hand and went over to where my old lady was getting all the girls lined up across from the boys. It was one of them games that I never could figure out and there didn't seem much sense to it anyhow. My old lady read it in a book.

I forgot all about Charlie for a while and directly I seen him get up and walk over towards the rest of the kids. Nobody was looking at him so he wasn't embarrassed any more. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, edging around the circle of kids.

When the game was over my old lady clapped her hands sharply again. "Now, Sam!" she said. "Don't you think you'd like to open your presents?"

"Yes, Ma!" I said.

I run in the house and fetched them from the parlor and laid them all out on the grass under the lollipop tree. I could hardly wait to find out what them two presents in the white packages on the grand piano was. Pretty soon I felt Charlie watching me and waiting for me to open his present. I picked it up first and undid the white string and pulled away the thick brown paper. It was a box of animal crackers from Francis' Grocery Store.

"Thanks, ol' Buffalo Bill!" I hollered. "Oh, boy! Just what I wanted!"

CHARLIE grinned and got red all over. Then that simple Mary Frances Brent got giggling again and directly all the girls was doing it. Charlie turned around and hurried away till they stopped looking at him and then he come back to watch me open the rest of my presents. I couldn't wait to see what the little present was. I figured it was from my ma.

Inside there was a little white card that said, "Happy Birthday, Samuel—Father." It was a genuine leather wallet with a dollar bill inside.

"Oh, boy!" I hollered. "From my ol' man!"

I held the leather wallet and the dollar bill up in the air and waved it around so everybody could see. "Look what my ol' man give me, kids!" I hollered.

Everybody squealed and yelled and jumped up and down. Charlie yelled louder than anybody else so that they'd all turn around and look at him. I couldn't figure that one out. Everybody turned around and stared at Charlie.

"My ol' man's got a shotgun!" Charlie hollered. "He's got a red-bone bitch and she just had a litter!"

Everybody was quiet for a minute and then the girls all giggled. Charlie looked kind of sheepish and then he stood on his head. He stared at them all from upside down and laughed to see them hanging there in their party dresses and stiff, clean collars; the lollipop tree hanging from the world, too, with the afternoon sun a million trillion miles beneath it. Nobody said nothing. My mother give a little nervous laugh.

"*Well!*" she said. Directly she cleared her throat and smiled at me. "Now, Sam!" she said. "Let's see what's in the *big* package!"

I give a big sigh of relief and busted the heavy string. The big box was open at last. A cry of surprise went up from all the kids and over their heads beamed the face of my old lady. Charlie come over and peered between their legs. I couldn't say nothing. All I could do was just sit and stare. It was the brown guitar! The wonderful brown guitar shining there in the sunlight of that magic afternoon as it had never shone in Stillwell's window. In the box beside it was the book with the twelve easy lessons. In the steel strings was stuck the fancy, pearly celluloid pick to play it with. And it had a silky, purple cord to put it around your neck.

I reached my hand out real careful and plunked one of the steel strings with my finger. The sound was rich and deep—like dropping a stone in a deep, mossy well.

"That peculiar little boy!" I heard my mother say.

And then I looked up and saw what she meant. Charlie was gone. We all stared at the little figure in the brown coat scurrying down the lawn towards McFadden's meadow.

"Such a strange child!" my old lady said.

Over the hills was the rumble of distant thunder and you could smell rain coming in on the wind from the river.

"Charlie!" I hollered, watching the small shaggy head that bobbed up and down like an old dandelion in the tall distant grass of McFadden's meadow. "*Charlie!*"

I ran down the lawn after him.

"Samuel!" my old lady hollered. "Samuel—come back here this instant!"

Her words just tore to tatters and blew away in the clean wind that come up from the river. Over the green hills the clouds of a summer storm gathered together to race across the sky.

When I got into Charlie's yard and heard the gate creak closed behind me I couldn't see him nowheres. The hounds began kelting and bumping under the back porch and directly all of them come tumbling out and jumping all over me as I stood there looking for some sign of Charlie.

Charlie's house was empty as an old box. None of his folks was home. His old man was off up Hog Run with his shotgun and his buddies and his red-bone bitch. Charlie's old lady was still working at the laundry. I walked around the house. Charlie was sitting under the front porch steps. His face was red and smeared and dirty. His old shoes had lost their shine in the wet grass. His hair stood up shaggy and wild on top of his head.

"Charlie!" I said. "It don't make no difference! It don't matter if you didn't help pay for it! We can still—!"

Charlie got up and come out from under the porch steps and walked over towards me, shaking and crying; the big tears rolling down his face and splashing off on his brown coat.

"Go home!" he hollered. "Don't never come round here again! You dummy!"

"Charlie!" I said. "Ol' Buffalo Bill! It don't make no difference!"

I knowed he was going to sock me. I never ducked and I never socked him back. I figured I had it coming but I didn't know why. I knowed it was all my fault somehow—being like I was—having folks like I did—but I couldn't figure out why it was all like it was. I seen Charlie's fist coming and I never even ducked. I figured it would do Charlie some good to sock me. I figured it would do everybody some good.

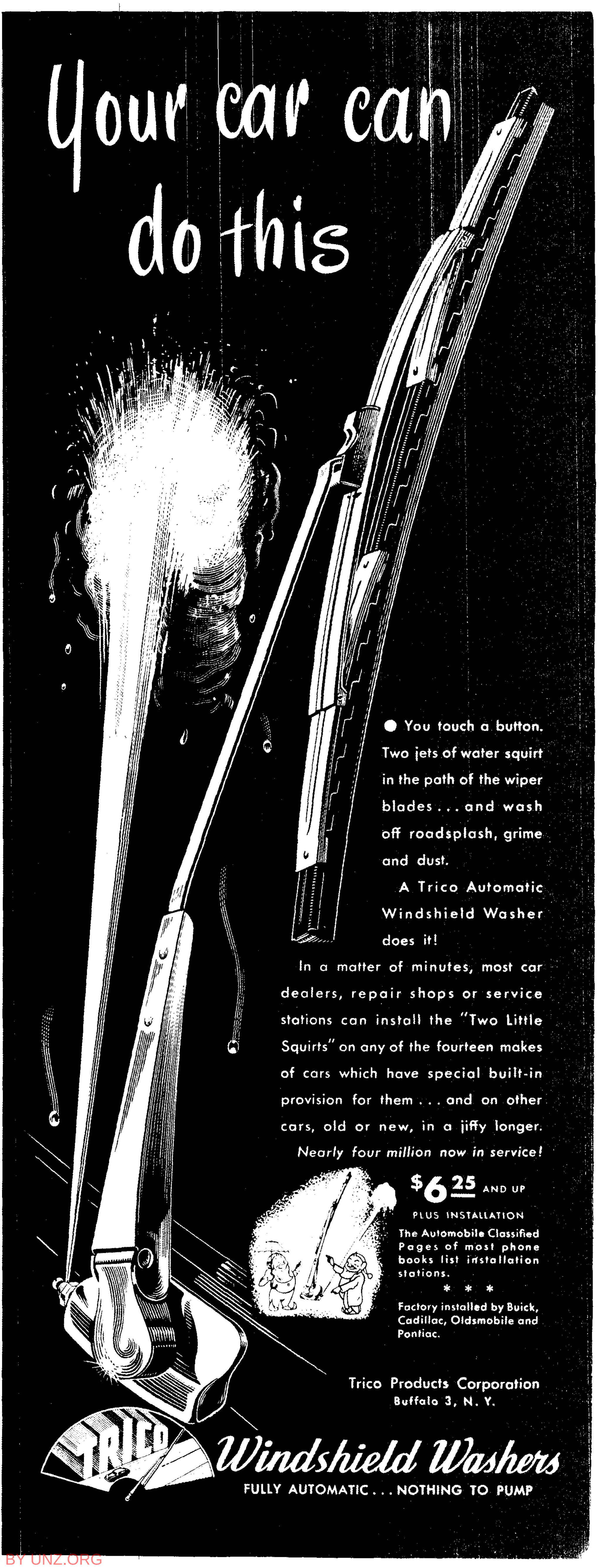
WHEN it was over I sighed and got up off the ground and wiped the blood off my mouth with the back of my hand. My nose was bleeding. Charlie went back under the porch steps and sat down. He was crying harder than ever and hugging one of the old bitch's red-bone pups. It was scared because Charlie was crying and it was licking him all over his face.

I walked up Water Street towards the meadow. When I got in the house I was crying, too. But I didn't know why. The thunder boomed and roared over the house and the rain was drumming on the roof and spattering on the window.

"Samuel!" cried my mother. "Oh, Samuel, what's that terrible little boy done to you?"

"Lemme be!" I shouted and ran upstairs to my room. I latched the door. Then I went over and sat down cross-legged on the floor by the window. Everybody had gone home from the birthday party. Out in our back yard the rain was beating the grass down. The white tissue paper from the presents and the pink ribbons lay around in the grass, all floppy and wet. In the branches of the Chinese elm a half dozen of the lollipops still dangled. They looked smeared and soaked and dead.

I stared through the rain-twisting window at the lollipop tree, hating it with all my heart!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Collier's Out of Doors

By COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

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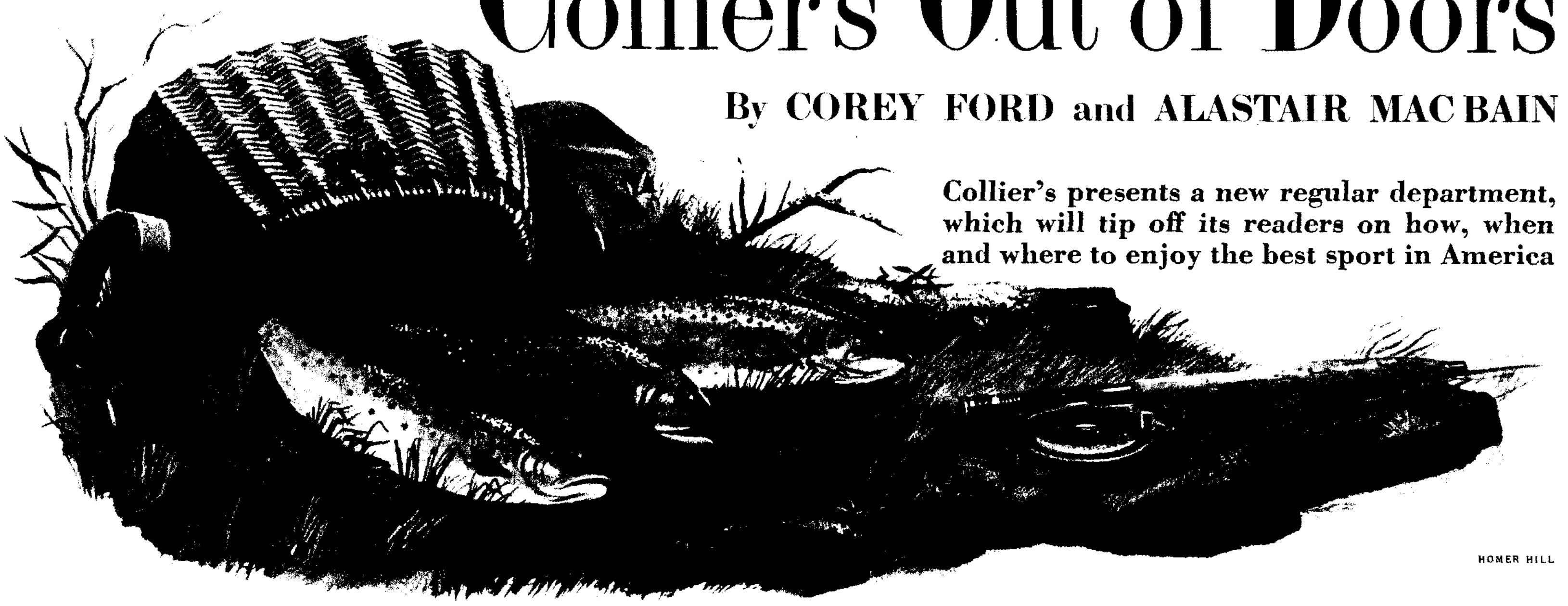


HOMER HILL

OUTDOOR ALMANAC FOR MAY: *Trout* season opens May 1st, California, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Oregon, South Dakota, Vermont, Wyoming, Ontario; May 16th, Arkansas, Saskatchewan; May 23d, Washington (streams); May 25th, Colorado; May 29th, Arizona; May 30th: Missouri, New Mexico; any time after ice-out, Maine; no closed season, Alaska . . . *Salmon,* May 1st, California, Washington, Quebec; May 15th, Newfoundland; May 24th, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island; no closed season, Alaska, Oregon, British Columbia . . . *Black bass,* May 1st, Indiana, Wyoming; May 15th, Illinois, Utah; May 30th, District of Columbia, New Mexico; no closed season, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Oregon; see local laws, Florida and Nevada . . . *Muskellunge,* May 15th, Michigan; May 25th, Wisconsin . . . *Tarpon* fishing at its peak in Gulf of Mexico: Boca Grande, Florida, Punta Gorda, Florida, Aransas Pass, Texas . . . *Striped bass* hitting on the full moon (May 12th) in East Coast rivers from Georgia to Maryland . . . Best month to hunt *polar bear* along Bering Sea coast of Alaska . . . Ice-out of northern lakes; time to take *lake trout* with flies or surface lures . . . Now will the doughty hunter venture forth with .22 rifle and scope in search of *woodchuck* and *crow* . . . Mating time for *game birds:* the booming of the ruffed grouse, the wild turkey's gobble, the buzz and chitter of the spiraling woodcock fill the spring woods.

SOMEWHERE, in the jungles of central Brazil, a pair of tiny hummingbirds have packed their bags and paid their hotel bills, ready to fly north 5,000 miles to summer in your back yard. Even greater travelers are the shore birds: Last fall the golden plover left its breeding grounds in Alaska and northern Canada, flew east to the shrimp-strewn beaches of Nova Scotia, then due south over the Atlantic in a nonstop flight to Venezuela, and across 1,500 miles of Amazon forest to Argentina and Patagonia; this spring it heads back by a new route, across the Andes and Guatemala and north over the central United States—a 12,000-mile round trip to lay four olive-green eggs on the barren tundra north of Hudson Bay. Probably the greatest single hop over open sea by a land bird is made by the bristle-thighed curlew: a 5,500-mile jump from Tahiti to Alaska. Longest known migratory flight is that of the arctic tern, which winters in the antarctic (south of latitude 74°), summers in Greenland and Alaska. Greatest wanderer is the little curlew sandpiper, which travels from its wintering grounds in South Africa to nest in Alaska and Siberia; during its northbound flight each spring it has been seen variously in Great Britain, the Philippines and China.

MAY is the month when the Alaskan brown (called the Kadiak) bear comes out of its winter hibernation, feeling ornery and spoiling for trouble. It is one of the most magnificent game animals in the world, and one of the most dangerous. "You live ten years longer," says Hosea Sarber, famed Alaska wild-life agent, "if you've never heard a brown bear roar." Only the best rifleshot—who happens to be Hosea—can successfully halt one of these 12-foot 1,200-pound monsters when it starts its charge, at a speed estimated between 30 and 40 miles an hour.

Hosea remembers the year he was guiding a well-known Hollywood producer on a bear hunt on Admiralty Island in southeastern Alaska. They jumped a mammoth brownie, and the producer raised his rifle. His hand shook, the barrel did a figure eight, the bullet barely grazed the bear's forepaw. With a horrendous bellow of rage, the creature started toward them on a dead run. At fifty yards, Hosea's bullet struck between its eyes; so great was the beast's momentum that when they rolled it over, dead, they found Hosea's ejected cartridge case beneath the carcass.

The shaken producer had regained his composure by the time they got the hide back to the waiting yacht. To his admiring guests, gathered along the rail, he waved a proprietary hand. "Got it with two shots," he told them. "Mine and the guide's."

NOW we've heard everything. Mr. Elmer Higgins of Washington, D.C., liaison officer between the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Atomic Energy Commission, reports to this department that radioactive particles are being used today to tag animals and fish for scientific identification. "The success of these tracer techniques," says Mr. Higgins, "depends on the fact that radioactive elements can be detected and measured in almost incomprehensibly small amounts. For example, one thirtieth of an ounce of radioactive carbon, if mixed up and fed to 50,000,000 experimental fish, could be detected by Geiger counters in any one of the 50,000,000. A tablespoonful of it placed in Lake Michigan and completely mixed would be detected in any tablespoonful of Lake Michigan water thereafter."

Few of the migratory habits of the Pacific tuna are known, Mr. Higgins points out, since it has never been successfully tagged by scientists. Numerous other fish and crustaceans are too delicate or too small to stand the necessary handling, or to bear the weight of a metal marker or band. By injecting a harmless amount of radioactive substance into the tuna, or by feeding it to young fish such as shad, which are too delicate to handle when liberated from the hatchery, it may be possible to record on sensitive counters their exact migration history, rate of capture and increase or decrease in total populations. And it won't hurt you if you happen to eat the shad, Mr. Higgins adds comfortingly.

TWENTY-SIX million people bought hunting and fishing licenses in the United States last year—more than the total popular vote for either Truman or Dewey. The amount spent annually on these sports is astronomical: close to $1,000,000,000 in Florida alone in 1948, including all investments in related industries. Add the uncounted millions of nonlicensed salt-water fishermen, amateur ornithologists, skiers, hikers and week-end campers, and it is estimated that one out of every three Americans seeks his recreation out of doors.

CONSERVATION BULLETINS: *California,* justly proud of its famed golden trout in the high Sierras, is now stocking inaccessible mountain lakes with goldens by means of helicopters . . . *Connecticut* found an ingenious method for control of fresh-water turtles, voracious enemies of fish and young waterfowl. The female turtle buries her eggs in the sand at night, covers the nest so effectively by smoothing the sand with her hind feet that its location cannot be detected.

Connecticut wardens employed trained skunks, deodorized, which they led on leashes along the shores of turtle-infested lakes. The skunk would spot the hidden nest, the warden would dig out the eggs, give one to the skunk as a reward, and destroy the rest.

Mississippi, Alabama and *Louisiana* report that a goodly number of woodcock wintered over successfully, which is good news for northern timber-doodlers next fall.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE DIONNE QUINTS

Continued from page 27

of all they love to ride horseback. It sounds like fun but still it is all mostly inside that fence.

Dionne and I sat in his study while he told me about his daughters. Sitting there made me think of the little doctor who had once been so important in the children's lives.

Perhaps you ought to know Dr. Dafoe's story just in case you've forgotten. He was a roly-poly little country doctor when the Quints were born. His battle to keep them alive was front-page stuff, which was right because never before in medical history had quintuplets lived more than a few hours.

An Unwise Contract

While Doc was winning world applause, Dionne, through no fault of his own, seemed to be doing everything wrong. He got himself tied up in a contract to take the children to the Chicago World's Fair. He never meant to take the babies to the Chicago midway. He was just a frantic country boy trying to raise money so that he could feed five more mouths in addition to his other six.

Dionne's press was so bad that the public demanded that the government take over. Doc was put in charge. So the parents found themselves shut out from their own children. Science took over. The babies lived by schedule—so much cod-liver oil, so many vitamins. Sometimes each child was on a different diet. But it can't be said that they lacked for love. The nurses supplied plenty of that. While that may have been good for the children, it hurt the feelings of the mother and father. Strangers were feeding, dressing, caring for, loving *their* children and there was nothing they could do about it.

As for Doc, he gradually gave up his practice and devoted his time—and his whole heart—to the Quints. Mornings he spent at the Dafoe Nursery, as their home was called. Afternoons he saw visitors, writers, distinguished callers. He had to get a secretary to handle his correspondence. The Quints became his whole life. He had great plans for them. They would be raised to take their unique place in the world. They would not be freaks; they would be princesses, figureheads, ambassadors of good will. They would live down any suggestion that they were freaks.

Public opinion was right behind the little Doc at first. But after four or five years the parents' rights began to win sympathizers. The Doc was losing the fight but he wouldn't admit it. More and more the Dionnes insisted on coming to the nursery, being with the children. More and more the nurses that Doc had placed in charge clashed with the mother and the father.

On the surface it may have looked like a dramatic struggle for control. But for the kids it was tragic and soul-searing. Gradually the family took over. So much so that in the fall of 1941 the Quintuplet Act was revised by the government. The parents were in. Doc was out.

He died early in June, 1943. Cause of death was given as pneumonia. I think he was just tired of living.

While Dionne and I were talking, school closed for recess. I was hoping I'd get invited out to the playground to meet them, but I wasn't. Instead Dionne brought the Mother Superior, Soeur Aimee des Anges, in to tell me about his daughters and how they are developing.

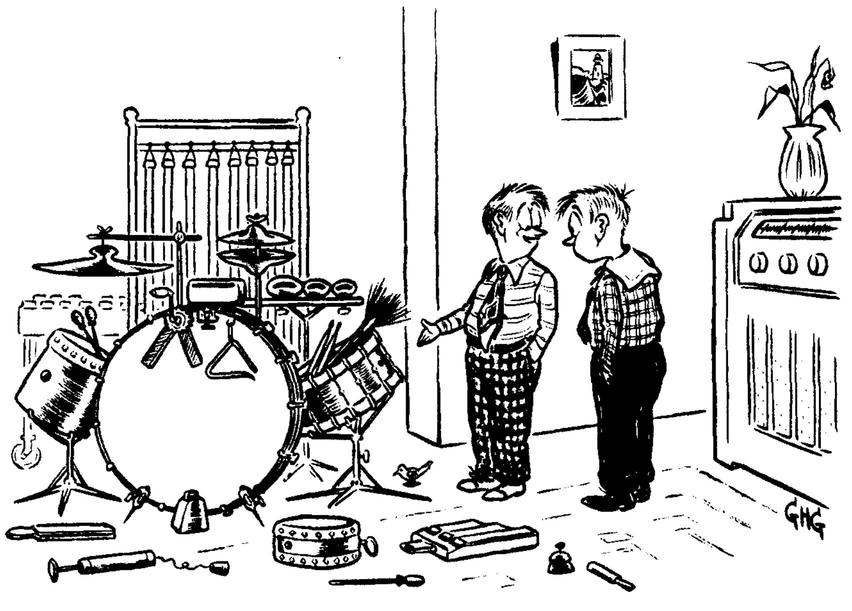
"The Quints are old for their age," Sister Aimee said. "They are only fifteen, but they are more like seventeen-year-olds. They are much more introverted than the average youngster. In fact, I think they're all pretty good psychologists. They seem to analyze everyone they meet. It isn't a malicious trick. But when someone new comes along, all five seem to take the person's measure. For one to react that way, yes. But for all five—it's uncanny."

Quints Center of Controversy

When the sister said this I thought I could supply the answer. During the four years of the struggle between the Doc and their parents the Quints were in the middle of it all. Nurses sometimes sided with the Doc, sometimes with the family. The kids were pulled this way and that. Every person around them presented a problem. So they began analyzing people just to try to solve those problems.

"All the girls are musical," the sister continued.

It didn't take Sister Aimee to tell me this. I knew that Annette, when she was only five, could play *berceuse* on the little organ she got for her birthday. She played it with two hands too. None of



"I pick up a nice piece of change on 'em every evening—I start practicing just before the folks' favorite radio programs go on the air"

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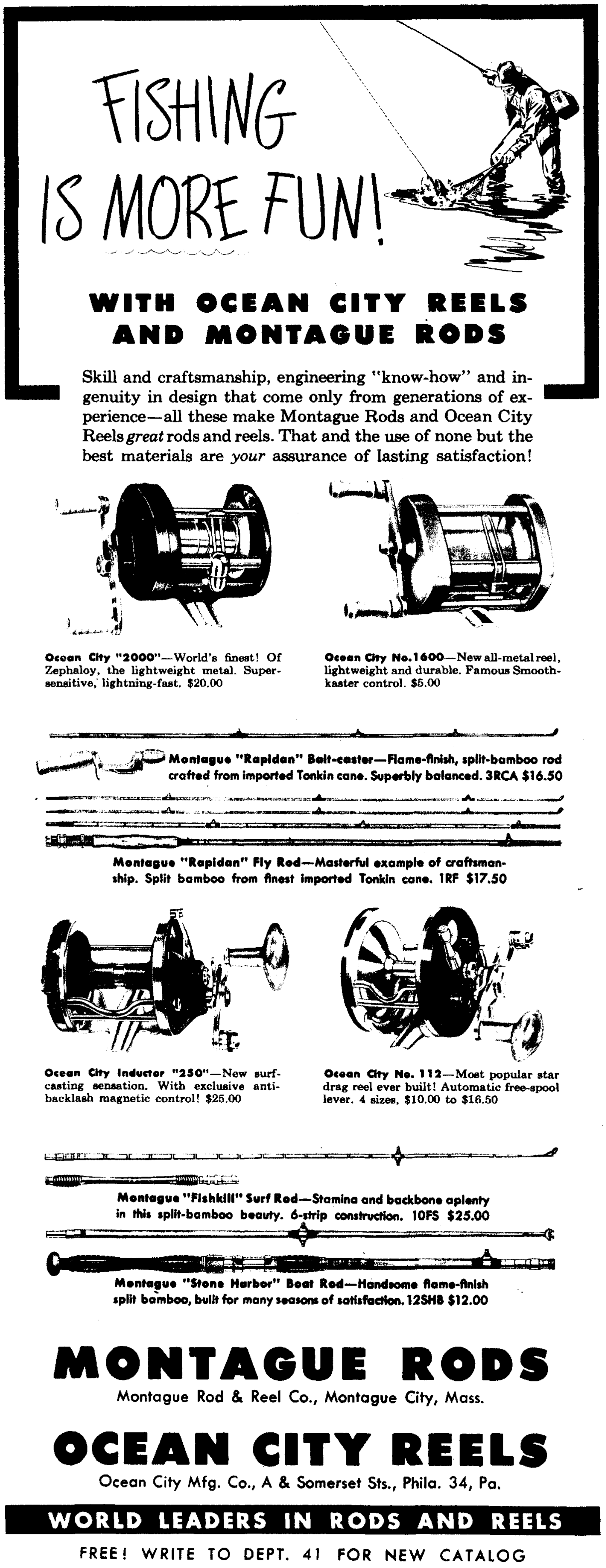
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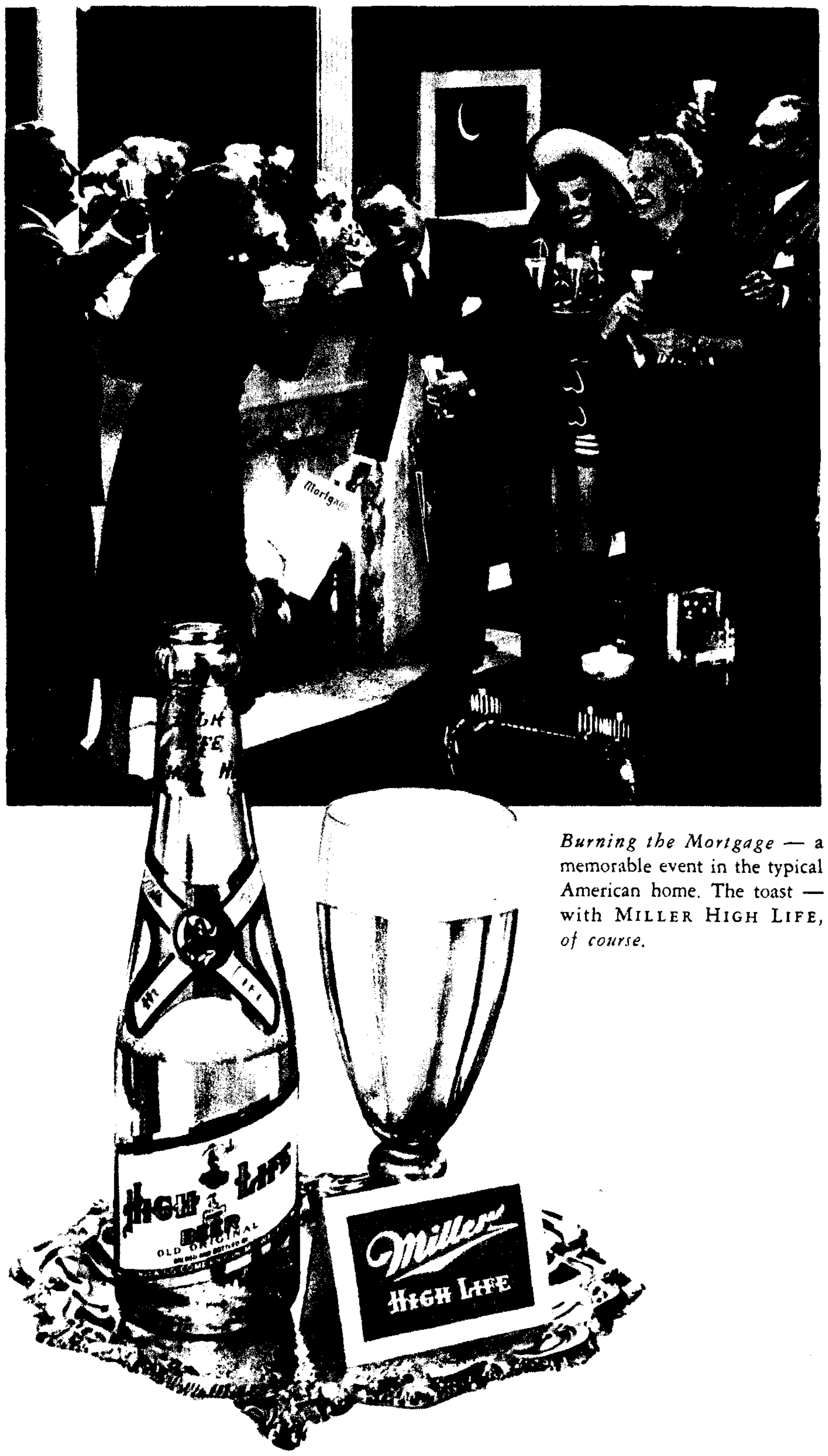

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that one-finger stuff. You might even remember hearing her on the radio.

They have a huge collection of records—jazz, musical comedy, hillbilly, cowboy laments. But recently they have shown a distinct preference for fine music, symphonies, operas, tone poems—long-hair stuff.

Sister Aimee has been with the Dionnes for six years now and she has made it her business to study the five from all angles. She says they have completely different personalities—so different in fact that she thinks that is why they no longer look alike. They mix well with the other pupils of the school, but let one get into trouble—bingo, the other four are beside her. That bond of birth is still a bond.

Still Attract Curious

All are good cooks and housekeepers. If they married farm boys they wouldn't be out of their element. Their tragedy is that they must find their interests on their father's farm. When they go outside the farm's 340 acres and appear in public they are objects of curiosity, and this means embarrassment.

It was Dr. Dafoe's dream to bring them up to take that sort of thing in their stride.

"They will be brought up like little princesses," he used to say.

But the parents had different ideas. They wanted the five to enjoy a normal family life as normal children do. So the Quints got neither. You can't be brought up behind a high wire fence and have more than a speaking acquaintance with the ordinary world.

When they were little it seemed fun to dress them alike and stress their similarity. Now, except for special occasions they dress as unlike as possible. They have learned that this device makes it possible for them to go outside with a minimum of embarrassment.

When we had them in Toronto in 1942, the children yearned to see a large department store. We thought they wouldn't be noticed in a big store so we took them to one, all at one time and dressed alike. It was as if someone had gone out on the streets with a loudspeaker and announced: "The Quints are here."

Within a matter of minutes crowds surged in. Counters were overturned, showcases wrecked. The surge of the mob threatened our little party. It might have been serious if we hadn't hurried to an elevator which took us away so we could get out by a back door. It was a frightening experience for us and for the kids.

Now they go out in two and threes, dressed differently. In this way they can shop and dine out. They can even see movies in the little town of North Bay.

Both Dionne and Sister Aimee say you'll never see the Quints on the stage or on the screen. Oliva thinks the years when they were stared at by visitors destroyed any desire to become public figures.

It was evening before I got to meet them. They were grouped around the dining-room table, busy with their homework. How different their greeting was from the old days. When they were five or six they would charge me like a football team. Now they were shy and self-conscious. There was no wild babel of greeting as I had hoped there might be. Yet they seemed very glad to see me again.

Just as I remembered, Yvonne was the leader. The others looked to her to do the talking. She asked a few polite questions about me, about my wife. Even about wee Jeannie, our small Scotty dog. They were sorry to hear that she was dead.

We stood there awkwardly for a few minutes. I thought if we sat down it might relieve the atmosphere. So we did. I asked the obvious questions: Did they like housework? Did they like cooking? They said they did. At least Yvonne and Emilie said so. Annette and Cecile nodded their heads. Marie was motionless and speechless, the poor kid. Without too much difficulty I found that they like school.

"All but mathematics," Yvonne added. The others nodded vigorous agreement.

They were all dressed differently. I picked out the one who wore her clothes with the most style, and sure enough it was Cecile, always the stylish one.

"Cecile," I ventured, "you were always interested in clothes, weren't you?" Cecile blushed so that I decided to refrain from further personal observations. But from Oliva and Sister Aimee I learned that Cecile is an unusually good singer.

"Cecile is the liveliest of them all," Sister Aimee informed me. "She is more socially inclined. She gets along with others more easily."

Then came the sixty-four-dollar question—the one everyone asks *me* when they learn that I know the Quints: What are they going to be when they grow up?

"Marie," I said, "what do you want to do when you finish school?" No answer.

"Yvonne, what career would you like?"

A shake of the head but no answer. I drew five blanks.

Emilie is still the comedian of the crowd. She still makes the others laugh. When I came in she had something to say in French about me that I didn't catch. They all giggled, but it wasn't malicious. I could tell that. It shot memory back ten years. The girls were five then and they were making one of their public appearances. One of them clutched a toy monkey that was the favorite of the moment. Emilie looked at her sister with a wide grin and said, "If you don't drop that monkey they'll think there are six of us."

Emilie is the best writer of the group. "She seems to have a feeling for stories," said Sister Aimee. She expresses herself better than the others.

"Do you want to be a writer?" I asked Emilie. She shook her head.

"She prefers music," Yvonne informed me with great politeness.

"She's the musician all right," the father told me. "She likes to compose. She is always going off in a corner and playing little tunes she thinks up by herself."

Annette is the quiet one. She keeps more to herself than the others. Perhaps more than any of her sisters, she has made her mind up about the future. She wants to devote herself to music. I know because I asked her and she said, *"Oui."* Then she blushed red as fire because she hadn't answered me in English.

Accents Sometimes Embarrassing

At this point Oliva gave me a clue to the difficulty I was having. "They're ashamed of their accents," he said.

I was slightly incredulous. Then I remembered that when they were small the language they spoke, like every other detail of their lives, had been a point of bitter contest. The children have not forgotten that tug of war.

I wouldn't say that Yvonne was my favorite Quint. But she was always the easiest to get to and talk with. All the girls are dark complected, with dark eyes and hair that is nearly black. None of them is blond like their sister Pauline or their brother Oliva, Jr. But Yvonne comes the nearest to being fair. Her skin is lighter, her eyes are hazel instead of dark brown.

I left Marie to the last, hoping that some of her shyness might wear off. She was always a favorite of mine, right from that first week of their birth. She supplied me with a story daily and it was always the same: "Tiny Marie weathered another crisis today. Her feeble heartbeats seemed to cease. Dr. Dafoe gave her a couple of drops of rum. She rallied, but the little doctor refused to say if he thought she could last another day."

In those days Marie weighed one pound ten ounces. Can you believe it!

The kid was so shy that there was no use in my questioning her so I learned her story from the father. "Marie is the busy one," he told me. "She loves to help her mother around the house."

Marie has one weak leg. They think perhaps it dates back to when she was three months old. Then she had a malignant tumor removed from her thigh by radium. The leg is smaller than the other and weaker, but she doesn't let it handicap her in sports. She makes up for it in daring.

I think the kids were glad when I got up to leave—they still had homework to do and then they were going skating. Oliva and I returned to his study. Its outstanding decoration is a huge picture of the Dionne family tree. More than any other group on the continent, French Canadians can trace their ancestry. The parish church has always kept a strict record of all births, marriages and deaths. The tree shows that Oliva's emigrant ancestor came to Canada in 1635. Mrs. Dionne's folks were latecomers. They didn't arrive until 1670.

Uncertain as to Careers

Our conversation again turned to the future of the children. Oliva was frank to admit that he had no idea what they would do. With their musical talents they would seem naturals for the entertainment field. But as fifteen-year-olds they say they don't want that. For the first nine years of their lives they were entertainers, if involuntary. Twice each day the public was allowed in to galleries and, through one-way glass, saw the little girls at play.

There were days when 10,000 went through the turnstiles. Perhaps as many as 5,000,000 people have seen them. Even now in summer, tourists come by the thousands and drive to the Dionne home in the hope of seeing them. But the girls have learned to play in spots of their father's farm where they can't be seen or molested. The public is still tremendously interested in them. One Californian has sent them flowers twice a year ever since they were born. Others never miss writing them on birthdays.

They don't need to worry about money. Their funds are held in trust by the courts under the Quintuplet Act. When they are eighteen—three years hence—they will divide $1,500,000. If they should make a movie between now and then it could be twice that. There is a good chance too that Oliva might ask the government to extend its management of their finances till they are twenty-one. He feels that girls who have been so sheltered will hardly be ready at eighteen to handle all that money.

Yes, they're wealthy kids. But I've never known children to have less fun for their money. I guess it's that high wire fence. It was built to keep the curious out. But it keeps them in and it separates them from the fun the ordinary little girl has, from outside contacts—from boy friends.

Boy Interest Lacking

When I asked them about boys they showed no interest. Perhaps that will come later. I hope so.

Even their future schooling is in doubt. Next year they will continue to have classes at home.

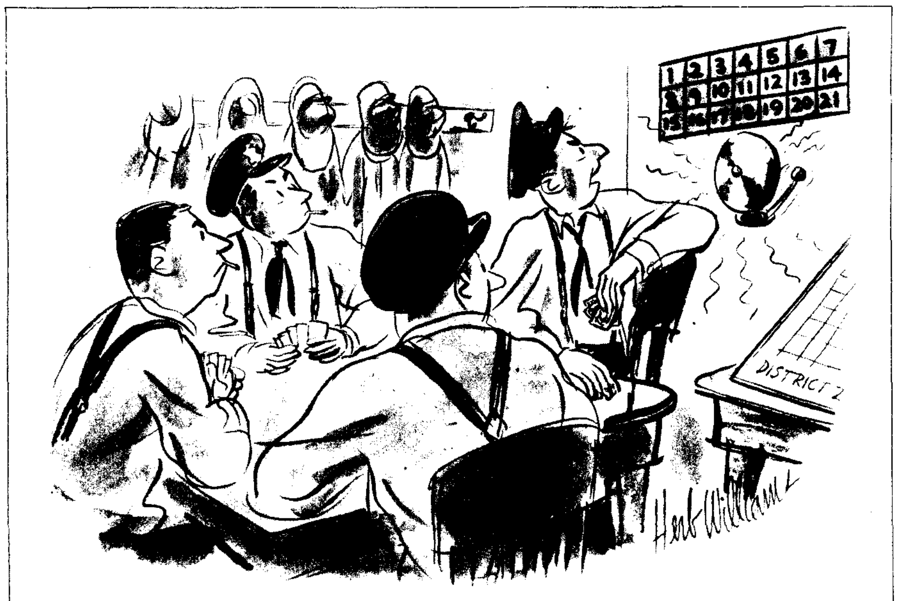
"I don't know if we'll ever send them away to school or not," Oliva confided. "Sometimes I feel that we should. It might do them good to get out among other people. But should we send them as a group to one school? Or should we separate them? I suppose that sooner or later the group will be broken up. But I don't think I want to be the one to do it."

As she always has done, Mrs. Dionne keeps very much in the background. She still speaks no English, not from nationalistic reasons but because she fears people might laugh at her accent. Dionne himself is still a farmer at heart. He works his farm himself, and raises much of the family's food. He has the typical French-Canadian carefulness with money, but his household is necessarily a costly one—he runs it on a budget of about $30,000 a year. This comes from the Quint fund and all expenditures are passed on by the courts.

Dionne is still a little bitter about those early days when he considers his five daughters were filched from him by trickery.

"All I ever wanted was to bring my children up in my own home in my own way," he says with feeling. "My whole family has been affected by the fighting that went on. That is why the Quints are so introverted today. That jail they were kept in was bad for them."

As I drove away from the Dionne home that night the question uppermost in my mind was: What will happen to the Quints? Will they just stay there behind that fence? Can they learn to do without it? I was a little sad and a little concerned. Life for a Quintuplet is so difficult. So many bad things can happen. Maybe they've had all their bad luck. Maybe from here in it will be clear sailing for them. I hope so.



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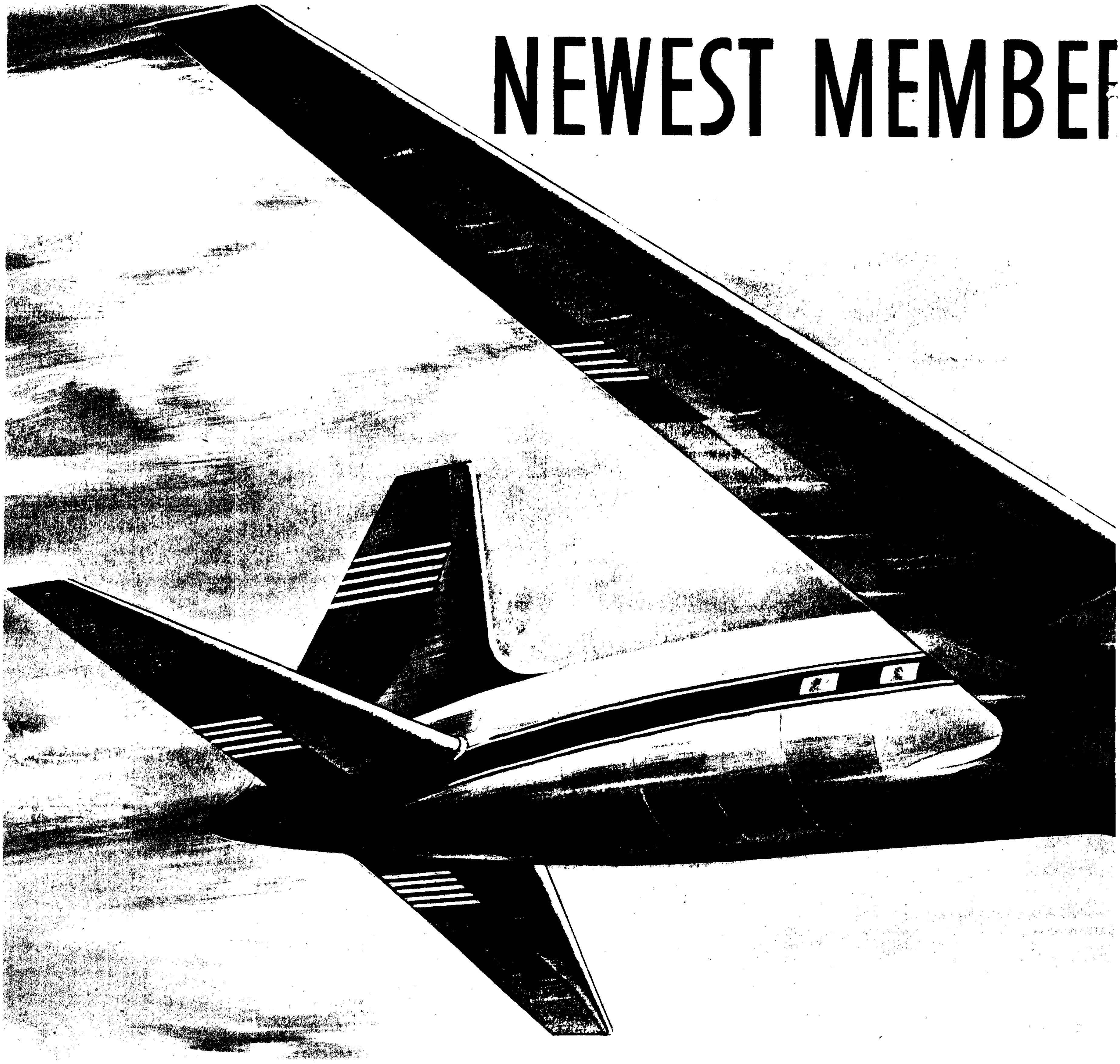

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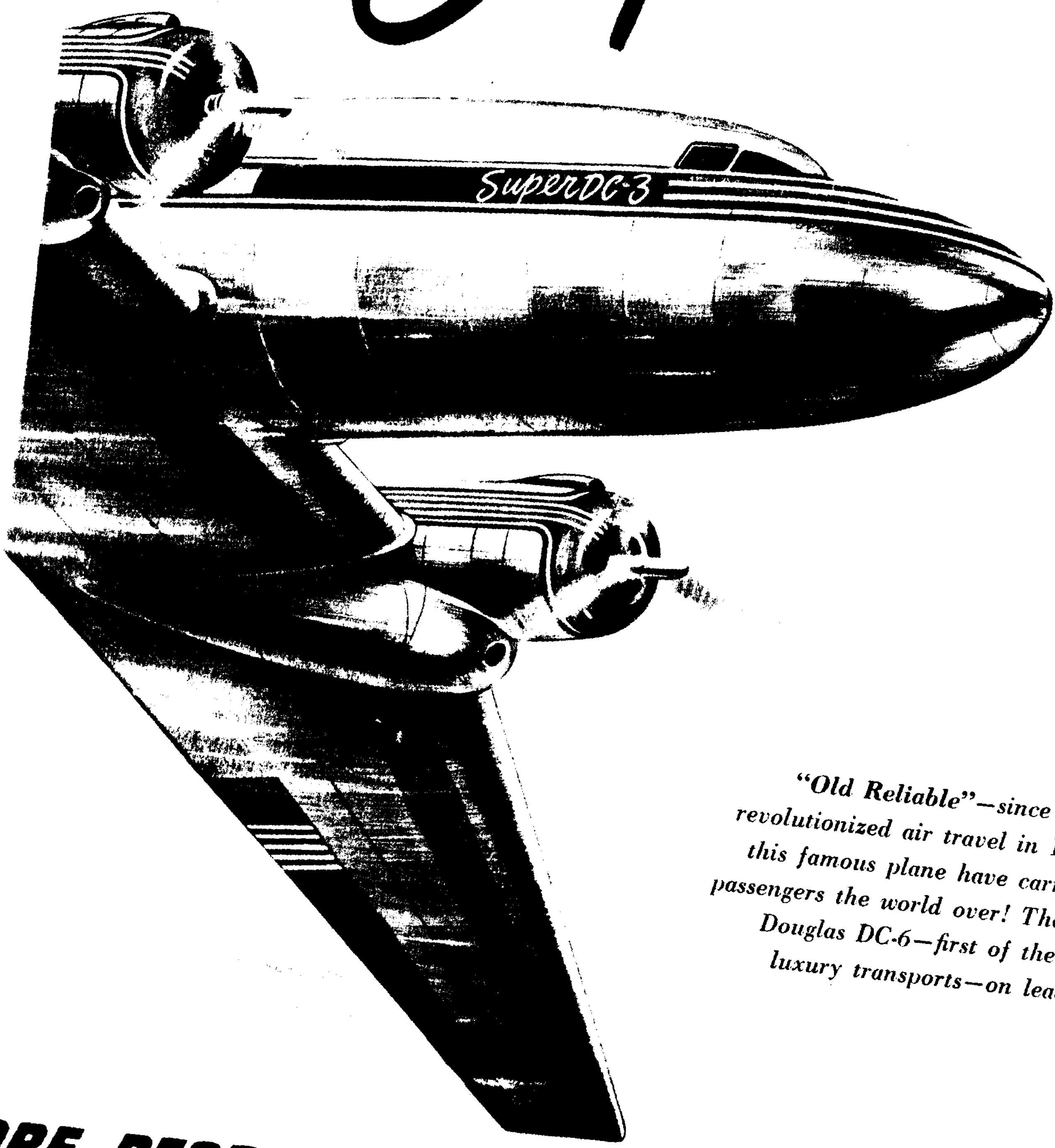

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THE RAIN MAKER

By D. D. BEAUCHAMP

Mark Twain said that everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it. But Mark Twain had never known a fool like Father

EVERY time something happened in our town to annoy my father he would come home and announce that he was going to run for mayor and give the community a taste of efficient government. That usually happened two or three times a year, and as a general rule he would forget about it in a day or two. The only time he did not forget about it was when the garbage collectors went on strike. He did not forget about it that time because they did not collect our garbage for three weeks and my father had to haul it to the city dump personally. After the second trip he came home and said he was going to run for mayor. We were eating supper when he said it. It upset my mother.

"Eat your meal, John," my mother said, "and stop being ridiculous."

"What's ridiculous about it?"

My mother put down the biscuit she was buttering and explained why it was ridiculous. In the first place she contended that he had enough to do to take care of his law practice without wasting his time in politics; and in the second place if he did have that much idle time on his hands why didn't he take us on the trip through Yellowstone Park that he had been promising for so long. My mother had been talking about the trip through Yellowstone Park for three years, and every time she brought the subject up my father outtalked her.

He outtalked her this time too. There were some things, my father said, that were more important than a mere search for pleasure. He considered that his running for mayor was an unselfish gesture aimed at the betterment of the community and that my mother should be ashamed of herself for trying to dissuade him from it.

"That's nonsense," my mother said, "and you know it."

"What's nonsensical about it?"

"If you did run you wouldn't have a chance."

"I don't see why not," my father said.

"After some of the infantile performances you have put on in this town," my mother said.

What she meant by his infantile performances was the time he had shot the cannon and blown the windows out of the Methodist church, and the time he had burned the bridge over the river and had got himself thrown in jail for disturbing the peace.

"I was a victim of circumstances," my father said.

He picked up his coffee and drank it. Then he asked my mother if she would care to lay a small wager on it. My mother asked him on what, and my father said on the outcome of the election. My mother said she was sorry she had brought the subject up, and my father said she could not get out of it that easily.

"I will wager my clothing allowance for the next year," my mother said, "against your doing all the housework for a month that you will not be elected. And if you give me odds I will wager further that you wind up in jail."

My father said that was no way to talk in front

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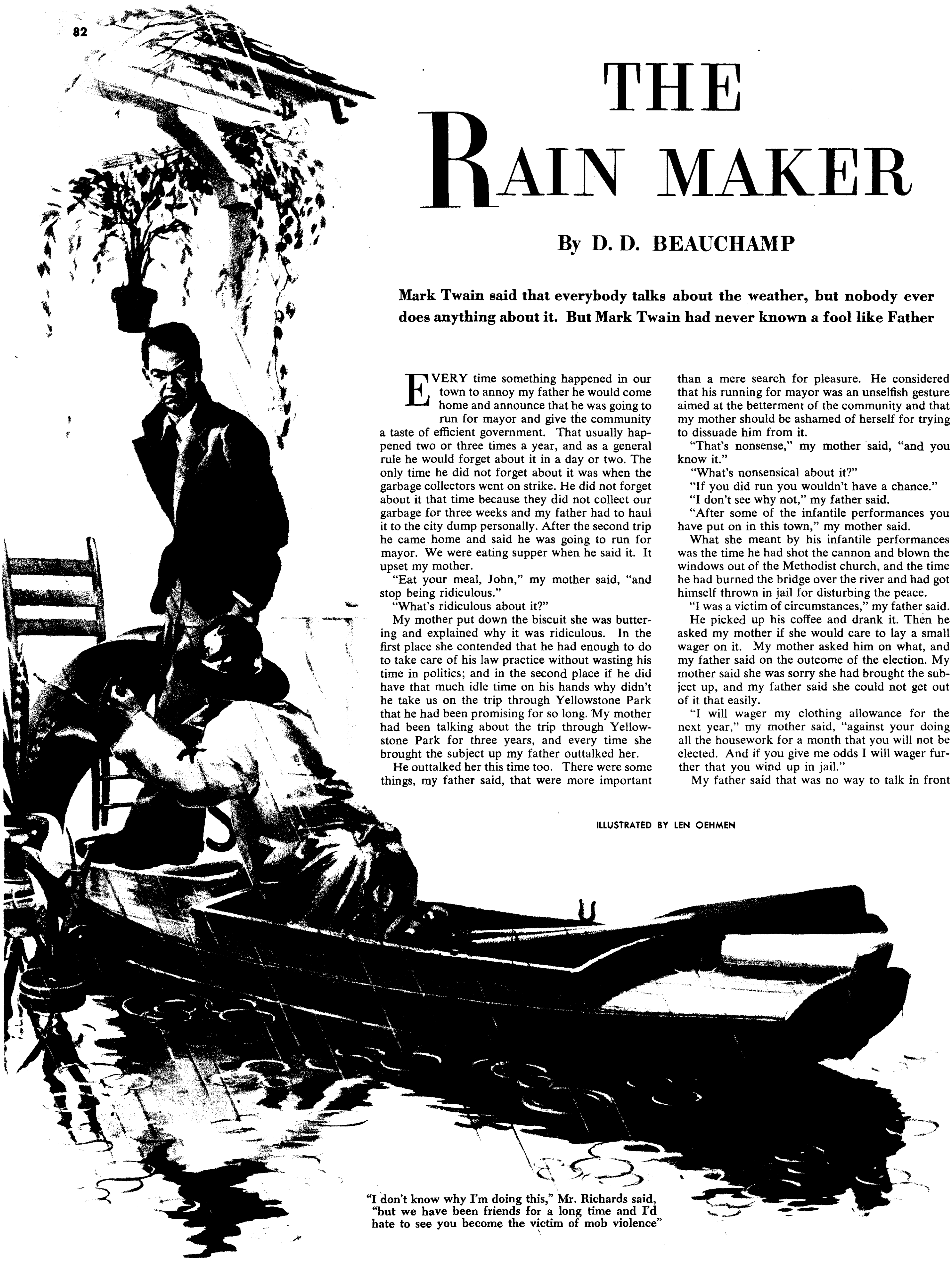

"I don't know why I'm doing this," Mr. Richards said, "but we have been friends for a long time and I'd hate to see you become the victim of mob violence"

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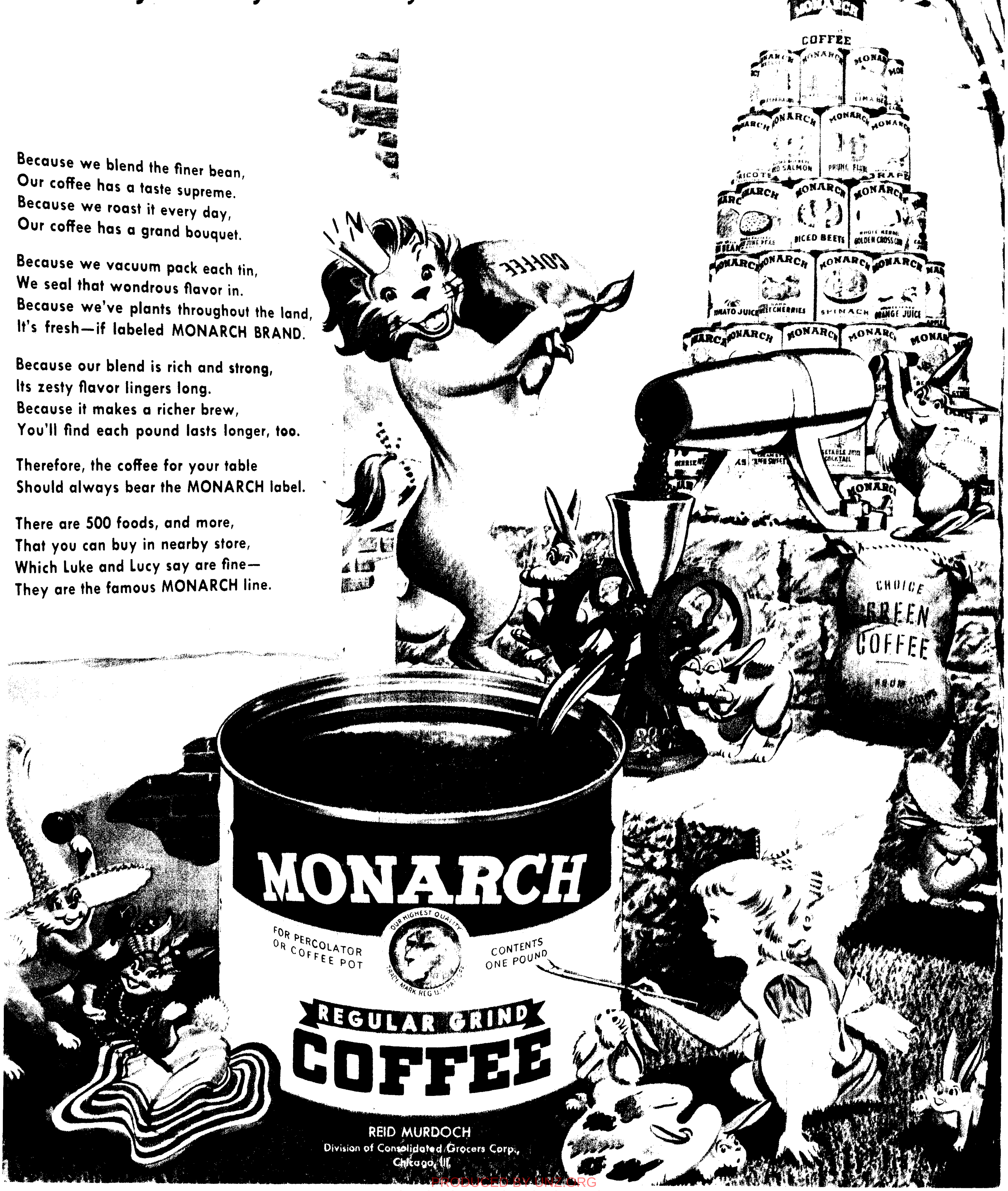
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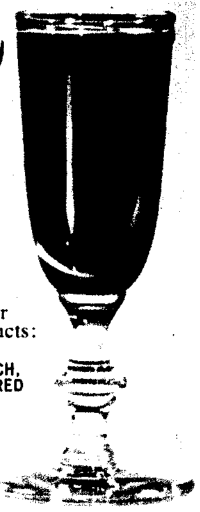

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THE TRUTH ABOUT MAIL-ORDER MARRIAGE

By FRANK RASKY

Lonely Hearts clubs, which will get you a wife or a husband — for a price — are working overtime these days, and some of the things that happen are, well, have you been reading the papers lately? You'll find the whole Lonely Hearts business explained

In Collier's *next week*

of an eleven-year-old boy. He got up from the table.

"You haven't finished your dinner, John," my mother said.

My father said that food was unimportant when such big issues were at stake. "I am going over to get Steve Richards to act as my campaign manager," my father said. "Time is of the essence."

The way it turned out Mr. Richards did not think any more of my father as a candidate for mayor than mother did.

"I have listened to several of your idiotic ideas in the past," Mr. Richards said, "and they have all resulted in calamity. I want no part of this one."

My father asked Mr. Richards if he wouldn't admit that the present mayor was addlebrained and incompetent and Mr. Richards said he would, but that he did not think my father would be any improvement.

"I resent that," my father said, "and I have apparently been mistaken in my assumption that you were my friend." He got up to go home.

"Don't be an idiot," Mr. Richards said. "Sit down."

My father sat down again.

"Just assuming that you are serious about this mayor proposition," Mr. Richards said, "what platform are you going to run on?"

"I intend to clean up the town," my father said. "Literally speaking."

"I think you have a point there," Mr. Richards said. Mr. Richards had been taking his garbage to the city dump too.

My father said it was a disgraceful state of affairs when all the citizens of a community were put to great inconvenience because the mayor did not know how to handle the city employees, and that after he was elected all that would be changed.

"Hear. Hear," Mr. Richards said.

"I do not seek this office," my father said, "from any desire for gain or personal aggrandizement. I seek it rather from a deep sense of obligation to the community which has offered a livelihood and sanctuary to me and mine. Garbage," my father said, "is the burning issue."

"Provided I do not have to burn it myself," Mr. Richards said.

My father said that was the point he was getting at. Then he went on to make a speech about the unsanitary conditions that had resulted from the incompetency of the present city administration, and how the town was faced with an invasion of rats and a possible outbreak of bubonic plague. Mr. Richards said that such things had not occurred to him. That was not surprising because they had probably not occurred to anybody in town except my father. Then Mr. Richards went on to say that my father's oratory had moved him deeply, and after due reconsideration he would consider it an honor to act as my father's campaign manager.

"We will erect voting booths at the city dump," Mr. Richards said, "and get the vote of every man in town."

THE next morning I saw Mr. Parmenter who lived next door to us putting a big can in the back of his car, so I told him my father was going to run for mayor on a platform of garbage.

"I have thought for a long time that all political platforms were garbage," Mr. Parmenter said, "but your father is the first man I have ever heard of who was honest enough to say so. You can tell him that he will have my vote." He put his car in gear. "We may as well have a screwball for a mayor as the one we've already got."

Afterward my father blamed everything that happened on the garbage collectors.

They went back to work the day after my father announced his candidacy and he did not have any platform to run on. My mother suggested that he withdraw from the election, but that was not the way my father operated. He considered that his dignity and pride were at stake, and that there were other local issues that were equally as important as garbage. The trouble was he was not content to run on any issue like tax reduction or paving the streets. The way he explained it to Mr. Richards he was going to think of some issue that would capture the public imagination.

It took him a week to think of it. We were having breakfast one morning when my mother looked out the window and said it was probably going to be another scorcher. That was an easy guess to make because we had been having scorchers for a month. It was the hottest and driest summer anybody could remember. There had been very little snow during the winter and no rain in the spring. The farmers were complaining because their crops were burning up, and the people in town were complaining because their lawns were dying, and there was not enough water in the reservoir to allow them to sprinkle.

My father looked out the window. Then he said my mother was undoubtedly right about it being another scorcher, and that a little rain would certainly be a boon to the country. Then he let out a yell and hammered on the table so hard the dishes jumped. My mother asked him what on earth he was shouting about.

"I've found it," my father said.

My mother looked at him like she thought he had gone crazy. "Found what?"

"I have found my platform."

"I did not know you had lost one," my mother said.

"There is no need to be facetious," my father said, "on an issue that will be of great benefit to the entire community." He got up from the table. "I have to see Steve Richards right away."

I rode over to Mr. Richards' house with him. Mr. Richards was out working on his front lawn in his old clothes. He came over to the car.

"Did you ever see such weather as this," Mr. Richards said.

"That is the reason I came over to see you," my father said. "I believe it was Mark Twain who said that everybody talks about the weather but nobody ever does anything about it."

"Well?"

"That is my new platform," my father said, "I intend to do something about it."

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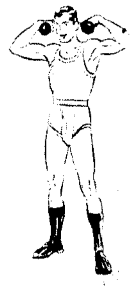

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"Don't you think you are a little out of your province?" Mr. Richards said. "Personally I will leave such things up to God."

"That is because you have no imagination," my father said. He took the newspaper he had been reading out of his pocket and gave it to Mr. Richards. "Read that," my father said, "the second column, about halfway down."

Mr. Richards read it. Then he looked at my father like he thought he had gone crazy.

"A rain maker," Mr. Richards said. He went on to read the item. It told about a man up in Buford who claimed he could make it rain, and how he was offering his services in the drought-stricken areas, at a very small fee.

"A guy who shoots off fireworks, and it starts to rain," Mr. Richards said.

"Yes, sir," my father said. "And I think you will agree that this will be one of the most unusual political campaigns ever conducted."

MR. RICHARDS said he would agree to that. Then he said, "Look, you don't really believe such drivel as this, do you?" And my father said naturally he didn't, but think of the possibilities it presented.

"What have I got to lose?" my father said. "Everybody is yelling for rain. We will stage this spectacular demonstration and if it does not happen to rain I will at least get credit for trying. If it should happen to rain I will be considered a Messiah and there is no way on earth I can lose the election."

Mr. Richards handed the paper back to my father.

"I do not wish to be associated with any such harebrained scheme," Mr. Richards said, "and as of this moment I would like to tender my resignation as your campaign manager."

My father called Mr. Richards a traitor, and Mr. Richards called my father a fool, and then they started yelling at each other, and after a while all the neighbors came out of their houses to listen. Then my mother happened to come by on the way from market, and she made my father quit yelling, and we got in the car and drove home. . . .

It did not rain during the next week. My father made a campaign speech on the extended drought and what he intended doing about it. After the speech he took up a collection and raised three hundred and forty dollars to spend for hiring a rain maker. My father said that was conclusive proof that the people needed a leader in time of crisis.

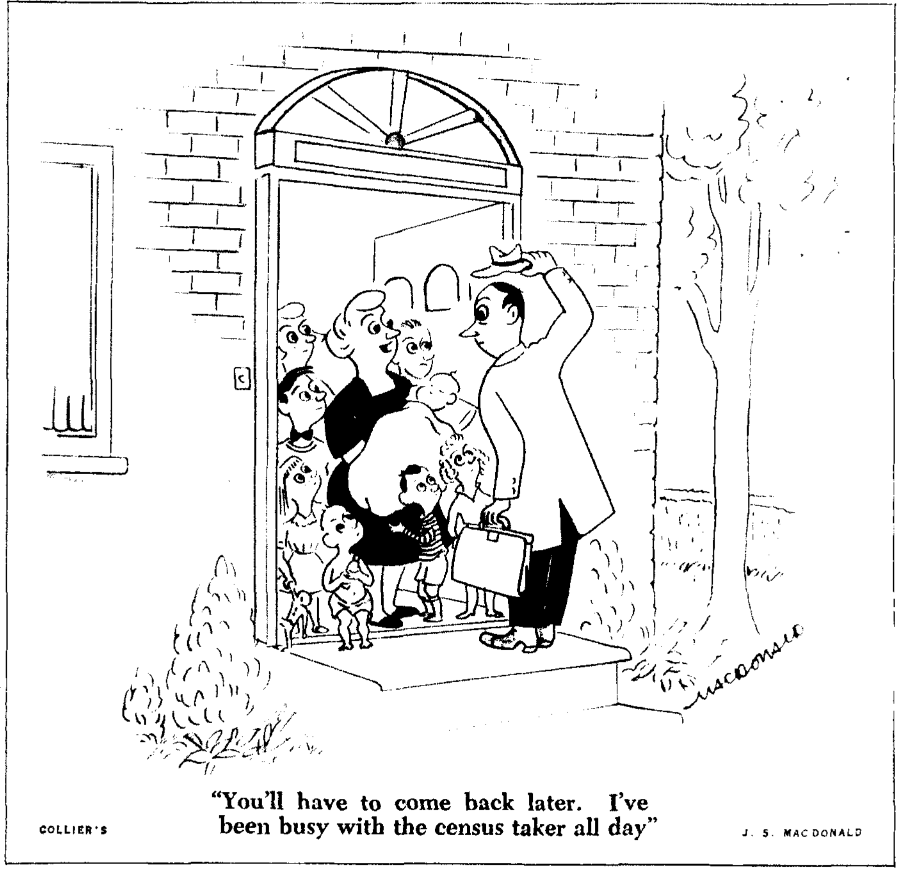
The next day my father got in his car and drove up to Buford and hired Mr. Peabody for two hundred dollars. Mr. Peabody was a rain maker. The other hundred and forty dollars Father spent on materials.

We did not see much of him for a week after that, because he spent all his spare time up on the hill in back of town helping Mr. Peabody prepare for the spectacular demonstration. When they had everything prepared my father took an ad in the paper announcing that the rain-making ceremonies would take place the following Monday. The whole town turned out for it. My father and Mr. Peabody had built a speakers' platform, and they had ropes stretched so that the crowd would not interfere in the demonstration. I went with my mother and we happened to stand by Mr. Richards in the crowd. Mr. Richards said he had not realized before how many idiots there were in the community. He sounded bitter.

Then he stopped talking because the Reverend Bascom had got up on the speakers' platform. He held out his arms for silence and after the noise had stopped the Reverend Bascom preached a short sermon, saying that he hoped God would understand that the citizens of the community were not presuming to encroach on his territory, but desperate circumstances sometimes called for desperate remedies. He went on to say that this solemn ceremony was more in the nature of a supplication than an actual demand, and that the community was lucky to have a man of my father's caliber, who had courage and vision enough to resort to unusual measures in these unusual times.

He drew a polite round of applause and got down off the platform. Then my father got up and made a speech, and introduced Mr. Peabody, and said that Mr. Peabody was going to have the honor of touching off this spectacular demonstration. After that Mr. Gardner, the chief of police, chased all the kids back of the ropes.

Mr. Peabody touched it off, and it was very spectacular. Mr. Richards said afterward that it looked like he was trying to re-enact the Second Battle of Bull Run, and that everybody within a radius



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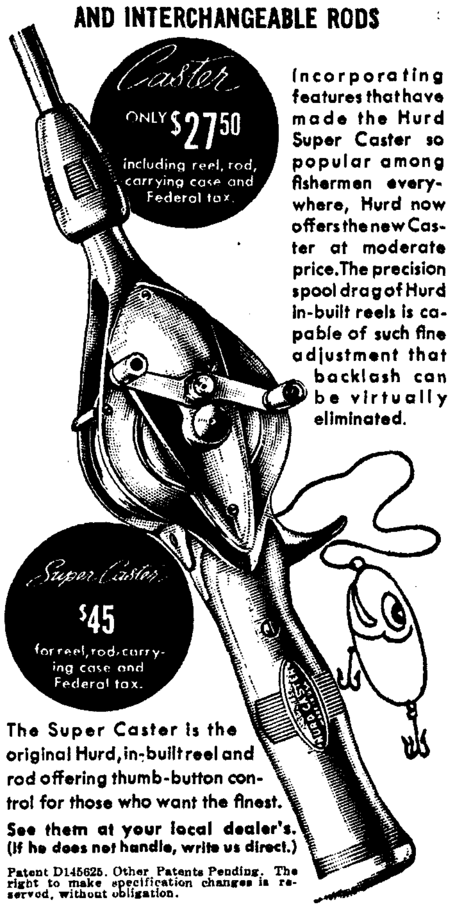

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of one mile should have been decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor for exceptional gallantry under fire.

Mr. Peabody started it off with six charges of dynamite, and it looked like he had blown up the hill. You could not hear anything for a minute, and you could not see anything either. There was a big cloud of smoke, and babies crying, and horses running away, and two or three women in the crowd fainted. Mr. Richards said that if this was in the nature of a supplication to God he had no doubt about the fact that God had heard it.

By the time he had said that it was too late to stop them because the fireworks had started. There were skyrockets and pin wheels, and Roman candles, and torpedoes, and cannon crackers and firecrackers exploding all over the place. It lasted ten or fifteen minutes and it was better than any Fourth of July celebration we had ever had.

After it was over the men whose wives had fainted and whose horses had run away were all in favor of having my father locked up for endangering the public welfare, but for the most part it was pretty effective.

When everything had quieted down my father got up on the platform and made another speech. He thanked everybody for coming out and lending moral support to his experiment. Then he said that there was nothing more to do but await further developments, and everybody went home. My father was the last one to go. He paid Mr. Peabody his two hundred dollars and took him down to the station, and Mr. Peabody left town on the 1:10 train going north. If my father had had any sense he would have left town too.

The next morning my father got up at daylight and went out to see if there were any clouds in the sky. There were. By eight o'clock you could not see the sun, and at eight thirty it started to rain. It surprised my mother. It surprised my father too.

By ten o'clock it was pouring so hard you could not see across the street. My father stood at the front window watching it. He was sure he was going to be elected mayor by that time.

"This is something the people of this town will not forget in a hurry," my father said.

"I suppose you are really going to claim the credit for it," my mother said.

My father said he didn't see why he shouldn't claim the credit, and my mother said she did not think it was honorable. My father said there was no honor in politics. He said he was willing to admit the possibility of a coincidence, but just on the off chances that his spectacular demonstration had had something to do with it he would be stupid not to take advantage of it. Then he went to the telephone and called Mr. Richards and asked him how he liked the delightful shower.

AFTER that my father put on his raincoat and his old hat and went downtown to stand on a street corner and take credit for having made it rain. He stayed down there all afternoon shaking hands with everybody that came by, and when he came home that night it did not look like he could possibly lose the election.

It was still raining the next morning. My father did not go to the office and the phone rang all day long with people calling up to congratulate my father on what he had done for the community. On the third day the river had risen two feet in twelve hours, and the phone did not ring at all. My mother called my father Jupiter Pluvius at breakfast, and it made him mad. I did not know who Jupiter Pluvius was.

"He could make it rain like your father," my mother said, "except his control was better."

It was still raining on the fourth day, and the river was still coming up and it began to look like my father had overdone it. The telephone rang in the morning. It was Mr. Alderson who owned a truck farm down by the river. He had called once before to congratulate my father on the weather, except this time he was not calling to congratulate him. He was calling to say that he had two acres of tomato plants under water and what did my father intend doing about it. My father hung up the phone. It started ringing again, and my father answered it twice and after that he left the receiver down so that he could not hear it, and it began to look like he was not going to be the next mayor.

THE fifth day Mr. Richards came to see us. He was dressed in a slicker and a sou'wester hat, and hip boots, and he came in the boat that he and my father usually used for duck hunting. The reason he came in the boat was because there was a foot of water on our front lawn. Mr. Richards rowed his boat up to the front porch.

"I do not know why I am doing this," Mr. Richards said, "because God knows you have asked for it; but we've been friends for a number of years and I would hate to see you be the victim of mob violence."

"What do you mean," my father said.

"I mean," Mr. Richards said, "that there are three feet of water on Main Street, and ninety per cent of the people in this town could start a marine garden in their basements, and there seems to be some feeling in town that you are responsible for it."

My father said he did not see how anybody could blame him, and Mr. Richards said he was the one who had thought up the idea of hiring a rain maker, and then had stood on the corner downtown for a whole day taking credit for the rain, and that it was a little late now for him to try and reverse his field. Then he went on to suggest that my father get in touch with Mr. Peabody to find out some way to turn it off, or, failing that, he would suggest that my father get out of town as rapidly as possible. My father said he was not serious about that, and Mr. Richards said he had never been more serious about anything in his life, and if my father did not believe him he could go to the town meeting they were having in the courthouse, but that if he did go he had better go fully armed. After that Mr. Richards got back in his boat and rowed away. My father stood and watched him and he did not say anything.

"It does not look like you are going to be considered a Messiah," I said.

"Don't talk to me," my father said. He looked worried.

After that he went out to the kitchen where my mother was doing dishes. "Edna," my father said.

"Yes?"

"I have been thinking," my father said, "about the trip you've been wanting to take through Yellowstone Park. Things are pretty quiet at the office right now and I don't see why this wouldn't be a good time for it."

"I think that would be lovely, John," my mother said. "When did you want to leave?"

"I thought we might leave today if you can get packed in time."

"I think I can manage it," my mother said. She did not tell him that she had had our clothes packed for the past three days. She knew my father pretty well.

We left that afternoon and we were gone four weeks. I fed the bears in Yellowstone Park, and after a while the people in town had forgotten about my father making it rain.

After we got back my mother did not say anything about my father doing the housework for a month, but it was a long time before he decided to run for mayor again.

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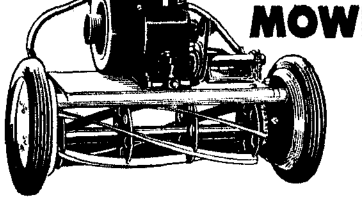

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WHY YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HOUSE

Continued from page 17

cities. I came back with a suitcase of notes, reports and newspaper clippings and the final conclusion that what America needs—and doesn't have—is a building industry.

Today the private builder faces the greatest market for shelter since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. But the homes he has built are priced beyond reach of the average-income family and beyond hope of the lowest third of our income groups.

The builders' defense is an old story of woe. In America, as elsewhere, the building business is a holdout against the industrial revolution. Its operators are traditionally small-scale. Before the war, 60 per cent of America's builders averaged only one house a year. To feed this scattered production, the manufacturers of building materials developed a bucket brigade, whereby lumber, nails and toilet bowls travel from wholesaler to jobber to local retailer. Before they reach the builder—and his buyer—some of the materials double in price.

Bank Credit a Factor

Because he is a small operator, the builder has often seemed helpless in the face of the wage demands and restrictive practices of the building trades unions and is always at the mercy of the banks for finance. His carpenters, plumbers and plasterers demand and get high wages on the job against the days of unemployment. Since houses are seldom sold for cash on the barrelhead, the builder depends on the banks to finance his buyers' mortgages. Whenever the banks tighten credit, as they now threaten, building slows down.

Like other manufacturers, the small-scale builder blames the high price of his product on high prices generally. Unquestionably, he cannot produce the prewar house at today's price using prewar methods. The cost of his land in many cities has doubled since 1939. A $5,000 house at prewar prices would today cost about $10,700 to build. The cost of labor for such a house has gone up from approximately $1,500 to at least double that figure and the cost of materials has risen from about $2,250 to around $5,000.

But the chief trouble is the building method. While other American industries using mass production are now approaching demand, the average home builder, following an archaic, inefficient and wasteful system, has already priced himself out of the market. Until he learns to mass-produce homes at lower cost, he will have no satisfactory answer for the house-hunting public.

Last year, a handful of big builders were assaulting the old building system and making some headway in mass production. If the housing revolution is to come from the builders, it will emerge from these efforts.

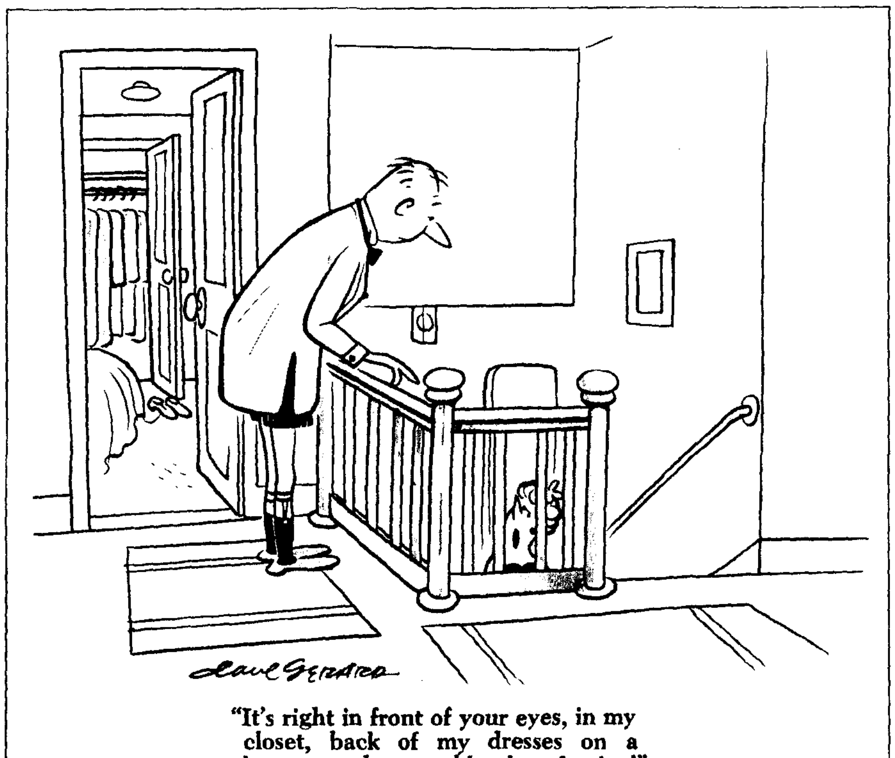
(1) In Memphis, Tennessee, the local hero is Wallace E. Johnson, the biggest builder in the state. Since the war, he has produced 2,000 modest homes at moderate prices. This year, he expects to get out a two-bedroom model priced at $5,999, one of the lowest predictions to date.

Most of Johnson's success, and that of builders like him, has come from the way they handle lumber—a method called "precutting." While the old-style builder ordered his lumber at retail for each job, Johnson has bought up his own forests and sawmills to keep him supplied. On the building site, old-style carpenters sawed the lumber to size, ignoring the waste. But Wallace Johnson doesn't leave scraps. His lumber is precut in his plant for studs, joists and beams. Odd pieces are saved for window frames, cabinets, etc. When a Johnson house is finished, there aren't enough scraps to fill a wheelbarrow.

"They all say I'll go broke," Johnson told me cheerfully. "Well, I haven't gone broke so far. I save a little here, a little there, and when I save, so does the customer. The trouble, by jingo, is that too many people want to make too much profit out of one house. I've made mine out of hundreds. Have a cigar!"

(2) William J. Levitt, mass-scale builder of Manhasset, Long Island, has gone Wallace Johnson one step better. He has short-circuited the traditional distribution system not only in lumber, but in all supplies. He insists that manufacturers sell to him direct and he has applied assembly-line techniques at the building site.

Levitt's results have been spectacular. Since July 1, 1947, when he plowed up a Long Island potato field, he has built 6,000 identical houses and has ended



"It's right in front of your eyes, in my closet, back of my dresses on a hanger under an old robe of mine!"

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with Levittown, the fastest, biggest building job in America. This year, he has brought out a new two-bedroom model priced at $7,990, complete with refrigerator, electric range, automatic washer and Venetian blinds. In seven days, he sold 707 of these homes, grossed almost $6,000,000 and needed police help to keep his customers in line.

"The trouble with most builders," Levitt told me, "is that they are mostly speculators, playing for small stakes and ready to run with their winnings. The industry has got to grow up fast. Until we do, we'll have hundreds of problems —local building codes, restrictive labor practices, fabulously expensive materials. It won't do for us to shout against government. We don't have anything to shout about until we can stand on our own feet."

(3) The big postwar hope of builders is "prefabrication"—a system for manufacturing homes in the factory and assembling them on the site. Prefabrication is a major revolution in housing, but it is not yet a clear success and builders heatedly debate its merits.

However, Carl G. Strandlund believes he has the answer. His Lustron Corporation in Columbus, Ohio—a revolution in building methods and materials—is the nation's biggest gamble that factory methods will work. The federal government is behind it with a loan of $32,500,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

When Lustron goes on the market this year, it will be an all-steel house designed for mass distribution. Produced in a factory of porcelain vats, electric furnaces and conveyer belts, the 1949 model is a pastel-colored house of porcelain enameled steel, with two bedrooms, living room, bath and kitchen.

The Lustron Corporation is planning to build and sell houses like automobiles. Strandlund realizes that the cost of land, labor and assembly on the site will vary according to location and each house he is depending on volume production to keep his price down to between $9,000 and $10,500. Like the automobile industry, Lustron has established licensed dealers throughout the country. The dealers will put up the house, sell it and service it.

(4) Beyond the immediate promise of Lustron, Levitt and Johnson is one full-blown theory. America needs, some builders believe, a huge building corporation, capitalized at $100,000,000 and ready for big business. Such a corporation would short-cut the ancient distribution system; it would provide labor with steady employment at steady wages for steady production; it would prefabricate standardized parts for all builders, cutting the price of materials; and it would supply the ultimate consumer by building a house he can afford.

Co-operation Needed

So monumental a venture would require, at least, the mutual effort of many builders. Today, however, there is little agreement among builders except to oppose government action and to claim, through their public relations experts, that the building business is much maligned, that last year's production was maligned, that last year's production was as good as anyone should expect.

Who is the hardest hit in this staggering need for homes? Last year builders supplied the high-priced field and this year government plans to build for the slum dwellers. It is between these two markets that the vast demand lies—that of middle-income families who need homes they can afford, homes in reach of the average American's salary of $60 a week.

Today, thousands of young families are mortgaging themselves to homes beyond their incomes, doubling up with their in-laws and living in makeshift shelters. In San Francisco, 50,000 veterans' families are crammed into "temporaries"—ramshackle barracks, trailers and Quonset huts.

In Chicago, I met John Ritt and family, living in a beaverboard trailer in a veterans' camp at the edge of town. Like thousands of others, the Ritts lie in the vacuum between the builder's efforts and the government's intentions; They are too well off to get into public housing projects and too poor to afford a $12,000 house or the soaring rent of one of Chicago's newest apartments.

Their trailer is far from the little white bungalow John Ritt dreamed of overseas. He and his son Richard share one folding bed, while his wife Jean and daughter Karen share the other. Their prewar furniture is still in storage.

Low-Income Class Suffers

John Ritt is a streetcar motorman and able to pay $65 a month for rent or to cover a mortgage up to $8,000. He simply can't find anything in that range. Until he does, he will continue to mark the failure of the home-building business.

Still struggling to house the great middle class, the builders have been blamed, perhaps unfairly, for failing to supply the lowest third of our income groups. For private enterprise, supplying housing for this group has always seemed an economic impossibility. By default, the builders have virtually abandoned this field to federal action in slum clearance and to public-supported housing to replace the slums. But many builders, fearful of government projects, have tried to reason the slums away. "We had slums in grandfather's day," one told me, "and we have them now. Nobody got excited until Roosevelt started shouting about the 'one-third ill-housed!' "

In cities I visited, mayors, businessmen and housing officials are deeply concerned with the slums. "Slums have a habit of spreading," says Martin H. Kennelly, mayor of Chicago. "They creep up on the good neighborhoods and destroy the homes and businesses which their owners have looked upon as secure."

Across the country, you hear many spectacular speeches about slums, but there are no spectacular results. The best efforts, however hopeful, are still indirect. In Memphis, Tennessee, last year, private enterprise constructed some new low-cost homes specifically for Negroes, who are normally committed by economic and racial restrictions to the city's slums. The enterprise was spark-plugged by Bertram W. Horner, the local Federal Housing Director and a former banker.

At first, it was difficult to find a builder to undertake the work. But finally Horner interested the wealthy Florida Brothers, speculative builders in Arkansas and Tennessee. Last summer, Memphis' Riverview was completed and its houses were quickly sold—at $4,990. They are simple, two-bedroom frame bungalows, built at rock-bottom prices.

Such a low-cost project would be impossible in New York City, where land prices are prohibitive and every acre is crowded with apartments. But that city has found a partial solution to the lower cost problem by side-stepping the builders and appealing to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to invest in low-rental apartments. On the site of former slums, Metropolitan built Stuyvesant Town, a massive apartment development whose rents are among the lowest in the city. To keep rents low, the city paid for clearing the land and held down Metropolitan's city taxes to the value of the undeveloped land.

In Washington, as Congress prepared its controversial housing bill, the voices of the builders and realtors rose to fever pitch. In the Capitol, their noisiest spokesman has been the lean, sharp-

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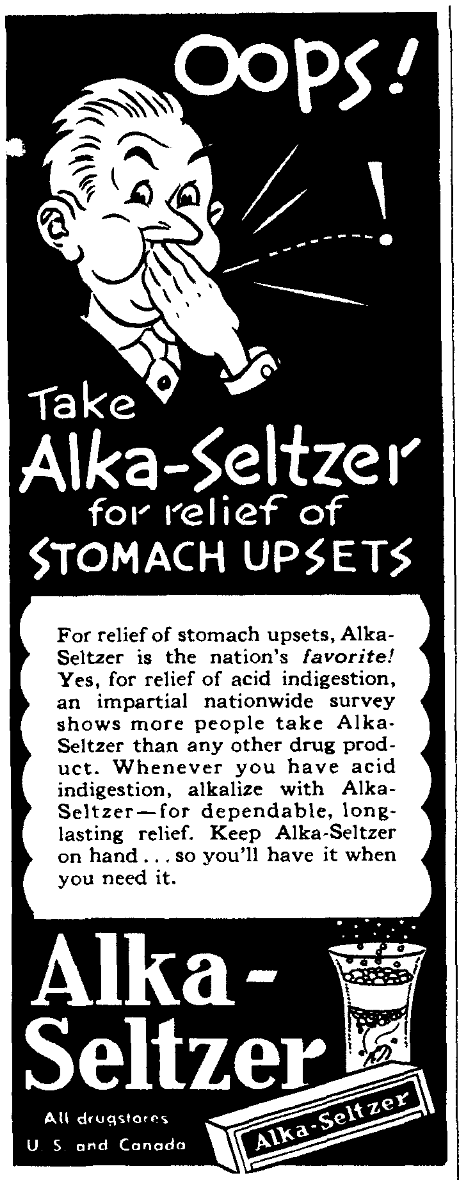

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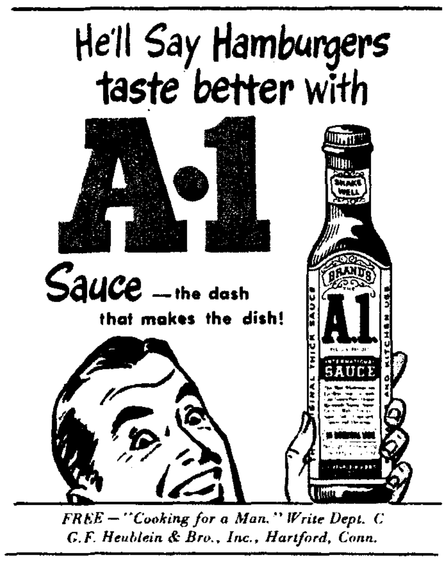

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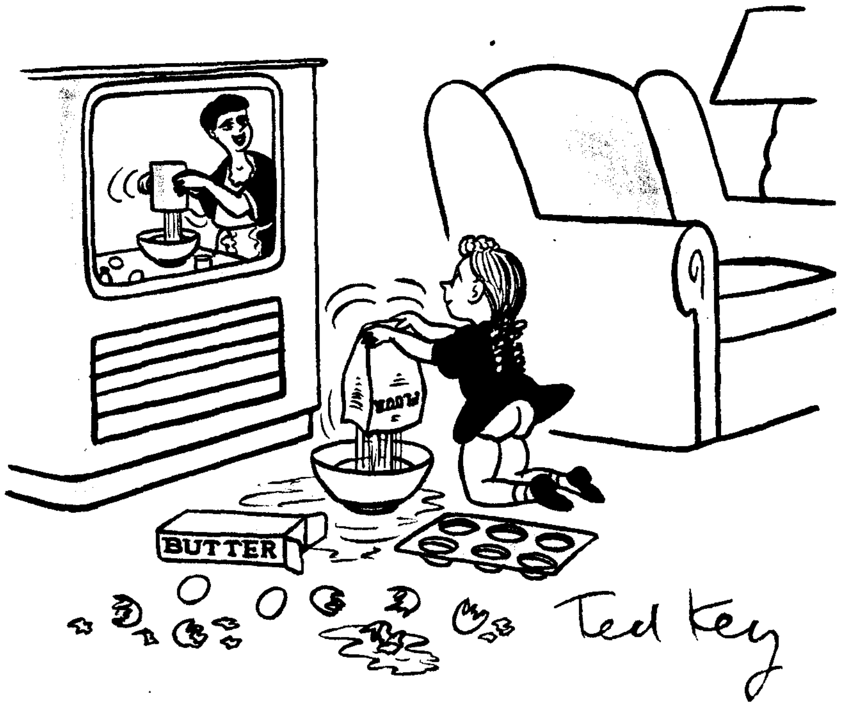


COLLIER'S "... Now add your flour" TED KEY

tongued Herbert U. Nelson, executive vice-president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

Nelson, and presumably the realtors he represents, sees in federal rent control "the first step toward Communism" and he refers to national legislation as "that Socialist housing measure."

Until recently, Senator Robert A. Taft, outspoken sponsor of federal housing legislation, stood cold and aloof from the builders' brickbats. But a few weeks ago, in a speech on housing, he delivered a blunt, direct warning.

Public Housing Not Competitive

"While I am a great believer in free enterprise," he said, "this happens to be a field where it has failed to find a solution. I have found no alternative to public housing as a method of providing low-income rental to those at the bottom of the income scale. There is no reason why the public housing program should compete, or interfere in any way, with the private housing industry. Those who are opposed to public housing have done their own industry a disservice by their indiscriminate and unreasoning opposition."

What is it that government plans to do in housing? Federal housing bills are already old-timers in the legislative hopper, sponsored by Republicans and Democrats alike. Since the end of the war, several hundred housing bills have been presented to Congress by several dozen legislators. Of these, two comprehensive measures came close to passage—the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill, which was approved by the Senate and blocked by the House in the 79th Congress, and the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, which met the same fate last year. This year additional proposals aimed at middle-income housing, with special attention to co-operatives, have been introduced.

The WET bill, the TEW bill and their bipartisan successor in this Congress, would provide for:

(1) A statement of national housing policy, which declares that all Americans are entitled to a decent home, that housing is the business of private enterprise, that government may stimulate and supplement private building, but not impede or supplant it.

(2) A program of slum clearance and urban redevelopment, supported co-operatively by municipal and federal subsidies.

(3) A low-rent public housing program to provide homes for the bottom level of our income groups. These housing projects, built by the lowest bidders, would be owned and managed by local housing authorities. The federal government would make up annual deficits resulting from low rents for low income families.

(4) Federal aid for farm housing through a system of loans and grants.

(5) A housing research program, led by the government in co-operation with the building business to discover new methods and techniques for reducing building costs.

Beyond the catcalls and shouting, what are the builders' bedrock objections to this program?

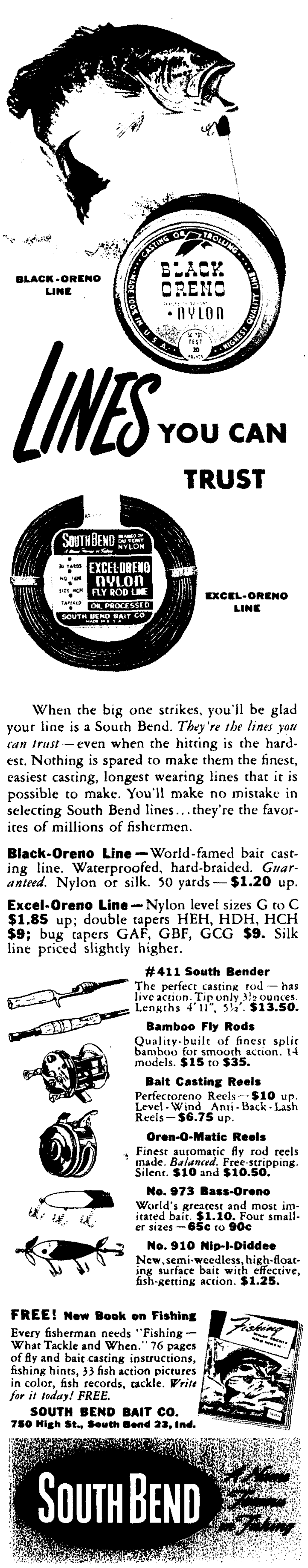
The new legislation, they say, would bring government actively into the building business. In terms of self-interest, they see nothing in it for the private home builder. When bids are let for public housing projects, the lowest are bound to come from general contractors, who are equipped for such large-scale construction. The few big home builders who could handle the job—men like Bill Levitt and Fritz Burns—are already overtaxed with building private homes.

Public housing projects, the builders believe, will compete with them for available labor and materials, and may run building costs up even higher. While Senator Taft and other backers of public housing assure them that the government will restrict its program to surplus labor and materials, the builders will have none of it.

With these arguments, neither the public nor the present Congress have been much impressed. Clearly, there is a theoretical risk to private builders in government building. But there is an even greater practical risk to the public in spreading slums and their inevitable result: crime, broken homes, fire, disease and decaying cities.

Considering the problem, a government economist says: "There's one big requirement for free enterprise. It's got to be enterprising."

Today, hard pressed from all sides, the builders have no means of keeping government out except by building more houses at lower cost. Some of the biggest builders are now pointing the way. The American people, accustomed to industrial miracles, expect and hope for the miracle that will allow builders to develop a huge industry capable of producing houses in quantity at a price the average American can afford.



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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Bob Schoendube came out of Santo Tomas prison camp with cheerleader ambitions that made him a national champion tumbler

Bob takes off on a taut trampolin

THE University of Michigan not only has the national champion football team, it also has the national champion trampolin tumbler. He's Bob Schoendube, a gyroscopic youngster from Manila, Philippine Islands, who eats four meals a day to make up for the ones he missed in the Japs' Santo Tomas prison.

Bob weighed 119 pounds on liberation day. Now, he's throwing 145 pounds around on the trampolin—a bouncy chunk of canvas latched onto an 8-by-12-foot steel frame.

When Bob entered Michigan two years ago, he couldn't even execute a simple front fliffis—a double flip followed by a half twist, and he thought a trampolin belonged in a Salvation Army band. Bob just wanted to be a cheerleader, and nobody warned him that the cheerleaders' coach, Newton C. Loken, was also the gymnastic coach, or that five of Michigan's eight cheerleaders were gymnasts.

Quicker than Schoendube could say, "Newton C. Loken," he was hanging from the gym ceiling all tied up in a safety belt. "Then Loken started spinning me," Bob recalls. "It was fun, sort of. I was doing somersaults and flips, and the belt held me up. Gradually, certain motions became automatic—I was developing muscle memory. After a while, I got rid of the safety belt and started bouncing on the tramp."

In competition, Schoendube spins like a roulette wheel for 90 seconds—sufficient time to perform approximately 30 of the 50 standard trampolin tricks. In the first 60 seconds, he burns up as much muscle and nervous energy as a runner expends in a fast 440.

"It doesn't make me dizzy," Bob testifies, "but I have a funny feeling for 10 or 15 minutes afterward—like walking on a carpet a foot thick."

TOUJOURS DOTTIE LAMOUR

Bob ("I used to be a track star in my high school days in Cleveland, Ohio,") Hope fought eight pro bouts disguised as Packy East. After being kayoed by K.O. Walsh in bout number eight, East went west on The Road to Bing Crosby.

SEA HORSES MIGHT HELP

The average 14-minute game of water polo lasts 60 minutes, because of interruptions. Somebody's fingernails plow somebody's chest. *T-w-e-e-t.* The referee's whistle enforces a truce while the foul is assessed. Somebody's heel encounters somebody's umbilicus. *T-w-e-e-t.*

Interruptions. Interruptions. During all foul stoppages the players have to keep on paddling, which explains why the gasping combatants insist water polo is the most fatiguing of all sports—and probably the roughest.

Players gulp air through the mouth (prolonged nasal breathing of the watery pool air might bring on sinus trouble). Now and then a gulper bites the hand that feeds him—feeds him the ball, that is.

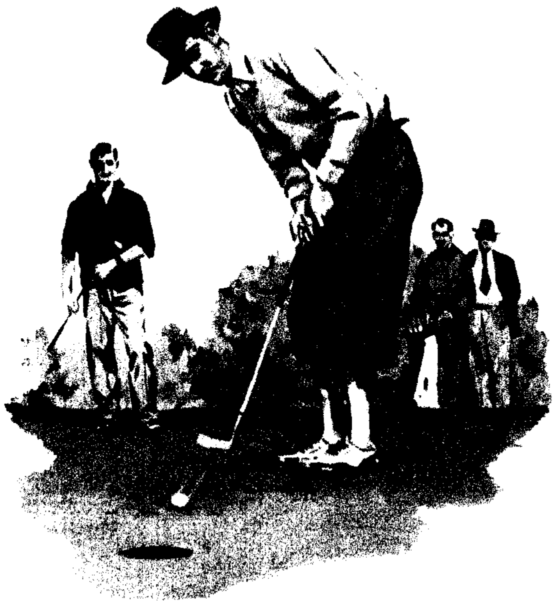
"A tired player with sharp teeth is a real menace," concedes Sam Greller, coach of the 1947-'48 national champion Illinois Athletic Club team of Chicago. "The harder he gulps, the harder he bites."

Even so, modern water polo is pretty tame compared to the water wrestling that went on 10 years ago.

"In those days," Greller points out, "we used a soft ball. The strategy was simple. You held your opponent underwater until the ball came up. Now, we're using a hard ball and it's a foul to conceal either the ball or your opponent underwater."

What it amounts to is basketball in the water.

Water polo—60 grueling minutes



The Mangrum penny-pitching putt

POINTS ON PUTTING

After Lloyd Mangrum won the Tucson open, a reporter asked Jimmy Demaret, "Say, Jim, you noticed any change in Mangrum's putting?"

"Now that you mention it," Demaret said, "that guy is getting humpbacked from picking ten-footers out of the cup."

Mangrum, golf's top money winner in 1948 and the man to beat in every pro tournament (at least until Ben Hogan recovers from that auto accident), has some radical ideas about putting.

"It's just like pitching pennies," Lloyd insists. "A fellow hardly uses his wrists at all. I judge distance by the amount of swing—and just swing the ball up to the cup.

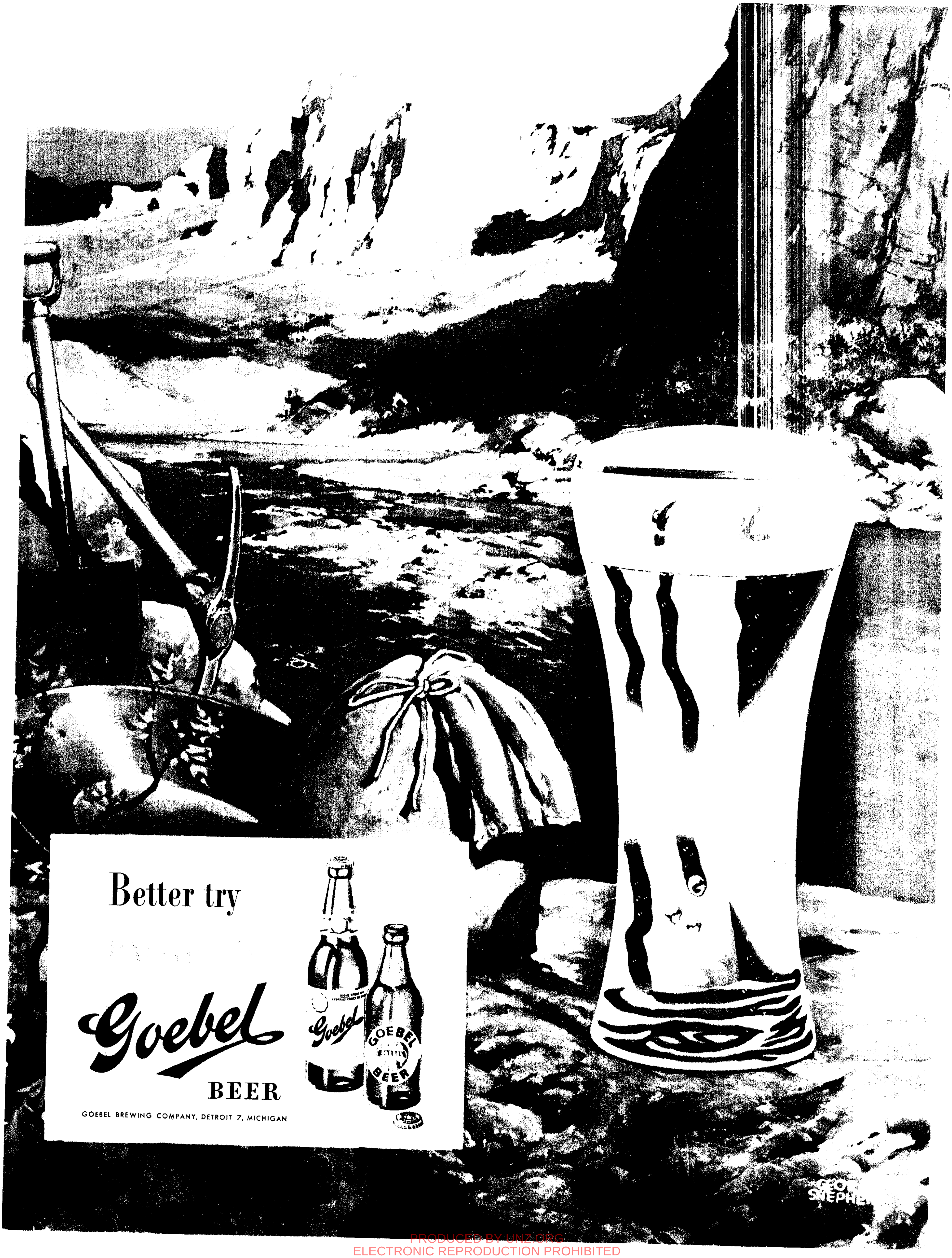
"Too many golfers," Lloyd adds, "spend too much time *reading* the green. They look for the grain and the roll. They get a good line, then they push the ball five feet past the cup—or five feet short. They're worse off than the fellow who's hole high, but a foot off line either way. That's why I say the most important part of putting is distance—not line."

Last year, Mangrum collected $45,898.32 with his system of penny-pitching putting. Some pitching. Some pennies.

CLEAN SWEEP

The Pittsburgh Pirates' Rip Sewell (who will be forty-one on May 11th) has pitched nine season openers—and won all of them. He will probably make it ten against the Chicago Cubs April 19th.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY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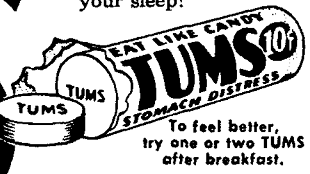

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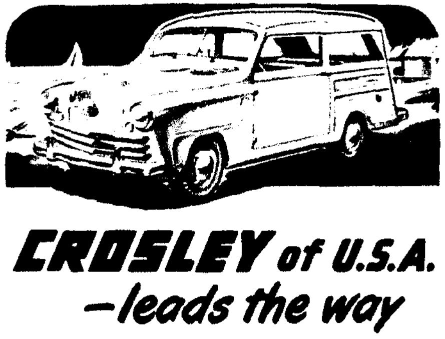

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MY FRIEND MISS BARRYMORE

Continued from page 14

to believe that, a realist, she felt that she rated the citation but, for reasons of modesty, shrank from voicing it. Because he felt that the symposium would not be complete without her verdict Patterson in person pressed her for an answer. Her reluctant choice lay between Ellen Terry and Helena Modjeska, and she finally named the latter, since Modjeska had played with great success with Maurice Barrymore, Ethel's father.

Ethel a Sports Enthusiast

No woman I know, in or out of the theater, is so vitally interested in sports as Ethel Barrymore. I recall walking into her dressing room on a September evening in 1941 to be greeted with: "Well, I see the Bums blew two today." That was her way of saying that the Dodgers on their final invasion of the West had started off by dropping a double-header to the Chicago Cubs. She was playing a 101-year-old matriarch in Whiteoaks the night of the second Louis-Schmeling fight, heard the result over her dressing-room radio when the plot permitted her a recess, at the final curtain was able to say in an aside to a fellow player: "Louis in the first by a knockout. Terrific kidney punch."

On still another occasion I apologized to her maid for calling up on Thanksgiving morning. "It's quite all right," she replied. "Miss Barrymore's been listening to the Brown-Colgate game since eleven o'clock."

Ethel Barrymore's interest in sports may have been inherited. When her father was a student at Oxford University in England he was the amateur lightweight boxing champion of England. The game room of her magnificent country estate at Mamaroneck, New York, is paneled with reproductions of the finishes of the great prize fights of the last half century. She was at the ringside when Jack Dempsey keelhauled Jess Willard at Toledo.

The game room of that house in Mamaroneck recalls another of my favorite Barrymore stories. With her three children she was watching John Barrymore and John Emery, a gentleman whom I later married, in a fiercely contested billiard game. Just as he was about to complete a difficult three-cushion shot, brother John's cue ball was kissed off. Flinging down his cue he struck a tragic pose, raised his hands and eyes to the ceiling and shouted, "There is no God!"

"Pay no attention to him, children," hastily said Miss Barrymore, "he's only jesting."

A devout Roman Catholic, Ethel Barrymore has never remarried since she and Russell G. Colt were divorced in 1923.

In that remote day when our newspapers were without columnists her name was romantically linked with that of Richard Harding Davis, of the Duke of Manchester, Sir Gerald du Maurier, the Earl of Alva, Sir Ranjitsinhji, even Winston Churchill.

Ethel Barrymore is fierce, unfailing, I might say almost fanatic, in her loyalties. In the theater she's had the same stage manager, Eddie McHugh, for over 20 years. David Britt was her chauffeur for more than 30. She reserves to herself the right to criticize either the private or professional conduct of any of her family. Let anyone else try to elbow one of them and they invite the vials of her wrath, the fire of her temper. Although she's never said so in so many words I'm sure that she feels that all the actors who have impersonated Hamlet since the Dane was played by John Barrymore have been wasting their time and ours.

This would seem as good a time as another to correct the impression that Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore ever appeared together in a play. They never did. One picture, Rasputin and the Empress, did contain the three of them. It was Ethel Barrymore's first talking picture. I never heard her make any comment about it beyond the fact that she never took the trouble to see it. It's been five years since she last appeared in a play in New York, three years since she toured in Philip Barry's The Joyous Season for her long-time friend and favorite producer, Arthur Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins is one of the few people who can and does address her as Ethel. Professional associates of 40 years still formally say "Miss Barrymore." She doesn't encourage familiarity, and no one has a greater talent for breeding suspicions of inferiority in an opponent. She has the ability to put a quality into a glance that leads her adversary to believe he has a dab of mayonnaise on his coat lapel or forgotten to shave one side of his face. Thousands of people are scared stiff by her, among them actors, directors and producers.

Like most of the truly great of her profession she had a phase in which she gave considerable time to burning the candle at both ends. In these errant devotions, as in everything else she engages in, she carried on with vigor and style. All such fascinating nonsense is a good 15 years behind her. Her abstinence is worthy of imitation. By whom? By me.

What worlds do there remain to conquer for the actress who, 52 years ago, could be seen playing with William Gillette in Secret Service at the Adelphi in London? Her reign of 45 years as a star in New York—she abhors the word Broadway as a cheap means of identifying the theater—for all I know may only have suffered an interruption, even though these past three years she has appeared on Hollywood's screens on her own terms.

What passes for acting in Hollywood, with some few exceptions, must puzzle and embarrass her, as it puzzles and embarrasses me. I have seen her in some half-dozen films. Her style, her skill, her bearing and assurance only serve to accentuate the professional flaws in most of her associates. So many sparrows trying to roost with an eagle.

Theater Retirement Doubtful

Flirting with seventy, full of honors, sure of the esteem of all her fellows, it's possible that she may not act on the stage again. Possible, but not probable. Don't forget that as recently as six years ago she played 40 one-night stands in a season in The Corn is Green, so eager was she to have as many people as possible see her in her most successful play. She's what we in the trade call a born trouper.

She has a spectacular contempt for those tender members of her craft who shrink from the rigors and harassments of the road, early trains, chancy food, bad hotels. Such challenges never have, never will dismay her.

Some months ago the producer of The Madwoman of Chaillot, now one of New York's greatest dramatic hits, wired her an offer to play the leading role. Her reply, sent from her home in California, was significant: "Don't you think after working for 50 years for cut flowers in my dressing room I should be permitted to sit in my garden for a while and watch them grow?" Significant, did I say? I wonder.

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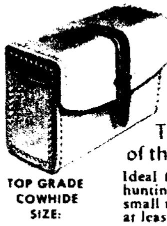

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FISHING IS FUN

Continued from page 21

is umbrella vaguely at pools and eddies . the stream of oncoming traffic. In his ffice he stands for hours beside an open indow, turning a pencil sharpener abently as he winds a distant reel. At ight, when he gets home, he greets his ife with a faint start, as though he had ever seen her before. He retires to his oom as soon as supper is over, and sits iere hour after hour reading sporting atalogues and greasing lines and varishing rods and telling over his trout ies one by one, his lips working noiseessly, his eyes as glassy as the stuffed out over the mantel.

It does not matter what he fishes for. Ie may prefer to try for rainbows or rookies or cutthroats in a fast, clear, iountain stream. He may work for tlantic salmon in Eastern Canada, for hinooks or silvers in the Pacific Northest or British Columbia or Alaska. He iay seek the mammoth squaretails in ie Albany River in Ontario, or the savge ouananiche skipping on their tails i the Peribonka in Quebec. He may oint his rod northward, toward the raceful grayling of Alaska, the arctic har of Nome, or the fabulous shee fish long the Bering Sea, one of the rarest of ll American game fish.

Or perhaps he would rather troll in a old lake for giant muskellunge: the ashing tigers of Wisconsin, Michigan nd Ontario. Or cast for bass along the iore, or work amid the weeds and lily ads for pickerel and pike. Or try for edbreast perch in the warm juniper waers of a Carolina stream at the full ioon in May. Or go horn-poutin' in ew England, or stump-knockin' for iud-chubs in Mississippi.

It does not matter what his choice of ire may be. He may use a spoon, a pinner, or a jointed wooden plug. He iay use a wet fly, a streamer fly, a hook estooned with angleworms. He may corn all these, if he is a dry-fly purist, nd arrive at the bank of a stream with a iysterious sewing basket containing asorted feathers and spools of colored silk iread, a metal vise and a butterfly net, o wait until a small trout breaks water o grab a natural insect on the surface.

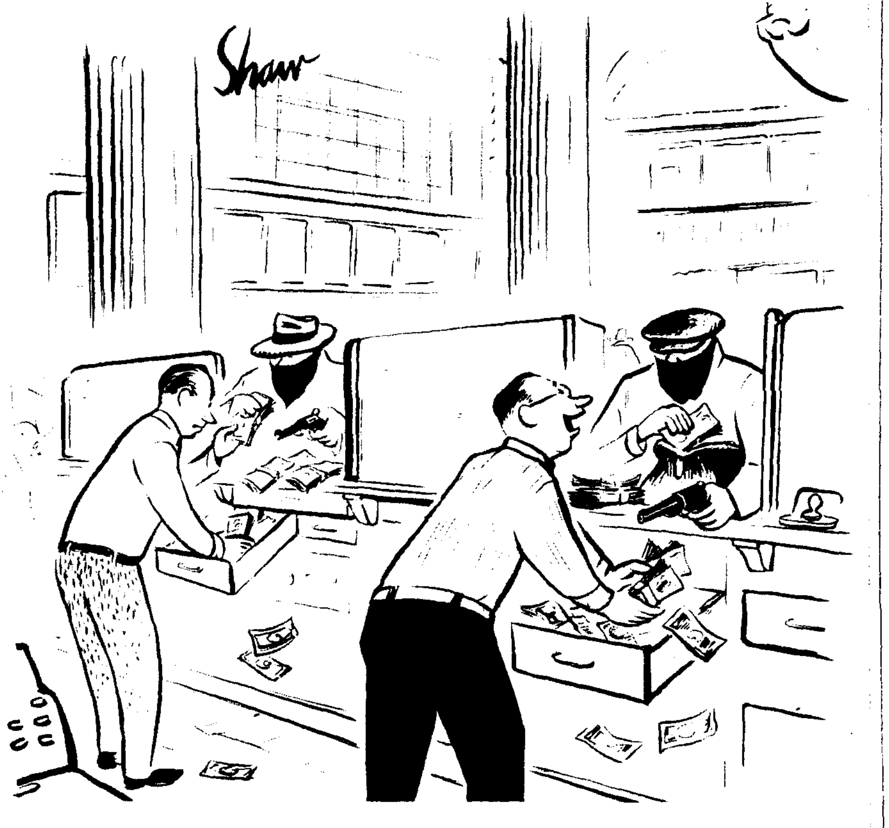
He takes the trout; but he does not put it in his creel. Instead he dissects it carefully, analyzes the contents of its stomach, identifies the insect it has just swallowed; and then, armed with his butterfly net, he captures another insect like it. He places the insect on a rock beside him, opens his sewing basket, and on the shank of a bare hook he ties an exact imitation with silk and feathers. He anoints this artificial fly with floating oil, ties it to the end of twelve-foot oxidized gut leader, and ties this leader to the end of an enameled tapered line, which has been threaded through the guides of a three-ounce split bamboo rod.

He advances to the water's edge, gauges the temperature with a stream thermometer, estimates the wind direction and velocity, studies the location of each boulder and undercut bank where the big trout may lie. He moves out carefully into the stream, so that no warning ripple will precede him, until he has reached a location in midstream below a likely-looking spot. Then, and then only, is he ready to fish.

But whether he seeks a record rainbow in Alaska or a punkinseed sunfish in the millpond behind the barn—whether he uses a No. 14 Spent Wing Cahill or a gob of salmon eggs—he and his canvas-coated comrades are brothers under the fly dope. They know, in their hearts, that the trophy does not matter.

They are after something else, something rarer and more permanent: quiet, and contentment and a joy in little things. Sun, and water running, and the smell of wet leaves after a rain, and wood smoke and frying bacon. Chairs tilted back at night, and muddy boots crossed heedlessly on a boardinghouse bedspread, and a bottle half emptied, and pipes glowing redder as the argument grows hotter. Memories of places fished, dreams of other fishing places yet to visit where the trout come so big that even a fisherman won't have to lie.

So do not feel sorry for the weary angler, smeared with citronella, eaten by insects, empty of creel at the end of a long day. Fishing isn't for fish, he knows. Fishing is for fun.



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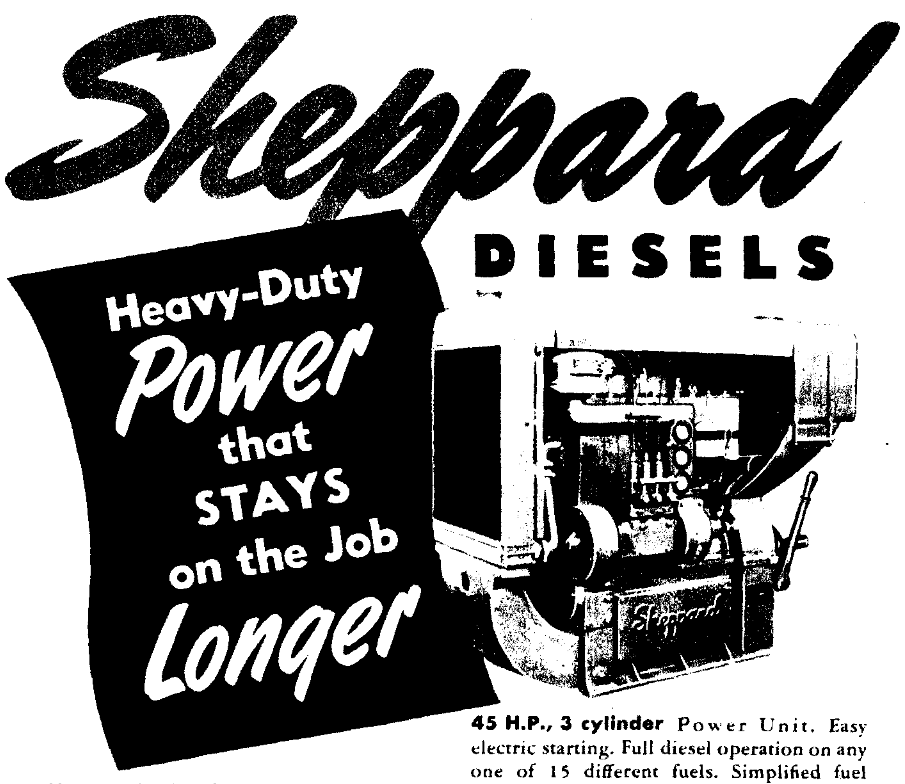

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LYNN BOGUE HUNT

LYNN BOGUE HUNT

Going-Going-*Gone*

COLONEL ELLIS, who owned the famous island that is New York's immigration center today, used to give shore dinners for his friends. They were popular dinners, because everything was caught fresh on the spot. There were ducks and geese and plover, shot in the colonel's own marshes. There were wild pigeons. There were oysters and clams, dug along Ellis Island's clean white shores, and lobsters and crabs netted off the rocks. There were salmon taken on their way up the Hudson to spawn.

That was over a century ago, of course. There are no oysters and clams along the clean white shores now; there are no clean white shores. The wild pigeon is extinct, the plover threatened with oblivion. If any duck or goose set foot on Ellis Island, he would be deported as an enemy alien. There hasn't been a salmon swimming up the Hudson—or virtually any other major river in the Eastern United States—for 50 years.

Colonel Ellis' island, multiplied by a million, is the sorry story of game and fish in this country today. And our disappearing wild life is only part of the whole story: a story of heedlessness, and wanton waste, and destruction of the balance of nature, almost to a point beyond repair.

Our forests are going. According to William Vogt's stunning book Road to Survival, which every American should read out loud to his congressman, the saw-timber requirement for the nation is 53,900 million board feet, and the annual growth is 35,300 million board feet—a deficit of almost 40 per cent, at a time when countless Americans are still looking for places to live. Our cutover timberlands are littered with slash, where no tree grows. Careless forest fires take a yearly toll of lumber sufficient to build an entire modern city.

Our soil is going. "In the short life of our country," Dr. Hugh Bennett, chief of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, testified before a Congressional committee, "we have destroyed 282,000,000 acres of land which we cannot replace. Erosion is actively destroying 775,000,000 additional acres." If a newspaper reporter stood on the banks of the Mississippi River and saw a herd of a hundred cattle, a flock of sheep and goats, a barnyard full of chickens, a carload of fruit and vegetables, and a silo filled with grain go drifting past him, it would make all the front pages. But, unnoticed, the equivalent of a 1,000-acre farm floats down the Mississippi every 24 hours: lost to us forever. It takes nature up to 1,000 years to restore one inch of topsoil; yet more than half a billion tons of irreplaceable soil are swept down the Potomac River—past the halls of Congress—each and every year.

Our waters are going: ruined by criminal pollution. We laugh at the Chinese who spread their human waste on the fields. We are more civilized; we dump it in our drinking water. Chicago, Detroit and other cities pour their offal directly into the Great Lakes or the Mississippi.

Our wild life is going, going, and—in the foreseeable future—will be gone. Darwin said in his On the Origin of Species in 1859: "The plenitude of life in any place is dependent on the terrain and food and cover." These are the very things that the hand of man has destroyed. Ever since the first human crept out of the first cave and knocked over the first animal with his spear, we have been upsetting nature's balance more and more. Industrial plants have leveled forest areas, used up the space that once provided food for birds and animals, poisoned through their refuse the surrounding waters where fish and waterfowl once lived. We have taken, but we have not put back. Our controls have been haphazard, too often dictated by politics or selfish interests.

Collier's believes that we should try to restore the balance of nature, before our country becomes a true biologic desert. We should battle pollution by state and federal laws requiring proper disposal of waste. The city of Milwaukee has been doing this for years, and has found that sewage, properly treated, can be sold for profit as fertilizer. We should control wanton deforestation. In Sweden, a man who cuts a tree must replace it by planting another. That is a law we could copy here.

We should provide better conditions for what remains of our wild life. We do not agree with the sentimentalists who would ban all hunting and fishing—unless they go all the way, and ban power dams and industry as well. Rather, the sportsmen, being the most interested, should be enlisted as the most ardent crusaders. Man, a predator, can help restore nature's balance by fighting other predators who are in competition with man, such as the voracious crow—one crow destroys 20 songbird eggs and fledglings per year—the great horned owl, the goshawk and sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawk, such predatory fish as the carp and gar, and wild life's public enemy number one: the prowling uncontrolled house cat. He can work to restore the former habitat of fish and game by building wing-dams on streams, by reclaiming barren land, by planting such excellent food and cover providers as grasses, bittersweet, lespedeza, the multiflora rose.

More important, man can and should pay to replace the game that he destroys, just as the factory owner should pay for adequate waste disposal, or the timber owner should plant another tree for each one he cuts. A pay-as-you-hunt plan might be a solution. A hunting or fishing license represents the right to hunt or fish. In addition, the sportsman should pay proportionately for the game he removes—the price to be based on the abundance or scarcity of that variety, its market value and its replacement cost. The money would be spent to reclaim breeding areas, plant food supplies, propagate and liberate more animals and birds and fish, to restore nature's balance that we have destroyed. . . . C. F.

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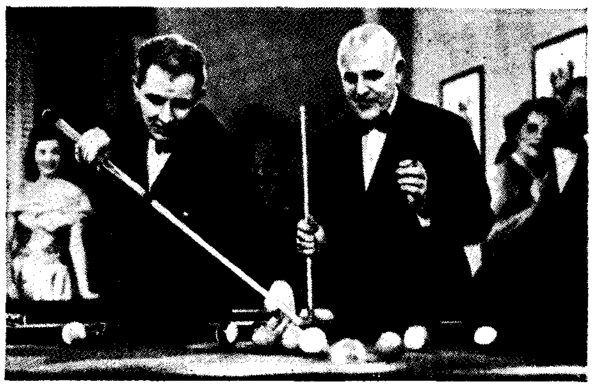

WILLIE HOPPE

Winner of his first World Championship back in 1906, the veteran Willie Hoppe has held every championship in carom billiards. After 44 years of top competition, Hoppe is still world's 3-cushion billiard champion.

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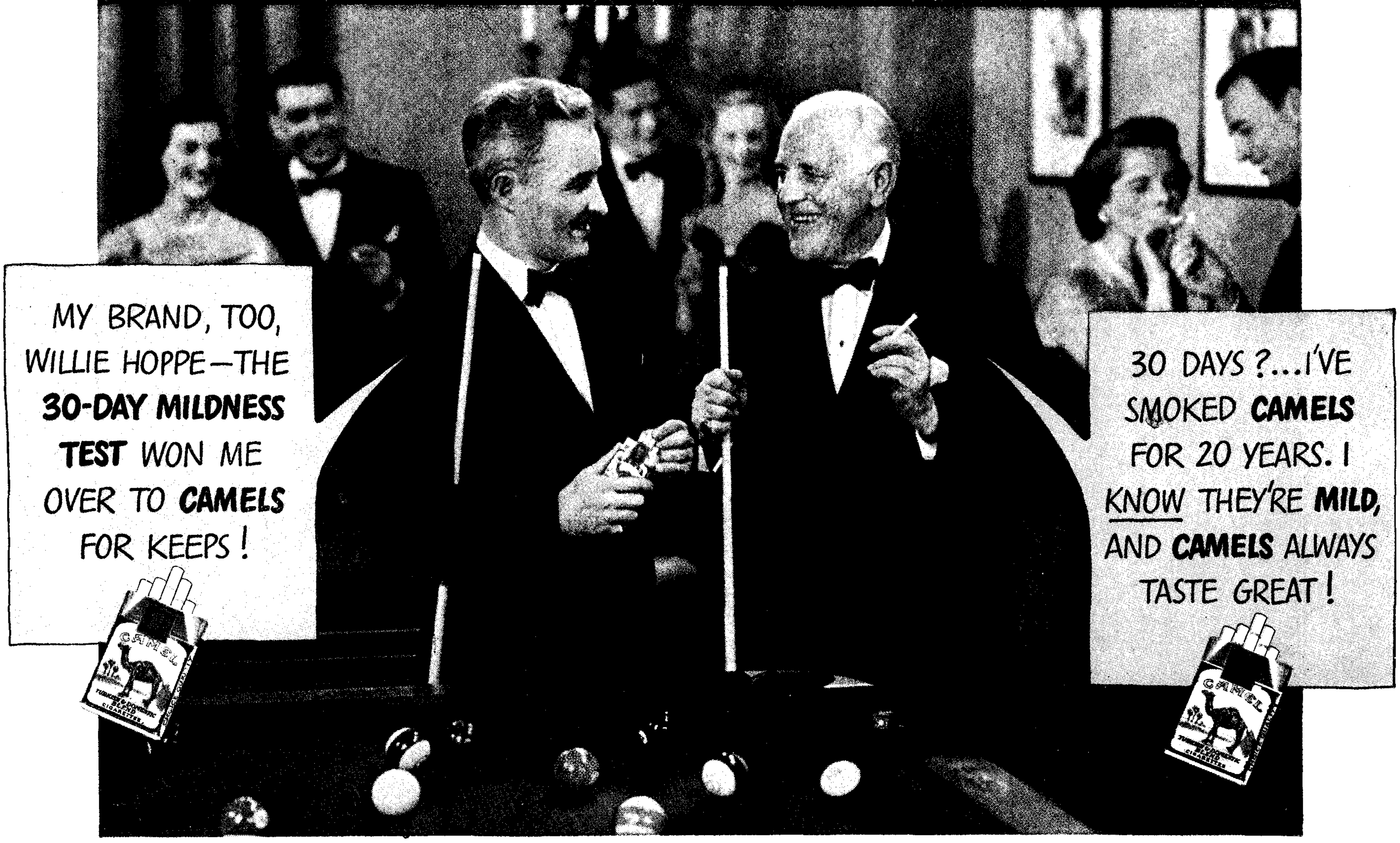
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